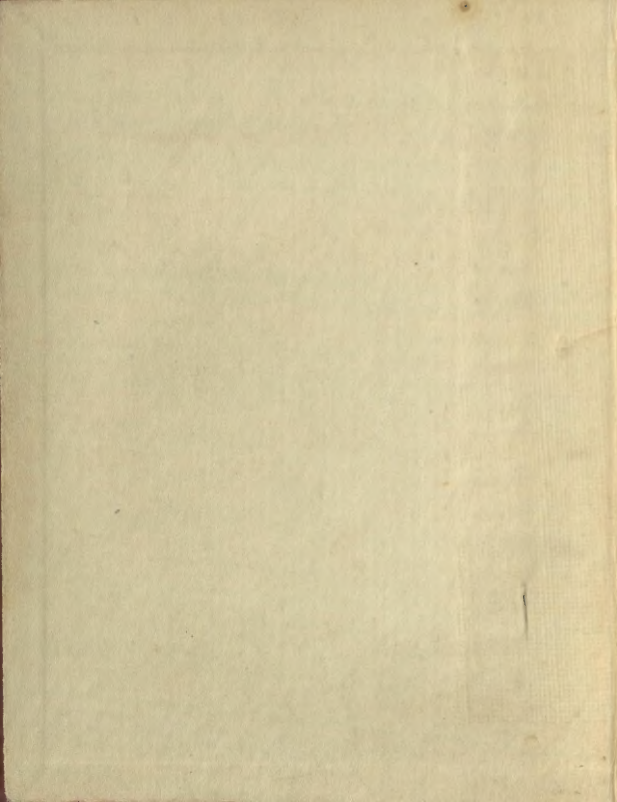
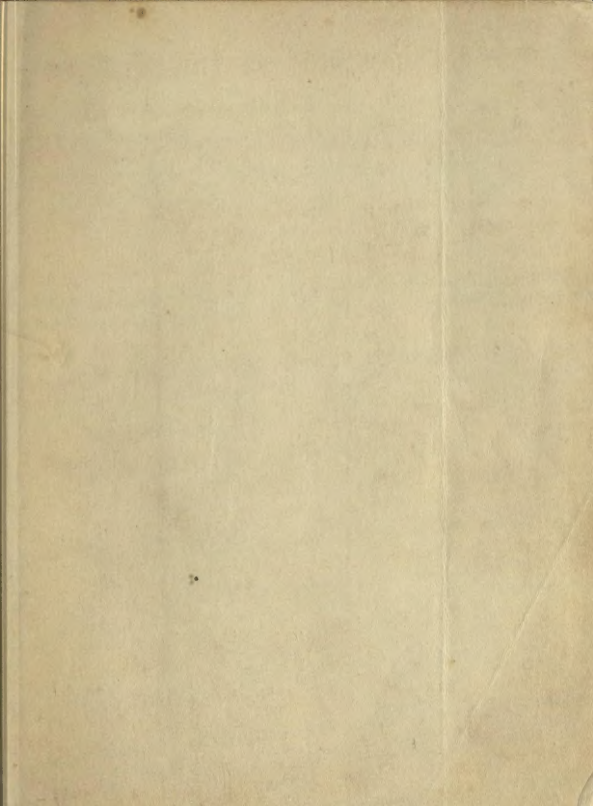
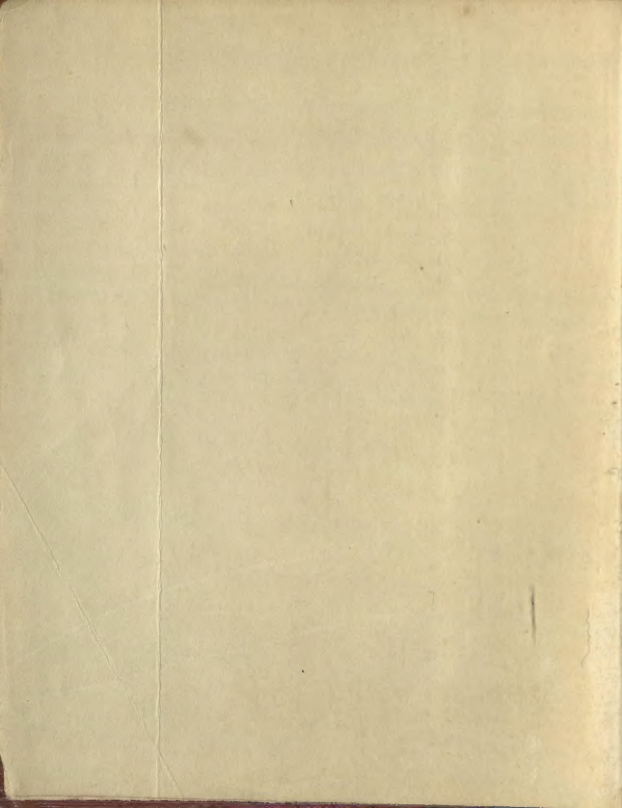


Gospel Hymns
Nos. 1 to 6 Complete

Brevier Edition







GOSPEL HYMNS

Nos. 1 TO 6.

BY

IRA D. SANKEY

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

AND GEO. C. STEBBINS

(BREVIER EDITION)

PUBLISHED BY

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

5707 W. Lake St., Chicago

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

Cincinnati.

All Rights Reserved.

PREFACE.

GOSPEL HYMNS Nos. 1 and 2, by P. P. BLISS and
IRA D. SANKEY; Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6, by IRA D.
SANKEY, JAMES MCGRANAHAN and GEO. C. STEBBINS,
are now compiled in this volume under the title of

GOSPEL HYMNS NOS. 1 TO 6.

All duplicate pieces have been omitted and the Hymns
re-numbered in consecutive order from 1 to 739.

In addition to the large number of Gospel Hymns
and Sacred Songs in this collection there will also be
found over 125 of the most useful and popular STANDARD
HYMNS AND TUNES OF THE CHURCH.

NOTE.— It is a direct violation of the Copyright Law to reprint or publish
copyright words or music, for any purpose whatever, without first having secured
written permission to do so from the owners of copyright.

THE PUBLISHERS.

GOSPEL HYMNS

NOS. 1 TO 6 COMPLETE.



1

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.



2

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

GRACE.

May be sung before and after meat.

3

BLESSING INVOKED.

BE present at our table, Lord,
 Be here and everywhere adored;
 These mercies bless, and grant that we
 May feast in Paradise with Thee.

4

THANKS RETURNED.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
 For life, and health, and every good:
 Let manna to our souls be given,—
 The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

5

'TIS the promise of God, full salvation to give
 Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will believe.

||: Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on the Son;
 I am saved by the blood of the crucified One. :||

2 Tho' the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,
 Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
 Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
 They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
 Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
 And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing:
 Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
 And they sing as they march through the streets of pure
 Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc. [gold:

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
 And the theme of our praises forever will be:
 Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

6

SAFF in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe on His gentle breast,
 There by His love o'ershaded,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
 Borne in a song to me,
 Over the fields of glory,
 Over the Jasper sea.

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe on His gentle breast,
 There by His love o'ershaded,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe from corroding care,
 Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there.
 Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from my doubts and fears;
 Only a few more trials,
 Only a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
 Jesus has died for me;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages
 Ever my trust shall be.
 Here let me wait with patience,
 Wait till the night is o'er;
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore.

7

IN some way or other the Lord will provide:
 It may not be *my* way,
 It may not be *thy* way;
 And yet, in His *own* way,
 "The Lord will provide."

CHO.—Then, we'll trust in the Lord,
 And He will provide;
 Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,
 And He will provide.

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide;
 It may not be *my* time,
 It may not be *thy* time;
 And yet, in His *own* time,
 "The Lord will provide."

3 Though all unworthy,
Come, now, come home—
Say, while he's waiting,
"Jesus, dear, I come."

11

HO! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Re-inforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

CHO.—"Hold the fort, for I am coming."
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to Heaven,—
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on:
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

12

THERE is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the Cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

REF.—Oh, depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation,

- 3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open:
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

13

FREE from the law, oh, happy condition,
Jesus hath bled, and *there* is remission,
Cursed by the law and bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

CHO.—Once for all, oh, sinner receive it,
Once for all, oh, brother believe it;
Cling to the Cross, the burden will fall,
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
“Come unto *Me*,” oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.

3 “Children of God,” oh, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blesséd salvation, once for all.

14

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,

Give every flying minute,
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies,
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

15

- I** WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
 The far-away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
 ||: While the years of eternity roll. :||
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
 While the years of eternity roll.
- 2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
 Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
 Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
 ||: Between the fair city and me. :|| 'Till I fancy, etc.
- 3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands,
 The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,
 ||: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :|| The
 King of, etc.
- 4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
 So free from all sorrow and pain;
 With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
 ||: To meet one another again. :|| With songs on, etc.

16

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers;

Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

17

WE'RE going home,
No more to roam,
No more to sin and sorrow;
No more to wear
The brow of care,
We're going home to-morrow.

Cho.—We're going home, we're going home
to-morrow,
We're going home, we're going home
to-morrow.

- 2 For weary feet
Awaits a street
Of wondrous pave and golden;
For hearts that ache,
The angels wake
The story, sweet and olden.
- 3 For those who sleep,
And those who weep,
Above the portals narrow,
The mansions rise
Beyond the skies—
We're going home to-morrow.

4 Oh, joyful song!
Oh, ransomed throng!
Where sin no more shall sever;
Our King to see,
And, oh, to be
With Him at home forever!

18

I AM so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the book He has given,
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the Great King,
This shall my song in eternity be:
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."

JESUS loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to
redeem;
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad, etc.

2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

19

REJOICE and be glad!
The Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb.

CHO.—Sound His praises, tell the Story,
Of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad !
It is sunshine at last !
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

3 Rejoice and be glad !
For the blood hath been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad !
Now the pardon is free !
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.

5 Rejoice and be glad !
For the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad !
For our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad !
For He cometh again;
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.

CHO.—Sound His praises, tell the Story,
Of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises tell with gladness,
He cometh again.

20

WE praise Thee, O God ! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, Hallelujah ! amen.
Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God ! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who hath borne all our sins, and hath cleansed every stain.

24

WEARY gleaner, whence comest thou.
 With empty hands and clouded brow?
 Plodding along thy lonely way,
 Tell me, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
 Late I found a barren field.
 The harvest past my search revealed,
 Others golden sheaves had gained,
 Only stubble for me remained.

CHO. —Forth to the harvest field away!
 Gather your handfuls while you may;
 All day long in the field abide,
 Gleaning close by the reapers' side.

2 Careless gleaner, what hast thou here,
 These faded flowers and leaflets sere?
 Hungry and thirsty, tell me, pray,
 Where, oh, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
 All day long in shady bowers,
 I've gaily sought earth's fairest flowers;
 Now, alas! too late I see
 All I've gathered is vanity.

3 Burdened gleaner, thy sheaves I see;
 Indeed thou must a-weary be!
 Singing along the homeward way,
 Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
 Stay me not, till day is done
 I've gather'd handfuls one by one;
 Here and there for me they fall,
 Close by the reapers I've found them all.

25

AII, my heart is heavy-laden,
 Weary and oppressed!
 "Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest!"

CHO. —"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide?
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."

- 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"

26

ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

CHO.—One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me.

2 One more day's work for Jesus;
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak His beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.

3 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,

When Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!

4 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before His face I fall.

5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus,
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet;
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.

27

ONE there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think, oh think, how much we owe Him,
Oh, how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To his fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!

3 Blessed Jesus! would you know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,

Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

- 4 All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

28

TELL me the Old, Old Story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHO.—Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning,
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

- 4 Tell me the same old Story,
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me too dear.
 Yes, and when that world's glory
 Is dawning on my soul,
 Tell me the Old, Old Story:
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
-

20

THE Spirit, oh, sinner,
 In mercy doth move
 Thy heart, so long hardened,
 Of sin to reprove;
 Resist not the Spirit,
 Nor longer delay;
 God's gracious entreaties, May end with to-day.

- 2 Oh, child of the kingdom,
 From sin-service cease:
 Be filled with the Spirit,
 With comfort and peace.
 Oh, grieve not the Spirit,
 Thy Teacher is He,
 That Jesus, thy Saviour, May glorified be.

- 3 Defiled is the temple,
 Its beauty laid low,
 On God's holy altar
 The embers faint glow.
 By love yet rekindled,
 A flame may be fanned;
 Oh, quench not the Spirit, *The Lord is at hand.*
-

20

I LOVE to tell the Story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His Glory,
 Of Jesus and His Love!
 I love to tell the Story!
 Because I know it's true;
 It satisfies my longings,
 As nothing else would do.

CHO.—I love to tell the Story !
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the Old, Old Story
 Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the Story !
 More wonderful it seems,
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story!
 It did so much for me !
And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story !
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story;
 For some have never heard
The message of salvation
 From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story !
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the New, New Song,
 'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
 That I have loved so long.

31

HOLY Spirit, faithful Guide,
 Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near 'Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,

When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!"

32

BENEATH the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock,
Within a weary land.
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noon-tide heat,
And the burden of the day.

- 2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting place where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the Holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.
- 3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.
- 4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;

And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

- 5 I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self, my only shame,
My glory all the Cross.

33

WITH harps and with viols, there stands a great throng
In the presence of Jesus, and sing this new song:—

CHO.—Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from sin,
Unto Him be the glory for ever. Amen.

- 2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.
3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.
4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.
5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing, this new song shall sing.

34

OH, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson-tide opened for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

CHO.—Oh, sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Mighty to save.

- 2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of His face.

- 3 Oh, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the pure !
 No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
 No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
 No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.
- 4 O Jesus the crucified ! Thee will I sing;
 My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
 My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
 And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

35

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

REF.—Saved by grace alone,
 This is all my plea;
 Jesus died for all mankind,
 And Jesus died for me.

2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves our praise.

36

PRECIOUS promise God hath given
 To the weary passer by,
 On the way from earth to heaven,
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."

REF.—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
 "I will guide thee with mine eye;"
 On the way from earth to heaven,
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."

- 2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."
- 3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."
- 4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

37

DOWN life's dark vale we wander,
Till Jesus comes;
We watch and wait and wonder;
Till Jesus comes.

CHO.—All joy His loved ones bringing,
When Jesus comes;
All praise through heaven ringing,
When Jesus comes.
All beauty bright and vernal,
When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal,
When Jesus comes.

- 2 Oh, let my lamp be burning
When Jesus comes;
For Him my soul be yearning,
When Jesus comes.
- 3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes.
- 4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes,
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.

Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away for ever;
But there's no more separation in the presence of the King.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens ring?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the Morning Star is beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the King?

5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

6 Oh, I shall soon be yonder,
And lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's
fleet wing,
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder, in the presence of the
King.

41

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

42

- ALL the way my Saviour leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell?
For I know whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.
- 2 All the way my Saviour leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread;
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul a-thirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see.
- 3 All the way my Saviour leads me;
Oh, the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above;
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This is my song through endless ages—
Jesus led me all the way.

43

GO bury thy sorrow,
The world hath its share;
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly,
When curtain'd by night,
Go tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief;
Go gather the sunshine
He sheds on the way;
He'll lighten thy burden,
Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go comfort them, go!
Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine;
Tell Jesus the rest.

44

TO the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair;
She heard in the city that Jesus was there;
Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

2 The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
As the wealth of her perfume she shower'd on His feet.

3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
And her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

- 4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,—
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,
He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiven,"
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

45

BRIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy
From His light-house evermore;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

CHO.—Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman,
You may rescue, you may save.

2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother:
Some poor sailor tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness *may be lost*.

46

A LONG time I wandered in darkness and sin,
And wondered if ever the light would shine in;
I heard Christian friends tell of rapture divine,
And wish'd, how I wish'd, that their Saviour were mine.

CHO.—I wish'd He were mine, yes, I wish'd He were mine;
I wish'd, how I wish'd, that their Saviour were mine.

2 I heard the glad gospel of "good will to men;"
I read "whosoever" again and again;
I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine?"
And then began hoping that Jesus was mine.

CHO.—I hoped He was mine, yes, I hoped He was mine;
I then began hoping that Jesus was mine.

3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me!
"Thy portion forever," He says, "will I be,"

On His word I'm resting—assurance divine —
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine;

CHO.—I know He is mine, yes, I know He is mine;
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

47

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

CHO.—||: Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven. :||

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations 'round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

48

OH, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied that He might fill me
As forth to His service I go;
Broken, that so unhindered,
His life through me might flow.

CHO.—Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet

2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
 Only as led by His hand;
 A messenger at His gateway,
 Only waiting for His command;
 Only an instrument ready
 His praises to sound at His will,
 Willing, should He not require me,
 In silence to wait on Him still.

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
 Painful the humbling may be,
 Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
 That the world might my Saviour see.
 Rather be nothing, nothing,
 To Him let our voices be raised,
 He is the Fountain of blessing,
 He only is meet to be praised.

49

FULLY persuaded, Lord, I believe!
 Fully persuaded, Thy Spirit give;
 I will obey Thy call;
 Low at Thy feet I fall;
 Now I surrender all;
 Christ to receive.

2 Fully persuaded—Lord, hear my cry!
 Fully persuaded—pass me not by;
 Just as I am I come,
 I will no longer roam,
 O make my heart Thy home;
 Save, or I die!

3 Fully persuaded, no more oppress,
 Fully persuaded, now I am blest:
 Jesus is now my Guide,
 I will in Christ abide;
 My soul is satisfied
 In Him to rest!

4 Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;
 Fully persuaded, Lord, I am Thine!
 O make my love to Thee
 Like Thine own love to me,
 So rich, so full and free,
 Saviour divine!

50

ONLY an armour-bearer, proudly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's command;
Marching if "onward" shall the order be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

CHO.—Hear ye the battle-cry! "Forward," the call!
See! see the faltering ones! backward they fall.
Surely the Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armour-bearer I may be.

2 Only an armour-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword and shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

3 Only an armour-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear:
If, in the battle, to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review.

51

LIGHT in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand!
See o'er the foaming billows fair Haven's land,
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.

CHO.—Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar,
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no more!
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.

2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;
Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore.

52

ONE offer of salvation,
To all the world make known;
The only sure foundation
Is Christ the Corner-Stone.

CHO.—No other name is given,
No other way is known,
'Tis Jesus Christ the First and Last,
He saves, and He alone.

2 One only door of heaven
Stands open wide to day,
One sacrifice is given,
'Tis Christ, the Living Way.

3 My only song and story
Is—Jesus died for me;
My only hope of glory,
The Cross of Calvary.

53

I LEFT it all with Jesus
Long ago;
All my sins I brought Him,
And my woe.
When by faith I saw Him
On the tree,
Heard His small, still whisper,
' 'Tis for thee,'
From my heart the burden
Rolled away—Happy day!

2 I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop
With His smile,
Make the desert-garden
Bloom awhile;
When my weakness leaneth
On His might, All seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus
 Day by day;
 Faith can firmly trust Him
 Come what may.
 Hope has dropped her anchor,
 Found her rest
 In the calm, sure haven
 Of His breast:
 Love esteems it heaven
 To abide At His side.

4 Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,
 Drooping soul!
 Tell not *half* thy story,
 But the whole.
 Worlds on worlds are hanging
 On His hand,
 Life and death are waiting
 His command;
 Yet His tender bosom
 Makes *thee* room Oh, come home!

54

OH, think of the home over there,
 By the side of the river of light,
 Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
 Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,
 Oh, think of the home over there.
 Over there, over there, over there,
 Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
 Who before us the journey have trod,
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
 In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—Over there, over there,
 Oh, think of the friends over there, etc.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
 There my kindred and friends are at rest;
 Then away from my sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to the land of the blest

REF.—Over there, over there,
 My Saviour is now over there, etc.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

REF.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there, etc.

55

OH, come to the Saviour, believe in His name,
And ask Him your heart to renew;
He waits to be gracious, O turn not away,
For now there is pardon for you.

CHO.—||: Yes, there is pardon for you; :||
For Jesus has died to redeem you,
And offers full pardon to you.

2 The way of transgression that leads unto death,
Oh, why will you longer pursue?
How can you reject the sweet message of love
That offers full pardon for you?

3 Be warned of your danger: escape to the cross;
Your only salvation is there;
Believe, and that moment the Spirit of grace
Will answer your penitent prayer.

56

“GO work in My vineyard,” there’s plenty to do,
The harvest is great and the laborers are few;
There’s weeding and fencing, and clearing of roots,
And ploughing, and sowing, and gathering the fruits.
There are foxes to take, there are wolves to destroy,
All ages and ranks I can fully employ.
I’ve sheep to be tended, and lambs to be fed,
The lost must be gathered, the weary ones led.

CHO.—Go work, go work, go work in My vineyard; there’s
plenty to do;

Go work, go work. The harvest is great, and the
laborers are few.

2 “Go work in My vineyard,” I claim thee as Mine,
With blood did I buy thee, and all that is thine;
Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,
Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours.

I willingly yielded My kingdom for thee,
The song of archangels to hang on the tree;
In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,
I paid thy full ransom; My purchase I claim.

- 3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh, "work while 'tis day,"
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast,
Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,
Thy strength I'll supply, and thy wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,
Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

57

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

- 2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

- 3 Now, incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

58

MY heart, that was heavy and sad,
Was made to rejoice and be glad,
And peace without measure I had,
When the Comforter came

REF.—Peace, sweet peace,
Peace when the Comforter came:
My heart that was heavy and sad,
Was made to rejoice and be glad,
And peace without measure I had,
When the Comforter came.

- 2 To sin and to evil inclined,
With darkness pervading my mind,
No rest I could anywhere find,
Till the Comforter came.

- 3 The voice of thanksgiving I raised,
The Lord, my Redeemer, I praised;
I was at His mercy amazed,
When the Comforter came.

59

COME, sing the gospel's joyful sound,
Salvation full and free;
Proclaim to all the world around,
The year of jubilee!

CHO.—Salvation, Salvation,
The grace of God doth bring;
Salvation, Salvation,
Through Christ our Lord and King.

- 2 Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;
Ye blind, your Saviour see!
Ye prisoners, sing with thankful voice,
The Lord hath made you free!

- 3 With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love;
'Tis peace on earth, good will to men,
And praise to God above.

60

ONWARD! upward! Christian soldier,
Turn not back nor sheath thy sword,
Let its blade be sharp for conquest,
In the battle for the Lord.
From the great white throne eternal,
God Himself is looking down;
He it is who now commands thee,
Take the cross and win the crown.

- 2 Onward! upward! doing, daring
All for Him who died for thee;
Face the foe and meet with boldness
Danger whatsoe'er it be.
From the battlements of glory,
Holy ones are looking down,
Thou canst almost hear them shouting:
"On! let no one take thy crown."

- 3 Onward! till thy course is finished,
Like the ransomed ones before;

Keep the faith through persecution,
 Never give the battle o'er.
 Onward! upward! till victorious,
 Thou shalt lay thy armor down,
 And thy loving Saviour bids thee
 At His hand receive thy crown.

61

MORE love to Thee, O Christ!
 More love to Thee;
 Hear Thou the prayer I make
 On bended knee;
 This is my earnest plea,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now Thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best:
 This all my prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief or pain;
 Sweet are Thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,
 When they can sing with me,—
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath,
 Whisper Thy praise,
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise;
 This still its prayer shall be:
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

62

THINE, most gracious Lord,
 O make me wholly Thine—
 Thine in thought, in word, and deed,
 For thou, O Christ, art mine.

REF.—Wholly Thine, wholly Thine;
 Thou hast bought me, I am Thine;
 Blesséd Saviour, Thou art mine;
 Make me wholly Thine.

2 Wholly Thine, my Lord,
 To go when Thou dost call;
 Thine to yield my very self
 In all things, great and small.

3 Wholly Thine, O Lord,
 In every passing hour;
 Thine in silence, Thine to speak,
 As Thou dost grant the power.

4 Wholly thine, O Lord,
 To fashion as Thou wilt,—
 Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul
 Which Thou hast saved from guilt.

5 Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,
 For ever one with Thee—
 Rooted, grounded in Thy love,
 Abiding, sure, and free.

63

ALL my doubts I give to Jesus!
 I've His gracious promise heard—
 "I shall never be confounded"—
 I am trusting in that word.

CHO.—||: I am trusting, fully trusting,
 Sweetly trusting in His word. :||

2 All my sin I lay on Jesus!
 He doth wash me in His blood;
 He will keep me pure and holy,
 He will bring me home to God.

3 All my fears I give to Jesus!
 Rest my weary soul on Him;
 Though my way be hid in darkness,
 Never can His light grow dim.

4 All my joys I give to Jesus!
 He is all I want of bliss;
 He of all the worlds is Master—
 He has all I need in this.

- 5 All I am I give to Jesus!
 All my body, all my soul,
 All I have, and all I hope for,
 While eternal ages roll.

64

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 From north to south the princes meet,
 To pay their homage at His feet;
 While western empires own their Lord,
 And savage tribes attend His word.

- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown His head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His Name.

65

MY song shall be of Jesus,
 His mercy crowns my days,
 He fills my cup with blessings,
 And tunes my heart to praise;
 My song shall be of Jesus,
 The precious Lamb of God,
 Who gave Himself my ransom,
 And bought me with His blood.

- 2 My song shall be of Jesus,
 When, sitting at His feet,
 I call to mind His goodness,
 In meditation sweet;
 My song shall be of Jesus,
 Whatever ill betide;
 I'll sing the grace that saves me,
 And keeps me at His side.

- 3 My song shall be of Jesus,
 While pressing on my way

To reach the blissful region
Of pure and perfect day.
And when my soul shall enter
The gate of Eden fair,
A song of praise to Jesus
I'll sing forever there.

66

ONLY a step to Jesus!
Then why not take it now?
Come, and thy sin confessing,
To Him thy Saviour bow.

REF.—Only a step, only a step;
Come, He waits for thee;
Come, and, thy sin confessing,
Thou shalt receive a blessing;
Do not reject the mercy
He freely offers thee.

2 Only a step to Jesus!
Believe, and thou shalt live;
Lovingly now He's waiting,
And ready to forgive.

3 Only a step to Jesus!
A step from sin to grace;
What hast thy heart decided?
The moments fly apace.

4 Only a step to Jesus!
O why not come and say,
Gladly to Thee, my Saviour,
I give myself away.

67

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

- 2 I've wrestled on toward heaven,
 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
 Now, like a weary traveler
 That leaneth on his guide,
 Amid the shades of evening,
 While sinks life's lingering sand,
 I hail the glory dawning,
 From Immanuel's land.
- 3 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
 The hedge of thorns was sharp;
 Now these lie all behind me—
 O! for a well-tuned harp!
 O, to join the hallelujah
 With yon triumphant band!
 Who sing where glory dwelleth,
 In Immanuel's land.

68

DARK is the night, and cold the wind is blowing,
 Nearer and nearer comes the breakers' roar;
 Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge?
 Hide me, my Father, till the storm is o'er;

CHO.—With His loving hand to guide, let the clouds above
 me roll,
 And the billows in their fury dash around me.
 I can brave the wildest storm, with His glory in my soul,
 I can sing amidst the tempest—Praise the Lord!

- 2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;
 He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;
 Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
 Jesus, the Mighty One, and strong to save.
- 3 Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,
 Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;
 Now at the helm I see my Father standing,
 Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

69

LO! the day of God is breaking;
 See the gleaming from afar!
 Sons of earth from slumber waking,
 Hail the Bright and Morning star.

- CHO.—Hear the call! O gird your armour on,
 Grasp the Spirit's mighty Sword:
 Take the Helmet of salvation,
 Pressing on to battle for the Lord!
- 2 Trust in Him who is your Captain;
 Let no heart in terror quail;
 Jesus leads the gathering legions,
 In His name we shall prevail.
- 3 Onward marching, firm and steady,
 Faint not, fear not Satan's frown,
 For the Lord is with you always,
 Till you wear the victor's crown.
- 4 Conquering hosts with banners waving,
 Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,
 Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,
 "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

70

- I'VE found a joy in sorrow,
 A secret balm for pain,
 A beautiful to-morrow
 Of sunshine after rain;
 I've found a branch of healing
 Near every bitter spring,
 A whispered promise stealing
 O'er every broken string.
- 2 I've found a glad hosanna
 For every woe and wail;
 A handful of sweet manna
 When grapes of Eshcol fail;
 I've found a Rock of Ages
 When desert wells are dry;
 And after weary stages,
 I've found an Elim nigh.
- 3 An Elim with its coolness,
 Its fountains and its shade;
 A blessing in its fulness,
 When buds of promise fade.
 O'er tears of soft contrition
 I've seen a rainbow light;
 A glory and fruition,
 So near!—yet out of sight.

- 4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,
 I have the joy, the balm,
 The healing and the blessing,
 The sunshine and the psalm;
 The promise for the fearful,
 The Elim for the faint;
 The rainbow for the tearful,
 The glory for the saint!

71

I LOVE to think of the heavenly land
 Where white-robed angels are;
 Where many a friend is gathered safe
 From fear and toil and care.

REF.—||: There'll be no parting, :||
 There'll be no parting,
 There'll be no parting there.

- 2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 Where my Redeemer reigns,
 Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
 In endless, joyous strains.

- 3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 The saints eternal home,
 Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
 And all our joys are one.

- 4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 The greetings there we'll meet.
 The harps—the songs forever ours—
 The walks—the golden streets.

- 5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 That promised land so fair,
 Oh, how my raptured spirit longs,
 To be forever there.

72

"CALL them in"—the poor, the wretched,
 Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
 Peace and pardon freely offer;
 Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in"—the weak, the weary,
 Laden with the doom of sin;

Bid them come and rest in Jesus;
He is waiting—"Call them in."

- 2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast;
"Call them in"—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least:
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals,
Wait the lost ones—"Call them in."
- 3 "Call them in"—the more professors,
Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brink;
Nought of life are they possessors,
Yet of safety vainly think;
Bring them in the careless scoffers,
Pleasure seekers of the earth:
Tell of God's most gracious offers,
And of Jesus' priceless worth.
- 4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak Love's message low and tender,
'Twas for sinners Jesus came:
See, the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—"Call them in."

73

I BRING my *sins* to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleanséd be
In Thy once opened Fount;
I bring them Saviour, all to Thee;
The burden is too great for me.

- 2 I bring my *grief* to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well;
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, all to Thee.

3 My joys to Thee I bring,
 The joys Thy love has given,
 That each may be a wing
 To lift me nearer heaven,
 I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
 Who hast procured them all for me.

4 My life I bring to Thee,
 I would not be my own;
 O Saviour, let me be
 Thine ever, Thine alone,
 My heart, my life, my all I bring
 To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

74

I HAVE heard of a Saviour's love,
 And a wonderful love it must be;
 But did He come down from above,
 Out of love and compassion for me, for me,
 Out of love and compassion for me?

CHO.—Yes, yes, yes, for me, for me,
 Yes, yes, yes, for me;
 Our Lord from above in His infinite love,
 On the cross died to save you and me.

2 I have heard how He suffered and bled,
 How He languished and died on the tree;
 But then is it anywhere said,
 That He languished and suffered for me, for me,
 That He languished and suffered for me!

3 I've been told of a heaven on high,
 Which the children of Jesus shall see;
 But is there a place in the sky
 Made ready and furnished for me, for me,
 Made ready and furnished for me?

4 Lord, answer these questions of mine,
 To whom shall I go but to Thee?
 And say by Thy Spirit divine,
 There's a Saviour and heaven for me, for me,
 There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

75

AT the feet of Jesus,
 Listening to His word:
 Learning wisdom's lesson
 From her loving Lord:
 Mary, led by heavenly grace,
 Chose the meek disciple's place.

CHO.—At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,
 There a humble *learner* would I choose to be.

2 At the feet of Jesus,
 Pouring perfume rare,
 Mary did her Saviour,
 For the grave prepare:
 And, from love the "good work" done,
 She her Lord's approval won.

CHO.—At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,
 There in sweetest *service* would I ever be.

3 At the feet of Jesus,
 In that morning hour,
 Loving hearts receiving
 Resurrection power:
 Haste with joy to preach the Word:
 "Christ is risen, Praise the Lord!"

CHO.—At the feet of Jesus, risen now for me,
 I shall sing His *praises* through eternity.

76

OH, for the peace that floweth as a river,
 Making life's desert-places bloom and smile;
 Oh, for the faith to grasp "Heaven's bright forever,"
 Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

- 2 "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
 To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;
 "A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
 Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.
- 3 "A little while" the earthen pitcher taking,
 To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
 Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking
 Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

- 4 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing,
 "A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;
 And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
 We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn

77

NOW just a word for Jesus;
 Your dearest Friend so true,
 Come, cheer our hearts and tell us
 What He has done for you.

REF.—Now just a word for Jesus—
 "Twill help us on our way;
 One little word for Jesus,
 O speak, or sing, or pray.

2 Now just a word for Jesus;
 You feel your sins forgiven,
 And by His grace are striving
 To reach a home in heaven.

3 Now just a word for Jesus;
 A cross it cannot be
 To say, "I love my Saviour
 Who gave His life for me."

4 Now just a word for Jesus;
 Let not the time be lost;
 The heart's neglected duty
 Brings sorrow, to its cost.

5 Now just a word for Jesus;
 And if your faith be dim,
 Arise in all your weakness,
 And leave the rest to Him.

78

WE'RE marching on to Canaan with banner and song,
 We're soldiers enlisted to fight 'gainst the wrong,
 But lest in the conflict our strength should divide,
 We ask, Who among us is on the Lord's side?

CHO.—||: Oh, who is there among us, the true and the tried,
 Who'll stand by his colors—who's on the Lord's side?:||

2 The sword may be burnished, the armor be bright,
 For Satan appears as an angel of light;
 Yet darkly the bosom may treachery hide,
 While the lips are professing, "I'm on the Lord's side"

- 3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?
Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride;
Oh, haste, while He's waiting and seek the Lord's side.
- 4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and the wrong,
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;
So, bearing the cross of our Covenant Guide,
We'll shout, as we triumph, "*I'm on the Lord's side.*"

79

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

80

LOOK away to Jesus,
Soul by woe oppressed;
'Twas for thee He suffered,
Come to Him and rest,
All thy griefs He carried
All thy sins He bore;
Look away to Jesus;
Trust Him evermore.

2 Look away to Jesus,
Soldier in the fight;
When the battle thickens
Keep thine armor bright;
Though thy foes be many,
Though thy strength be small,
Look away to Jesus;
He shall conquer all.

3 Look away to Jesus,
When the skies are fair;
Calm seas have their dangers;
Mariner, beware!
Earthly joys are fleeting,
Going as they came,
Look away to Jesus;
Evermore the same.

4 Look away to Jesus,
'Mid the toil and heat;
Soon will come the resting
At the Master's feet;
For the guests are bidden,
And the feast is spread;
Look away to Jesus,
In His footsteps tread.

5 When, amid the music
Of the endless feast,
Saints will sing His praises,
Thine shall not be least;
Then, amid the glories
Of the crystal sea,
Look away to Jesus,
Through eternity.

81

OUR lamps are trimmed and burning,
Our robes are white and clean,
We've tarried for the Bridegroom,
Oh, may we enter in?
We know we've nothing worthy
That we can call our own—
The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
Are all from Him alone.

CHO.—Behold the Bridegroom cometh!
 And all may enter in,
 Whose lamps are trimmed and burning,
 Whose robes are white and clean.

2 Go forth, go forth to meet Him,
 The way is open now,
 All lighted with the glory
 That's streaming from His brow.
 Accept the invitation
 Beyond deserving kind;
 Make no delay, but take your lamps,
 And joy eternal find.

3 We see the marriage splendor
 Within the open door;
 We know that those who enter
 Are blest for evermore.
 We see He is more lovely
 Than all the sons of men,
 But still we know the door once shut,
 Will never ope again.

82

LORD Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
 I want Thee forever, to live in my soul;
 Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
 And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
 I give up myself, and whatever I know—
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No—
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

83

FRESH from the throne of glory,
 Bright in its crystal gleam,
 Bursts out the living fountain,
 Swells on the living stream;
 Blesséd River, Let me ever
 Feast my eyes on thee.

2 Stream full of life and gladness,
 Spring of all health and peace,
 No harps by thee hang silent,
 Nor happy voices cease;
 Tranquil River, Let me ever
 Sit and sing by thee.

3 River of God, I greet thee,
 Not now afar, but near;
 My soul to thy still waters
 Hastes in its thirstings here;
 Holy River, Let me ever
 Drink of only thee.

84

IN Zion's Rock abiding,
 My soul her triumph sings;
 In His pavillion hiding,
 I praise the King of kings.

CHO.—My High Tower is He!
 To Him I will flee;
 In Him confide, In Him abide;
 My High Tower is He!

2 Wild waves are round me swelling,
 Dark clouds above I see;
 Yet, in my Fortress dwelling,
 More safe I cannot be.

3 My Tower of strength can never
 In time of trouble fail;
 No power of hell, forever,
 Against it shall prevail.

85

I STOOD outside the gate,
 A poor, wayfaring child;
 Within my heart there beat
 A tempest loud and wild;

A fear oppressed my soul,
 That I might be *too late*;
 And oh, I trembled sore,
 And prayed outside the gate.

2 Oh, "Mercy!" loud I cried,
 "Now give me rest from sin!"
 "I will," a voice replied;
 And Mercy let me in;
 She bound my bleeding wounds,
 And soothed my heart oppress.
 She washed away my guilt
 And gave me peace and rest.

3 In Mercy's guise I knew
 The Saviour long abused,
 Who often sought my heart,
 And wept when I refused;
 Oh! what a blest return
 For all my years of sin!
 I stood outside the gate,
 And Jesus let me in.

86

LET us gather up the sunbeams,
 Lying all around our path;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff,
 Let us find our sweetest comfort
 In the blessings of to-day,
 With a patient hand removing
 All the briars from the way.

CHO.—||: Then scatter seeds of kindness, :||
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,
 For our reaping by and by.

2 Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown!
 Strange that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone!
 Strange that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one half so fair,
 As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake the white down in the air.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed against the window pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
 Never trouble us again—
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow?—
 Would the prints of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track!
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
 For our reaping by and by.

87

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ the Royal Master
 Leads against the foe,
 Forward into battle,
 See His banners go.

CHO.—Onward, Christian soldiers!
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we;
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane;
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;

Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise—
 And that cannot fail.

- 4 Onward, then, ye faithful,
 Join the happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song;
 Glory, laud, and honor,
 Unto Christ the King.
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

88

OH, spirit, o'erwhelmed by thy failures and fears,
 Look up to thy Lord, though with trembling and
 tears:

Weak Faith, to thy call seem the heavens only dumb?
 To thee is the message, "Hold fast till I come."

CHO.—||: Hold fast till I come; ||
 A bright crown awaits thee;
 Hold fast till I come.

- 2 Hold fast when the world would allure thee to sin;
 Hold fast when the tempter assails from within;
 In sunshine or sadness, in gain or in loss,
 To falter were madness; Oh, cling to the Cross.
- 3 Thy Saviour is coming in tenderest love,
 To make up His jewels and bear them above;
 Oh, child, in thine anguish, despairing or dumb,
 Remember the message, "Hold fast till I come."

89

TENDERLY the Shepherd,
 O'er the mountains cold,
 Goes to bring His lost one
 Back into the fold.

CHO.—||: Seeking to save, seeking to save,
 Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save.:||

- 2 Patiently the owner
 Seeks with earnest care,
 In the dust and darkness
 Her treasure rare.

3 Lovingly the Father
Sends the news around:
"He once dead now liveth—
Once lost is found.

90

HALLELUJAH, He is risen!
Jesus is gone up on high!
Burst the bars of death asunder,
Angels shout and men reply:
He is risen, He is risen,
Living now, no more to die.

2 Hallelujah, He is risen!
Our exalted Head to be;
Sends the witness of the Spirit
That our advocate is He:
He is risen, He is risen,
Justified in Him are we.

3 Hallelujah, He is risen!
Death for aye hath lost his sting,
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
From the grave His own will bring:
He is risen, He is risen,
Living Lord and coming King.

91

O CROWN of rejoicing that's waiting for me,
When finished my course, and when Jesus I see,
And when from my Lord comes the sweet sounding
word:

"Receive, faithful servant, the joy of thy Lord."

CHO.—O Crown of rejoicing, O wonderful song;
O joy everlasting, O glorious throng;
O beautiful home, my home can it be?
O glory reserved for me!

2 O wonderful song that in glory I'll sing,
To Him who redeemed me to Jesus my King;
All glory and honor to Him shall be given,
And praises unceasing forever in heaven.

3 O joy everlasting when heaven is won,
Forever in glory to shine as the sun;

No sorrow nor sighing—these all flee away,
No night there, no shadows—'tis one endless day.

- 4 O wonderful name which the glorified bear,
The new name which Jesus bestows on us there;
To him that o'ercometh 'twill only be given,
Blest sign of approval, our welcome to heaven.

92

WHILE foes are strong and danger near,
A voice falls gently on my ear;
My Saviour speaks, He says to me,
That as my days my strength shall be.

CHO.—His word a Tower to which I flee,
For as my days my strength shall be.

- 2 With such a promise need I fear,
For all that now I hold most dear?
No, I will never anxious be,
For as my days my strength shall be.

- 3 And when at last I'm called to die,
Still on Thy promise I'll rely;
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,
That as my days my strength shall be.

93

IN the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom's door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh ever more!
Say 'not 'tis thy pulse's beating,
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
"Rise, and let me in!"

- 2 Death comes down with reckless footsteps,
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will tarry knocking,
When the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;
But the door is fast;
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth,
Death breaks in at last.

- 3 Then is't time to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in;
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin?
 Nay! alas, thou guilty creature!
 Hast thou, then, forgot?
 Jesus waited long to know thee,
 Now He knows thee not!

94

- W**E shall sleep, but not forever,
 There will be a glorious dawn!
 We shall meet to part, no, never,
 On the resurrection morn!
 From the deepest caves of ocean,
 From the desert and the plain,
 From the valley and the mountain,
 Countless throngs shall rise again.
 CHO.—We shall sleep, but not forever,
 There will be a glorious dawn;
 We shall meet to part, no, never,
 On the resurrection morn!

- 2 When we see a precious blossom,
 That we tended with such care,
 Rudely taken from our bosom,
 How our aching hearts despair!
 Round its little grave we linger,
 Till the setting sun is low,
 Feeling all our hopes have perished
 With the flower we cherished so.

- 3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
 In the lone and silent grave;
 Blesséd be the Lord that taketh,
 Blesséd be the Lord that gave.
 In the bright, eternal city
 Death can never, never come:
 In His own good time He'll call us
 From our rest, to Home, sweet Home.

95

- W**ATCHMAN, tell me, does the morning
 Of fair Zion's glory dawn;
 Have the signs that mark His coming,
 Yet upon my pathway shone?

- Pilgrim, yes, arise, look round thee,
 Light is breaking in the skies;
 Spurn the unbelief that bound thee,
 Morning dawns, arise, arise!
- 2 See the glorious light ascending
 Of the grand Sabbath year,
 Hark! the voices loud proclaiming
 The Messiah's kingdom near;
 Watchman, yes; I see just yonder,
 Canaan's glorious heights arise;
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
 Towering 'neath her sunlit skies.
- 3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,
 Seated in the jasper throne,
 Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
 There, on verdant hills and mountains,
 Where the golden sunbeams play,
 Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
 Sparkle in th'eternal day.
- 4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
 Brighter still upon thy way;
 Signs through all the earth are gleaming
 Omens of the coming day,
 When the last loud trumpet sounding,
 Shall awake from earth to sea,
 All the saints of God now sleeping,
 Clad in immortality.

96

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise,
 Within the vail, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.

- CHO.—Many are the friends who are waiting to-day,
 Happy on the golden strand.
 Many are the voices calling us away,
 To join their glorious band.
 Calling us away, Calling us away,
 Calling to the better land.
- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
 And poured out cries and tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

- 3 I asked them whence their victory came;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.

97

MY latest sun is sinking fast,
 My race is nearly run;
 My strongest trials now are past,
 My triumph is begun.

CHO.—O come, angel band,
 Come and around me stand,
 O bear me away on your snowy wings
 To my immortal home.

- 2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
 Of friends and kindred dear,
 For I brush the dew on Jordan's banks,—
 The crossing must be near.

- 3 I've almost gained my heavenly home;
 My spirit loudly sings;
 Thy holy ones, behold, they come!
 I hear the noise of wings.

- 4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
 Who bled and died for me;
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 And gives me victory.

98

THOU didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown,
 When Thou camest to earth for me;
 But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
 For Thy nativity.

REF.—Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for Thee.
 Oh, come to my heart Lord Jesus, come!
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

- 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
 Of Thy birth and Thy royal degree;
 But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
 And in greatest humility.

- 3 Foxes found their rest, and the birds had their nests,
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.
- 4 Thou camest, O Lord, with Thy living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking and scorn, and with crown of thorn,
Did they bear Thee to Calvary.
- 5 Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room,"
There is room at My side for thee.

99

"HOME at last" on heavenly mountains,
Heard the "Come and enter in;"
Saved by life's fair flowing fountains,
Saved from earthly taint and sin.

REF.—"Home, sweet home," our home forever;
All the pilgrim-journey past;
Welcomed home to wander, never,
Saved through Jesus—"Home at last."

- 2 Free at last from all temptation,
No more need of watchful care;
Joyful in complete salvation,
Given the victor's crown to wear.
- 3 Saved to greet on hills of glory
Loved ones we have missed so long;
Saved to tell the sinner's story,
Saved to sing redemption's song.
- 4 Welcomed at the pearly portal,
Ever more a welcome guest;
Welcomed to the life immortal,
In the mansions of the blest.

100

THE mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door.

CHO.—I know I am weak and sinful,
It comes to me more and more;
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in,
I'll enter the open door.

2 I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray;
But I come as He has bidden,
And He will not say me nay.

3 My mistakes His free grace will cover,
My sins He will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk through the gates of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But the Saviour will let me in.

101

COME, for the feast is spread;
Hark to the call!
Come to the Living Bread,
Broken for all;
Come to His house of wine,
Low on His breast recline,
All that He hath is thine;
Come, sinner, come.

2 Come where the fountain flows—
River of life—
Healing for all thy woes,
Doubting and strife;
Millions have been supplied,
No one was e'er denied;
Come to the crimson tide,
Come, sinner, come.

3 Come to the throne of grace,
Boldly draw near;
He who would win the race
Must tarry here;
Whate'er thy want may be,
Here is the grace for thee,

Jesus thy only plea,
Come, Christian, come.

4 Come to the Better Land,
Pilgrim, make haste!
Earth is a foreign strand—
Wilderness, waste!
Here are the harps of gold,
Here are the joys untold—
Crowns for the young and old:
Come, pilgrim, come.

5 Jesus, we come to Thee,
Oh, take us in!
Set Thou our spirits free;
Cleanse us from sin!
Then, in yon land of light,
Clothed in our robes of white
Resting not day nor night,
Thee will we sing.

102

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.

CHO.—||: Nearer my home, :||
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

103

LIFT up, lift up thy voice with singing,
 Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice!
 The kingdoms of the earth are bringing
 Their treasures to thy gates - rejoice!

CHO.—Arise and shine in youth immortal,
 Thy light is come, thy King appears!
 Beyond the Century's swinging portal,
 Breaks a new dawn - *the thousand years!*

- 2 And shall His flock with strife be riven?
 Shall envious lines His church divide,
 When He, the Lord of earth and heaven,
 Stands at the door to claim His bride?
- 3 Lift up thy gates! bring forth oblations!
 One crowned with crowns, a message brings,
 His word, a sword to smite the nations;
 His name—the Christ, the King of kings.
- 4 He comes! let all the earth adore Him;
 The path His human nature trod
 Spreads to a royal realm before Him,
 The **LIGHT** of life, the **WORD** of **GOD**!

104

I HAVE entered the valley of blessing,
 And Jesus abides with me there;
 And His spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
 And His perfect love casteth out fear.

CHO.—Oh, come to this valley of blessing,
 Where Jesus will fullness bestow
 And believe, and receive, and confess **Him**,
 That all His salvation may know.

- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing,
 And plenty the land doth impart,
 And there's rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
 And joy for the sorrowing heart.
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing,
 Such as none but the blood-washed may feel,
 When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
 And Christ sets His covenant seal.

- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing,
That angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous praises we bow at His feet,
Crying, worthy the Lamb that was slain.

105

I'M a pilgrim and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

CHO.—I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!

- 2 Of that city, to which I journey:
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying:

- 3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary:

106

OH, what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?
You have thought of some useful labor,
But what is the end in view?
You are fresh from the home of your boyhood,
And just in the bloom of youth!
Have you tasted the sparkling water
That flows from the fount of truth?

CHO.—Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping?
Remember He died for you!
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

- 2 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
The morning of youth is past;
The vigor and strength of manhood,
My brother, are yours at last:
You are rising in worldly prospects,
And prospered in worldly things;—
A duty to those less favored,
The smile of your fortune brings.

CHO.—Go prove that your heart is grateful —
 The Lord has a work for you!
 Then what are you going to do, brother?
 Say, what are you going to do?

3 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
 Your sun at its noon is high;
 It shines in meridian splendor,
 And rides through a cloudless sky;
 You are holding a high position,
 Of honor, and trust, and fame;—
 Are you willing to give the glory
 And praise to your Saviour's Name?

CHO.—The regions that sit in darkness
 Are stretching their hands to you!
 Then what are you going to do, brother?
 Say, what are you going to do?

4 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
 The twilight approaches now;—
 Already your locks are silvered,
 And winter is on your brow:
 Your talents, your time, and your riches,
 To Jesus, your Master, give;
 Then ask if the world around you
 Is better because you live.

CHO.—You are nearing the brink of Jordan,
 But still there is work for you!
 Then what are you going to do, brother?
 Say, what are you going to do?

107

ART thou weary, art thou languid?
 Art thou sore distressed?
 "Come to me," saith One, and coming,
 "Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him
 If He be my guide?
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."

3 Is there diadem as monarch,
 That His brow adorns?

"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my future here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?

"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away." AMEN.

108

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHO.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
||: Shall we meet beyond the river, :||
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair, celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city.
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?—

4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

109

ALL glory to Jesus be given,
That life and salvation are free;
And all may be washed and forgiven,
And Jesus can save even me.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,
 And all His salvation may know,
 On His bosom I lean,
 And His blood makes me clean,
 For His blood can wash whiter than snow.

2 From darkness and sin and despair,
 Out into the light of His love,
 He has brought me and made me an heir,
 To kingdoms and mansions above.

3 Oh, the rapturous heights of His love,
 The measureless depths of His grace,
 My soul all His fullness would prove,
 And live in His loving embrace.

4 In Him all my wants are supplied,
 His love makes my heaven below,
 And freely His blood is applied,
 His blood that makes whiter than snow.

110

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
 And by faith we can see it afar;
 For the Father waits over the way,
 To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHO.—||: In the sweet by-and-by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore. :||

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
 The melodious songs of the blest,
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
 We will offer our tribute of praise,
 For the glorious gift of His love,
 And the blessings that hallow our days.

111

O H, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die?
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better, your chains melt away;
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are,
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.
- 3 The contrite in heart He will freely receive,
Oh! why will you not the glad message believe?
If sin be your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you come home.

112

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
With joy I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

- 4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away,

113

THROUGH the valley of the shadow I must go,
Where the cold waves of Jordan roll;
But the promise of my Shepherd will I know,
Be the rod and the staff to my soul.
Even now down the valley as I glide,
I can hear my Saviour say, "Follow me!"
And with Him I'm not afraid to cross the tide,
There's a light in the valley for me.

Choro.—||: There's a light in the valley, :||
There's a light in the valley for me,
And no evil will I fear,
While my Shepherd is so near,
There's a light in the valley for me.

2 Now the rolling of the billows I can hear,
 As they beat on the turf-bound shore;
 But the beacon light of love so bright and clear,
 Guides my bark, frail and lone safely o'er,
 I shall find down the valley no alarms,
 For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see;
 He will bear me in His loving, mighty arms,
 There's a light in the valley for me.

114

'TIS a goodly pleasant land that we pilgrims journey
 through,
 And our Father's constant blessings fall around us like
 the dew;
 But its sunshine and its beauty to our hearts no joy can
 bring,
 Like the splendors that await us in the palace of the King.
 In this goodly pleasant land only strangers now are we,
 For we seek a better country, and 'tis there we long
 to be;
 Yes, we long to swell the anthem that for evermore shall
 ring,
 From the pure in heart made perfect, in the palace of the
 King.

REF.—O the palace of the King, royal palace of the King;
 Where our Father in His mercy all the ransomed ones
 will bring;
 Where our sorrows and our trials like a dream will
 pass away,
 And our souls shall dwell forever in the realms of
 endless day.

2 Our Redeemer is the King; what a sacrifice He made,
 When He purchased our redemption, and His blood the
 ransom paid;
 In His cross shall be our glory, to that blessed cross we'll
 cling,
 Till we reach the gates that open to the palace of the
 King.
 We shall see Him bye and bye, hallelujah to His name!
 Through the blood of His atonement, life eternal we may
 claim;

We shall cast our crowns before Him and our songs of
victory sing,
When we enter in triumphant to the palace of the King.

115

THEY dreamed not of danger, those sinners of old,
Whom Noah was chosen to warn;
By frequent transgressions their hearts had grown cold
They laughed his entreaties to scorn:
Yet daily he called them, "Oh, come, sinners, come,
Believe and prepare to embark!
Receive ye the message, and know there is room
For all who will come to the Ark."

CHO.—Then come, come, oh, come;
There's refuge alone in the Ark,
Receive ye the message, and know there is room
For all who will come to the Ark.

2 He could not arouse them, unheeding they stood,
Unmoved by His warning and prayer;
The prophet passed in from the oncoming flood,
And left them to hopeless despair:
The flood-gates were opened, the deluge came on,
The heavens as midnight grew dark,
Too late, then they turned, every foot-hold was gone,
They perished in sight of the Ark.

3 O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore,
They cry like a patriarch, "Come;"
The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore,
Oh, enter while yet there is room!
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark over head,
And when by its fury you're tossed,
Alas, of your perishing soul 'twill be said,
"They heard—they refused—and were lost!"

116

WHEN my final farewell to the world I have said,
And gladly lie down to my rest;
When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,"
And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;

And when, with my glorified vision at last
The walls of "That City" I see,
Will any one then at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

Cho.--||: Be waiting and watching,
Be waiting and watching for me. :||

2 There are little ones glancing about in my path,
In want of a friend and a guide;
There are dear little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears might be easily dried.
But Jesus may beckon the children away
In the midst of their grief and their glee—
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

3 There are old and forsaken who linger awhile
In homes which their dearest have left;
And a few gentle words or an action of love
May cheer their sad spirits bereft.
But the Reaper is near to the long standing corn,
The weary will soon be set free—
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

4 Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
Pray only for self while I live,—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me!

117

O! WHAT shall I do to be saved
From the sorrows that burden my soul?
Like the waves in the storm
When the winds are at war,
Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll.
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O! what shall I do to be saved?

- 2 O! what shall I do to be saved,
When the pleasures of youth are all fled?
And the friends I have loved,
From the earth are removed
And I weep o'er the graves of the dead?
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O! what shall I do to be saved?
- 3 O! what shall I do to be saved,
When sickness my strength shall subdue?
Or the world in a day,
Like a cloud roll away,
And eternity opens to view?
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O! what shall I do to be saved?
- 4 O! Lord look in mercy on me,
Come, O come and speak peace to my soul:
Unto whom shall I flee,
Dearest Lord, but to Thee,
Thou canst make my poor, broken heart whole.
That will I do! that will I do!
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

118

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art, and evermore shall be.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky,
and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity! AMEN.

119

WHEN the storms of life are raging,
 Tempests wild on sea and land,
 I will seek a place of refuge
 In the shadow of God's hand.

CHO.—He will hide me, He will hide me,
 Where no harm can e'er betide me;
 He will hide me, safely hide me
 In the shadow of His hand.

2 Though He may send some affliction,
 'Twill but make me long for home;
 For in love and not in anger,
 All His chastenings will come.

3 Enemies may strive to injure,
 Satan all his arts employ;
 He will turn what seems to harm me
 Into everlasting joy.

4 So, while here the cross I'm bearing,
 Meeting storms and billows wild,
 Jesus, for my soul is caring,
 Naught can harm His Father's child.

120

THINE, Jesus, Thine,
 No more this heart of mine
 Shall seek its joy apart from Thee;
 The world is crucified to me,
 And I am Thine.

2 Thine, Thine alone,
 My joy, my hope, my crown;
 Now earthly things may fade and die,
 They charm my soul no more, for I
 Am Thine alone.

3 Thine, ever Thine,
 Forever to recline,
 On love eternal, fixed and sure,
 Yes, I am Thine for evermore,
 Lord, Jesus, Thine.

4 Thine, Jesus, Thine,
 Soon in Thy crown to shine

When from the glory Thou shalt come,
And with Thy saints shall take me home,
Lord, Jesus, come

121

LONG in darkness we have waited,
For the shining of the Light;
Long have felt the things we hated,
Sink us still in deeper night.

CHO.—Blesséd Jesus, loving Saviour!
Tender, faithful, strong and true,
Break the fetters that have bound us,
Make us in Thyself anew.

2 Now, at last, the Light appeareth,
Jesus stands upon the shore;
And, with tender voice, He calleth,
“Come to me and sin no more!”

3 Nothing have we, but our weakness,
Naught but sorrow, sin and care;
All within, is loathsome vileness,
All without, is dark despair.

4 All our talents we have wasted,
All Thy laws have disobeyed;
But Thy goodness now we've tasted,
In Thy robes we stand arrayed.

5 Thou hast saved us—do Thou keep us,
Guide us by Thine eye divine;
Let the Holy Spirit teach us,
That our light may ever shine.

CHO.—Blesséd Jesus, be Thou near us;
Give us of Thy grace to-day;
While we're calling, do Thou hear us,
Send us, now, Thy peace, we pray.

122

JESUS, gracious One, calleth now to thee,
“Come, O sinner, come!”
Calls so tenderly, calls so lovingly,
“Now, O sinner, come.”
Words of peace and blessing,
Christ's own love confessing;

- REF.—Hear the sweet voice of Jesus,
 Full, full of love;
 Calling tenderly, calling lovingly,
 “Come, O sinner, come.”
- 2 Still He waits for thee, pleading *patiently*,
 “Come, O come to Me!”
 “Heavy laden one, I thy grief have borne,
 Come and rest in Me.”
 Words with love o’erflowing,
 Life and bliss bestowing;
- 3 Weary, sin-sick soul, called so *graciously*,
 Canst thou dare refuse?
 Mercy offered thee, freely, tenderly,
 Wilt thou still abuse?
 Come, for time is flying,
 Haste, thy lamp is dying;

123

WE’VE journeyed many a day
 Upon an ocean wide,
 Amid the mist and spray
 Of many a surging tide;
 But, lo! the land is near!
 For just beyond the foam
 I see it bright and clear,
 The light of home, sweet home.

REF.—There’s a light upon the shore, *brother*,
 It flashes from the strand;
 The night is almost o’er, brother,
 The haven’s just at hand.

2 We’ve had our storms of doubt,
 Our rains of bitter tears,
 Our fightings fierce without,
 Within our anxious fears;
 But, lo! the storms are past,
 They cannot reach us more;
 We’ve sighted land at last,
 The blessed stormless shore.

3 O land of calmest rest,
 Where suns no more go down!

O haven of the blest,
 With bliss and glory crowned!
 No more the storm, the dark,
 The breakers and the foam,
 No more the wail, for hark!
 We hear the songs of home.

124

TAKE my life and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
 Take my hands and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love

CHO.—All to Thee, all to Thee,
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

- 2 Take my feet and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee;
 Take my voice and let me sing
 Always—only—for my King.
- 3 Take my lips and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee;
 Take my silver and my gold,
 Not a mite would I withhold.
- 4 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in endless praise;
 Take my intellect and use
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will and make it Thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love, my God, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

125

THE Gospel bells are ringing,
 Over land, from sea to sea:
 Blessed news of free salvation
 Do they offer you and me.

"For God so loved the world
That His only Son He gave,
Whoso'er believeth in Him
Everlasting life shall have."

CHC.—Gospel bells, how they ring;
Over land from sea to sea;
Gospel bells freely bring
Blesséd news to you and me.

2 The Gospel bells invite us
To a feast prepared for all;
Do not slight the invitation,
Nor reject the gracious call.
"I am the bread of life;
Eat of Me, thou hungry soul,
Though your sins be red as crimson,
They shall be as white as wool."

3 The Gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await them
Who forever will delay.
"Escape ye, for thy life;
Tarry not in all the plain,
Nor behind thee look, oh, never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain."

4 The Gospel bells are joyful,
As they echo far and wide,
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
Through a Saviour crucified.
"Good tidings of great joy
To all people do I bring,
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the
Prince of Peace.
Let every heart prepare Him room,
The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of
Peace.

2 Joy to 'the world! the Saviour reigns,
The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of
Peace.

O praise Him, floods, rocks, hills and plains,
The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of
Peace.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of
Peace.

And saves us by His righteousness,
The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of
Peace.

127

A RULER once came to Jesus by night,
To ask Him the way of salvation and light;
The Master made answer in words true and plain,
"Ye must be born again."

CHO.—||: "Ye must be born again, :||
I verily, verily say unto thee,
Ye must be born again."

2 Ye children of men, attend to the word
So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord,
And let not this message to you be in vain,
"Ye must be born again."

3 O ye who would enter that glorious rest,
And sing with the ransomed the song of the blest;
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
"Ye must be born again."

4 A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see,
At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee;
Then list to the note of this solemn refrain,
"Ye must be born again."

128

Justice.

CUT it down, cut it down,
Spare not the fruitless tree!
It spreads a harmful shade around,
It spoils what else were useful ground,
No fruit for years on it I've found,
Cut it down! cut it down!

Mercy. 2 One year more, one year more,
Oh, spare the fruitless tree!
Behold its branches broad and green,
Its spreading leaves have hopeless been,
Some fruit thereon may yet be seen,
One year more! one year more!

Justice. 3 Cut it down, cut it down,
And burn the worthless tree!
For other use the soil prepare,
Some other tree will flourish there,
And in my vineyard much fruit bear,
Cut it down! cut it down!

Mercy. 4 One year more, one year more,
For mercy spare the tree!
Another year of care bestow,
On its fair form some fruit may grow,
If not - then lay the cumberer low,
One year more! one year more!

5 Still it stands, still it stands,
A fair, but fruitless tree!
The Master, seeking fruit thereon
Has come - but, grieved at finding none
Now speaks to Justice - Mercy flown -
Cut it down! cut it down!

129

COME near me, O my Saviour!
Thy tenderness reveal;
O, let me know the sympathy
Which Thou for me dost feel!
I need Thee every moment;
Thine absence brings dismay;
But when the tempter hurls his darts,
'Twere death with Thee away.

2 Come near me, my Redeemer,
And never leave my side;
My bark, when tossed on trouble's sea,
The storm cannot outride,
Unless Thy word of power
Arrest the surging wave;
No voice but Thine its rage can quell,
No arm but Thine can save.

3 Come near me, blesséd Jesus!
I need Thee in my joy,
No less than when the direst ills
My happiness destroy;
For when the sun shines o'er me
And flowers strew my way,
Without Thy wise and guiding hand
More easily I stray.

4 Be near me, mighty Saviour,
When comes the latest strife;
For Thou thro' death's shadow passed,
And ope'd the gates of life;
And when among the ransomed
I stand with crown and palm,
To Thee, Divine, unfailing Friend,
I'll raise eternal psalm.

130

WHY do you wait, dear brother,
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
Your Saviour is waiting to give you
A place in His sanctified throng.

CHO.—||: Why not? why not?
Why not come to Him now? :||

2 What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus,
There's no other way but His way.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?
Oh, why not accept His salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin?

4 Why do you wait, dear brother?
The harvest is passing away;
Your Saviour is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay.

131

IS Jesus able to redeem
A sinner lost, like me?
My sins so great, so many seem!
O sinner, "come and see."

- REF.—The blood that Jesus shed of old,
Was shed for you and me:
And there is room within the fold—
O “come to Him and see.”
- 2 Is Jesus willing to forgive
A rebel child, like me?
Who would not in His favor live?
O rebel, “come and see.”
- 3 Is Jesus waiting to relieve
A wanderer, like me,
Who chose the Father's House to leave?
O wanderer, “come and see.”
- 4 Is Jesus ready now to save
A guilty one, like me,
Who brought Him to the cross and grave?
Come, guilty one, and see.

132

O WHAT a Saviour that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free:
“He that believeth on the Son,” saith He,
“Hath everlasting life.”

CHO.—“Verily, verily, I say unto you,
Verily, verily,” message ever new;
“He that believeth on the Son,” ’tis true,
“Hath everlasting life.”

- 2 All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
“Hath everlasting life.”
- 3 Though poor and needy, I can trust my Lord;
Though weak and sinful, I believe His word:
O glad message! every child of God,
“Hath everlasting life.”
- 4 Though all unworthy, yet I will not doubt,
For him that cometh, He will not cast out,
“He that believeth,” O the good news shout,
“HATH everlasting life.”

133

IF never the gaze of sun and moon,
On the blesséd home above,
From whence are its rays of wondrous noon?
Oh! "The LAMB is the light thereof."

CHO.—They shall walk in white, there shall be no night
In the fadeless home above;
And the shout shall ring as the ransomed sing,
Oh! "The LAMB is the light thereof."

2 And thus saith the page of Holy Writ
Of the land of song and love,
"The glory of God did lighten it,
And the LAMB is the light thereof."

3 Then follow Him, till the eye grows dim,
And the soul, as ark-freed dove,
Shall speed away to realms of day,
Where "The LAMB is the light thereof."

134

OH, how happy are we,
Who in Jesus agree,
And expect His return from above;
We sit 'neath His vine, and delightfully join
In the praise of His excellent love.

CHO.—Oh, how happy are we
Who in Jesus agree,
How happy, how happy are we.

2 When united to Him,
We partake of the stream
Ever flowing in peace from the throne,
We in Jesus believe, and the Spirit receive,
That proceeds from the Father and Son.

3 We remember the word
Of our crucified Lord,
When He went to prepare us a place,
"I will come in that day and will take you away,
And admit to a sight of my face."

4 Come, Lord, from the skies
And command us to rise
To the mansions of glory above;
With Thee to ascend and eternity spend,
In a rapture of heavenly love.

135

BLESSED hope that in Jesus is given,
 In our sorrow to cheer and sustain,
 That soon in the mansions of Heaven,
 We shall meet with our loved ones again.

CHO.—||: Blesséd hope, blesséd hope,
 We shall meet with our loved ones again. :||

2 Blesséd hope in the word God has spoken,
 All our peace by that word we obtain;
 And as sure as God's word was ne'er broken,
 We shall meet with our loved ones again.

3 Blesséd hope! how it shines in our sorrow,
 Like the star over Bethlehem's plain,
 That it may be, with Him, ere the morrow,
 We shall meet with our loved ones again.

4 Blesséd hope! the bright star of the morning,
 That shall herald His coming to reign;
 Oh, the glory that waits its fair dawning,
 When we meet with our loved ones again.

136

TEMPTED and tried!
 Oh! the terrible tide
 May be raging and deep, may be wrathful and wide!
 Yet its fury is vain,
 For the Lord shall restrain,
 And forever and ever Jehovah shall reign.

CHO.—Tempted and tried,
 Yet the Lord at thy side,
 Shall guide thee, and keep thee,
 Though tempted and tried.

2 Tempted and tried,
 There is One at thy side,
 And never in vain shall His children confide!
 He shall save and defend,
 For He loves to the end,
 Adorable Master and glorious Friend!

3 Tempted and tried,
 Whate'er may betide,
 In His secret pavilion His children shall hide,

'Neath the shadowing wing,
Of Eternity's King,
His children shall trust, and His servants shall sing.

4 Tempted and tried!
Yet the Lord will abide,
Thy faithful Redeemer, thy Keeper and Guide,
Thy Shield and thy Sword,
Thine exceeding Reward,
Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord.

5 Tempted and tried,
The Saviour who died,
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side;
His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

137

I CANNOT tell how precious
The Saviour is to me,
Since I have Him accepted,
And He hath made me free;
I cannot tell His goodness,
Enough to satisfy;
And if you'll only take Him,
You'll see the reason why.

CHO.—I cannot tell how precious
The Saviour is to me;
I only can entreat you
To come, and taste and see.

2 I cannot do for Jesus
As much as I should like;
But I will e'er endeavor
To work with all my might;
For, was not my dear Saviour
For sinners crucified?
For me, then, surely, Jesus
Hung on the cross and died.

3 Whene'er I think of Jesus,
I cannot but rejoice;
To me He's ever precious,
For Him I raise my voice;

I know He has in glory
 A home prepared for me,
 Where I shall live forever
 So happy, and so free.

138

BEAUTIFUL valley of Eden!
 Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
 Over the hearts of the weary,
 Breathing thy waves of balm.

REF.—Beautiful valley of Eden,
 Home of the pure and blest,
 How often amid the wild billows
 I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

- 2 Over the heart of the mourner
 Shineth thy golden day,
 Wafting the song of the angels
 Down from the far away.
- 3 There is the home of my Saviour;
 There, with the blood-washed throng,
 Over the highlands of glory
 Rolleth the great new song.

139

FIERCE and wild the storm is raging
 Round a helpless bark,
 On to doom 'tis swiftly driving,
 O'er the waters dark!

CHO.—Joy, behold the Saviour,
 Joy, the message hear,
 "I'll stand by until the morning,
 I've come to save you, do not fear,"
 Yes, I'll stand by until the morning,
 I've come to save you, do not fear;

- 2 Weary, helpless, hopeless seamen
 Fainting on the deck,
 With what joy they hail their Saviour,
 As He hails the wreck!
- 3 On a wild and stormy ocean,
 Sinking neath the wave,
 Souls that perish heed the message,
 Christ has come to save!

- 4 Daring death thy soul to rescue,
 He in love has come;
 Leave the wreck, and in Him trusting,
 Thou shalt reach thy home!

140

WE'RE saved by the blood
 That was drawn from the side
 Of Jesus our Lord,
 When He languished and died.

REF.—Hallelujah to God,
 For redemption so free;
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Dear Saviour, to Thee.

2 O yes, 'tis the blood
 Of the Lamb that was slain;
 He conquered the grave,
 And He liveth again.

3 We're saved by the blood,
 We are sealed by its power;
 'Tis life to the soul,
 And its hope every hour.

4 That blood is a fount
 Where the vilest may go,
 And wash till their souls
 Shall be whiter than snow.

5 We're saved by the blood,
 Hallelujah again;
 We're saved by the blood,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

141

WHAT though clouds are hovering o'er me,
 And I seem to walk alone -
 Longing 'mid my cares and crosses,
 For the joys that now are flown—
 If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"
 Then my sky will have a gem;
 He's a Sun of brightest splendor,
 And the Star of Bethlehem.

2 What though all my earthly journey
 Bringeth naught but weary hours,
 And, in grasping for life's roses,
 Thorns I find instead of flowers—

If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"
 I possess a cluster rare;
 He's the "Lily of the Valley,"
 And the "Rose of Sharon" fair.

3 What though all my heart is yearning
 For the loved of long ago—
 Bitter lessons sadly learning
 From the shadowy page of woe—
 If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"
 "He'll be with me to the end;
 And, unseen by mortal vision,
 Angel bands will o'er me bend.

4 When I soar to realms of glory,
 And an entrance I await,
 If I whisper, "Jesus only!"
 Wide will ope the pearly gate;
 When I join the heavenly chorus,
 And the angel hosts I see,
 Precious Jesus, "Jesus only,"
 Will my theme of rapture be.

142

W^HOW have I, Lord, in heaven but Thee?
 None but Thee! None but Thee!
 And this my song through life shall be,
 Christ for me! Christ for me!
 He hath for me the wine-press trod,
 He hath redeemed me "by His blood,"
 And reconciled my soul to God,
 Christ for me! Christ for me!

2 I envy not the rich their joys,
 Christ for me! Christ for me!
 I covet not earth's glittering toys,
 Christ for me! Christ for me!
 Earth can no lasting bliss bestow,
 "Fading" is stamped on all below;
 Mine is a joy no end can know,
 Christ for me! Christ for me!

3 Though with the poor be cast my lot,
 Christ for me! Christ for me!
 "He knoweth best,"—I murmur not,
 Christ for me! Christ for me!

Though "Vine and Fig-tree" blight assail,
The "labor of the Olive fail,"
And death o'er flocks and herds prevail,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

- 4 Though I am now on hostile ground,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
And sin beset me all around,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Let earth her fiercest battles wage,
And foes against my soul engage,
Strong in His strength I scorn their rage,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
- 5 And when my life draws to its close,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Safe in His arms I shall repose,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
When sharpest pains my frame pervade,
And all the powers of nature fade,
Still will I sing through death's cold shade,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

143

I HAVE heard of a land far away,
And its glories no tongue can declare;
But its beauty hangs over the way,
And with Jesus I long to be there.

REF.—||: To be there, to be there,
And with Jesus I long to be there. :||

- 2 There are fore-tastes of heaven below,
There are moments like joys of the blest;
But the splendors no mortal can know,
Of the land where the weary shall rest.
- 3 In that noon-tide of glory so fair,
In the gleam of the river of life,
There are joys that the faithful shall share;
O how sweetly they rest from the strife!
- 4 There the ransomed with Jesus abide
In the shade of the sheltering fold;
Evermore by Immanuel's side,
They shall dwell in the glory untold.

144

GLIDING o'er life's fitful waters,
Heavy surges sometimes roll;
And we sigh for yonder haven,
For the Home-land of the soul.

REF.—Blesséd Home-land, every fair!
Sin can never enter there;
But the soul, to life awaking,
Everlasting bloom shall wear.

2 Oft we catch a faint reflection
Of its bright and vernal hills;
And, though distant, how we hail it!
How each heart with rapture thrills!

3 To our Father, and our Saviour,
To the Spirit, Three in One,
We shall sing glad songs of triumph
When our harvest work is done.

4 'Tis the weary pilgrim's Home-land,
Where each throbbing care shall cease,
And our longings and our yearnings,
Like a wave, be hushed to peace.

145

WOULD you lose your load of sin?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
Would you know God's peace within?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

CHO.—Jesus who on the cross did die,
Jesus who *lives* and *reigns* on high,
He alone can justify;
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

2 Would you calmly walk the wave?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
Would you know His power to save?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

3 Would you have your cares grow light?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
Would you songs have in the night?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

4 Grieving, would you comfort know?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus,

Humble be when blessings flow?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

- 5 Would you strength in weakness have?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
See a light beyond the grave?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

146

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

- 2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 3 O could we make our doubts remove, —
Those gloomy doubts that rise, —
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes, —
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er —
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

147

OH, I am so happy in Jesus,
His blood has redeemed me from sin,
I weep and I sing in my gladness,
To know He is dwelling within.

СНО.—Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,
From sin and from sorrow so free;
So happy that He is my Saviour,
So happy that Jesus loves me.

- 2 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,
He taught me the *secret of faith*,
To rest in believing His promise,
And *trust whatsoever He saith*.
- 3 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,
I lay my whole soul at His feet;
The love He has kindled within me
Makes service and suffering sweet.
- 4 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,
If earth in His love is so blest,
What joy in His glorified presence,
To sit at His feet as His guest.

148

THE gospel trumpet's sounding
The year of jubilee,
And grace is all abounding,
To set the bondmen free.

CHO.—Return, return, ye captives,
Return unto your home,
||: The gospel trumpet's sounding,
The jubilee is come ! :||

- 2 Forsake your wretched service,
Your master's claims are o'er;
Avail yourselves of freedom,
Be Satan's slaves no more.
- 3 A better Master's calling,
In accents true and kind;
He asks a loving service,
And claims a willing mind.
- 4 He offers you salvation,
And points to joys above;
And, longing, waits to make you
The objects of His love.
- 5 In living faith accept Him,
Give up all else beside;
While grace is loudly calling,
Look to the Crucified.

149

O H. the bitter pain and sorrow
That a time could ever be,
When I proudly said to Jesus
"All of self and none of Thee,"
||: All of self and none of thee, :||
When I proudly said to Jesus
"All of self and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on th'accurséd tree,
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee,"
||: Some of self, and some of Thee, :||
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy
Healing, helping, full and free,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,"
"Less of self and more of Thee,"
||: Less of self and more of Thee, :||
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered,
"None of self and all of Thee,"
||: None of self and all of Thee, :||
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered,
"None of self and all of Thee."

150

CAN it be right for me to go
On in this dark, uncertain way?
Say, "I believe," and yet not know
Whether my sins are put away?

CHO.—I will no longer doubt Thee, O Lord!
I will forever rest in Thy word.

2 Can it be right in doubt to wait,
Wait for the day that tries the heart,
Ere I shall learn what is my state,
Fearing the Judge should say depart?

- 3 Can it be right such loads to bear,
While He says "Come, I'll give you rest?"
Bidding me cast on Him my care,
Leaning in love, upon His breast.
- 4 Can it be right to doubt His power,
Both to forgive and vanquish sin?
Even in trials of darkest hour,
Can not His love give peace within?
- 5 Can it be right no soul to seek,
Lest I should prove unfit to guide?
Can He not teach my tongue to speak,
Will He not ample strength provide?
- 6 Can it be right with *such* a Lord,
Even to dread the hour of death?
Waiting in faith the great reward,
Calmly I'll yield my dying breath.

151

FROM the riven Rock there floweth,
Living water ever clear;
Weary pilgrim, journeying onward,
Know you not that Fount is near?

- CHO.—Jesus is the Rock of Ages—
Smitten, stricken, lo! He dies;
From His side a living fountain,
Know you not it satisfies?
- 2 "Without money, without merit,"
Jesus calls, "Come unto me,"
Thirsty traveler, be encouraged,
Know you not the Fount is free?
- 3 Fainting in the desert, dreary,
Guilty sinner, hark! 'tis He!
'Tis the Saviour still entreating,
Know you not He calleth thee?

152

THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming! O my King,
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Well may we rejoice and sing;

Thou art coming! rays of glory,
Through the veil Thy death has rent,
Gladden now our pilgrim pathway,
Glory from Thy presence sent.

CHOR.—Thou art coming, Thou art coming,
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
Thou art coming, we shall see Thee,
And be like Thee on that day.
Thou art coming! Thou art coming!
Jesus our beloved Lord,
O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Worshiped, glorified, adored.

2 Thou art coming, not a shadow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin and not a sorrow,
On that sunrise grand and clear;
Thou art coming! Jesus Saviour,
Nothing else seems worth a thought,
Oh, how marvelous the glory,
And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.

3 Thou art coming, we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Anchored safe within the veil;
Thou art coming! at Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
As we meet Thee in communion,
Earnest of our coming bliss.

153

ONLY trusting in my Saviour,
All to Him my soul would leave;
He has suffered to redeem me,
And His word I now believe.

REF.—Now to Christ alone I'm clinging,
Though the tempest round me blow;
Heeding not the clouds above me,
Dreading not the waves below.

2 Only trusting, nothing doubting,
This is all that I can do;

Every trial that befalls me
He will safely bring me through.

3 There are breakers in the distance,
Yet no danger will I fear;
On the Rock my feet are resting,
Naught of harm can reach me here.

4 Only trusting, only trusting,
This is joy and life to me;
Thou wilt never leave me friendless
While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.

154

IN my Father's house there is many a room,
And my Lord has gone to prepare
A place for me; O can it be
That I shall be with Him there?

CHO.—||: Forever with Jesus there;||
What grace divine, that He is mine!
And I shall be with Him there.

2 In my Father's house there is endless day,
With no cloud of sorrow or care,
No tearful eyes, no groans or sighs,
They know who are with Him there.

3 In my Father's house there's no want or woe,
And there can be no more prayer;
For what beside can God provide,
Since we shall be with Him there.

4 In my Father's house there is no more death,
For the life of God we share;
No thought of sin can enter in,
For we shall be with Him there.

5 In my Father's house there are blessed Saints,
Who His holy image bear;
They find in this their sweetest bliss,
That they may be with Him there.

155

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright.
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;

'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah
 To the Lamb who once was slain!
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah
 To Him who lives again!

- 2 What rush of hallelujahs
 Fill all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph night!
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made!
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand fold repaid!
- 3 O, then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore!
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more?
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
 That brimmed with tears of late;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

158

I FEEL like singing all the time,
 My tears are wiped away;
 For Jesus is a friend of mine,
 I'll serve Him every day.

- CHO.—I'm singing, singing,
 • Singing all the time;
 Singing, singing,
 Singing all the time.
- 2 When on the cross my Lord I saw,
 Nailed there by sins of mine;
 Fast fell the burning tears; but now,
 I'm singing all the time.
- 3 When fierce temptations try my heart,
 I sing, Jesus is mine;
 And so, though tears at times may start,
 I'm singing all the time.

- 4 The wondrous story of the Lamb,
Tell with that voice of thine,
Till others, with the glad new song
Go singing all the time.

157

MINE! what rays of glory bright
Now upon the promise shine!
I have found the Lord my light;
I am His, and He is mine.

CHO.—Mine, oh, mine, mine, oh, mine,
Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
I am His and He is mine!

- 2 Mine! the promise often read,
Now in living truth impressed,
Once acknowledged in the head,
Now a fire within the breast.
- 3 Mine! the promise cannot change,
Mine, though oft my eyes are dim;
Naught can from His love estrange,
Those who place their trust in Him.
- 4 Mine! though oft my hand may fail,
He is strong and holds me fast;
By His blood I shall prevail,
He shall lead me home at last.
- 5 Mine! when death the bars shall break,
'Mid those glories all divine.
"Satisfied" I shall awake,
Clasp His feet, and call Him *mine*.

158

ETERNITY dawns on my vision to-day,
Gather round me my loved ones to sing and to pray;
The shadows are past, and the veil is withdrawn,
Brightly now does the morn of eternity dawn.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah, we sing!
Jesus conquered the grave, robbing death of its sting;
Hosanna! again let the glad anthem ring,
"Sing and pray! Eternity dawns!"

- 2 Eternity dawns! Oh, the glories that rise,
How they burst on my soul in its blissful surprise;
With rapture the gleam of the city I see,
Where the crown and the mansion are waiting for me.
- 3 "Eternity dawns!" There will be no more night,
I am nearing the gates of the city of light;
The shadows of time are passing away,
Tarry not, O my Saviour, come quickly, I pray.
- 4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes from my view;
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must bid you adieu,
I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead,
Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply all your need."
- 5 "Eternity dawns!" 'Tis a source of content,
That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men,
May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.

159

NOTHING, either great or small—
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus died and paid it all,
Long, long ago.

CHO.—"It is finished!" yes, indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need,
Tell me, is it not?

2 When He, from His lofty throne.
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done:
Hearken to His cry!

3 Weary, working, burdened one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done
Long, long ago.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing—
"Doing" ends in death.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down—
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete.

160

WE speak of the land of the blest,
A country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confest,
But what must it be to be there?

REF.—||: To be there, to be there,
Oh, what must it be to be there?:||

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above,
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

5 Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
Then shortly we also shall *know*,
And *feel* what it is to be there!

161

OUR Master has taken His journey
To a country that's far away,
And has left us the care of the vineyard,
To work for Him day by day.

CHO.—There's a work for me and a work for *you*,
Something for each of us now to do;
Yes, a work for me and a work for *you*,
Something for each of us now to do.

2 In this "little while," doth it matter,
As we work, and we watch, and we wait,

If we're filling the place He assigns us,
Be its service small or great.

3 There's only one thing should concern us,
To find just the task that is ours;
And then, having found it, to *do* it
With all our God-given powers.

4 Our Master is coming most surely,
To reckon with every one;
Shall we *then*, count our toil or our sorrow,
If His sentence be, "Well done."

162

BE our joyful song to-day,
Jesus, only Jesus;
He who took our sins away,
Jesus, only Jesus.
Name with every blessing rife,
Be our joy and hope through life,
Be our strength in every strife,
Jesus, only Jesus.

2 Once we wandered far from God,
Knowing not of Jesus,
Treading still the down-ward road,
Leading far from Jesus;
Till the Spirit taught us how,
'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
And we fain would follow now,
Jesus, only Jesus.

3 Be our trust through years to come,
• Jesus, only Jesus;
Pass-word to the heavenly home,
Jesus, only Jesus.
When from sin and sorrow free,
On through all eternity,
This our theme and song shall be,
Jesus, only Jesus.

163

HOW sweet the word of Christ the Lord,
While on the cross He dies,
A word to all who on Him call
For life in paradise.

CHO.—From the cross the Saviour cries,
Come with Me to paradise;
Look to Me, believe and live,
Accept the life I freely give.

2 The dying thief, in full belief,
On Jesus fixed his eyes;
His only plea, "Remember me,
O Lord, in paradise."

3 By man condemned, without a friend,
Will Jesus heed his cries?
O blessed Lord, how quick Thy word,
"To-day in paradise."

4 Though vile as he, O sinner, flee
While Jesus calls, be wise;
His word believe, and now receive
A life in paradise.

164

REJOICE with me, for now I'm free,
I joy in a new pleasure:
From God above, the gift of love
Is mine in fullest measure.

CHO.—Rejoice, rejoice, Christ is my choice,
His cross alone my glory;
When life shall last, when death is past,
I'll sing the joyful story.

2 Once vile with sin, Christ makes me clean,
Gone is all condemnation;
For I believe and now receive
A full and free salvation.

3 In Christ I live, and He doth give,
Great joy where once was sadness;
And in this way, from day to day,
My life is filled with gladness.

4 To all proclaim His wondrous name,
Repeat the Old, old story;
Till work is done and heaven won,
Then praise Him more in glory.

185

THE prize is set before us,
 1 To win, His words implore us,
 The eye of God is o'er us
 From on high, from on high;
 His loving tones are calling
 While sin is dark, appalling,
 'Tis Jesus gently calling,
 He is nigh, He is nigh.

CHO.—By and by we shall meet Him,
 By and by we shall greet Him,
 And with Jesus reign in glory
 By and by.

2 We'll follow where He leadeth,
 We'll pasture where He feedeth,
 We'll yield to Him who pleadeth
 From on high, from on high;
 Then naught from Him shall sever,
 Our hope shall brighten ever,
 And faith shall fail us never,
 He is nigh, He is nigh.

3 Our home is bright above us,
 No trials dark to move us,
 But Jesus dear to love us
 There on high, there on high;
 We'll give Him best endeavor,
 And praise His name forever,
 His precious words can never,
 Never die, never die.

186

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
 Trusting only Thee!
 Trusting Thee for full salvation,
 Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
 At Thy feet I bow;
 For Thy grace and tender mercy
 Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
 In the crimson flood;
 Trusting Thee to make me holy
 By Thy blood.

- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.
- 5 I am trusting Thee for power;
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.
- 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee forever
And for all!

167

GOOD news from heaven, good news for thee,
There flows a pardon, full and free,
To guilty sinners, through the blood
Of the Incarnate Son of God;
He paid the debt that thou didst owe,
He suffered death for thee below,
He bore the wrath divine for thee,
He groaned and bled on Calvary.

CHO.—Good news from heaven, good news for thee,
There flows a pardon, full and free,
To guilty sinners through the blood
Of the Incarnate Son of God.

- 2 Good news from heaven, good news for thee,
The Saviour cries, "Come unto me
All ye who toil, with fears opprest;
Come, weary one, oh, come and rest."
He loves thee with o'erflowing love.
He hears thy prayer in heaven above,
He all thy pasture shall prepare,
And lead thee with a shepherd's care.
- 3 Good news from heaven, good news for thee,
Has echoed from eternity;
And loud shall our hosannas ring,
When with the ransomed throng we sing.
"Worthy the lamb," whose precious blood
Has made us kings and priests to God:
Our harps we'll tune to noblest strains,
And glory give to Him who reigns.

168

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly;
 Angel guards from Thee surround us,
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

169

SOUND the high praises of Jesus our King,
 He came and He conquered, His victory sing;
 Sing, for the power of the tyrant is broken,
 The triumph's complete over death and the grave;
 Vain is their boasting, Jehovah hath spoken,
 And Jesus proclaimed Himself Mighty to Save.

CHO.—Sound the high praises of Jesus our King,
 He came and He conquered, His victory to sing.

- 2 Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to the Lord,
 The enemy quailed at the might of His word;
 In heaven He ascends and unfolds the glad story,
 The hosts of the blessed exult in His fame;
 In love He looks down from the throne of His glory,
 And rescues the ruined who trust in His name.

170

THIS is the day of toil,
 Beneath earth's sultry noon,
 This is the day of service true,
 But resting cometh soon.

CHO.—||: Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 There remains a rest for us. :||

- 2 Spend and be spent would we,
While lasteth time's brief day;
No turning back in coward fear,
No lingering by the way.
- 3 Onward we press in haste,
Upward our journey still;
Ours is the path the Master trod
Through good report and ill.
- 4 The way may rougher grow,
The weariness increase,
We gird our loins and hasten on,—
The end, the end is peace.

171

THERE is joy among the angels,
Singing round the throne above,
When repentant tears are flowing,
While the risen Lord is showing
All the riches of His love,
||: All the riches of His love.:||

CHO.—There is joy, oh, there is joy,
Joy that never can be told,
When a soul that long has wandered,
Comes within the Saviour's fold.

- 2 There is joy among the angels,
When a sinner heeds the call;
When he turns to Christ believing,
And from Him is love receiving,
Grace that saves us one and all,
||: Grace that saves us one, and all.:||
- 3 There is joy among the angels,
When His cause is speeding on;
When the notes of praise are ringing,
That the gospel work is bringing,
Precious sheaves for harvest morn,
||: Precious sheaves for harvest morn.:||

172

OVER the ocean wave, far, far away,
There the poor heathen live, waiting for day;
Groping in ignorance, dark as the night,
No blessed Bible to give them the light.

CHO.—Pity them, pity them, Christians at home,
Haste with the Bread of Life, hasten and come.

2 Here in this happy land we have the light
Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright;
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?

3 Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, oh, see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."

173

WHEN we reach our Father's dwelling,
On the Strong eternal hills,
And our praise to Him is swelling
Who the vast creation fills,
Shall we then recall the sadness,
And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts were turned from hardness,
And our feet from paths of sin?

CHO.—Yes, we surely shall remember,
And His grace we'll freely own;
For the love so strong and tender,
That redeemed and brought us home.

2 When the paths of prayer and duty;
And affliction all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty
Of our Saviour and our God,
Shall we then recall the story
Of our mortal griefs and tears,
When on earth we sought the glory
Wrestling oft with doubts and fears?

3 And the way by which He brought us,
All the grievings that He bore,
All the patient love that taught us,
We'll remember evermore;
And His rest will be the dearer,
As we think of weary ways,
And His light will be the clearer
As we muse on cloudy days.

174

“**M**UST I go and empty handed,
 Thus my dear Redeemer meet
 Not one day of service give Him,
 Lay no trophy at His feet?

CHO.—“Must I go and empty-handed,
 Must I meet my Saviour so?
 Not one soul with which to greet Him,
 Must I empty-handed go?

2 Not at death I shrink nor falter,
 For my Saviour saves me now;
 But to meet Him empty-handed,
 Thought of that now clouds my brow.

3 Oh, the years of sinning wasted,
 Could I but recall them now,
 I would give them to my Saviour,
 To His will I'd gladly bow.

4 Oh, ye saints, arouse, be earnest,
 Up and work while yet 'tis day,
 Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee,
 Strive for souls while still you may.

175

MY sin is great, my strength is weak,
 My path beset with snares,
 But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me,
 And Thou wilt hear my prayers.

REF.—To Thee, to Thee, the Crucified,
 The sinner's only plea,
 Relying on Thy promised grace,
 My faith still clings to Thee.

2 The world is dark without Thee, Lord,
 I turn me from its strife
 To find Thy love a sweet relief;
 Thou art the Light of Life.

3 Temptations lure and fears assail
 My frail, inconstant heart;
 But precious are Thy promises,
 And they new strength impart.

- 4 Unfold Thy precepts to my mind,
And cleanse my blinded eyes;
Grant me to work for Thee on earth,
Then praise Thee in the skies.

176

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my song employ.

CHO.—I've found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my song employ.

- 2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

- 3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

- 4 Christ is my peace; He died for me,
For me He shed His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

- 5 Christ Jesus is my all in all,
My comfort and my love;
My life below, and He shall be
My joy and crown above.

177

“FAINT, yet pursuing,” we press our way
Up to the glorious gates of day;
Following Him who has gone before,
Over the path to the brighter shore.

CHO.—“Faint, yet pursuing,” from day to day,
Over the sure and the blood-marked way;
Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour, Friend,
Ever pursuing, unto life's end.

- 2 "Faint, yet pursuing," whate'er befall,
He who has died for us, died for all;
So should they come, as a mighty throng
Bearing His banner aloft with song.
- 3 "Faint, yet pursuing," till eventide,
Under the cross of the Crucified;
Knowing, when darkly are skies o'ercast,
Sorrow and sighing will end at last.
- 4 "Faint, yet pursuing," the eye afar
Sees through the darkness the Morning Star,
Shedding its ray for the weary feet,
Keeping the way to the golden street.

178

BESIDE the well at noontime,
I hear a sad one say:
"I want that living water,
Give me to drink, I pray;
The well is deep, O pilgrim,
But deeper is my need;
I thirst for life eternal,
The 'Gift of God' indeed."

CHO.—Ho, every one that thirsteth,
The living water buy!
Ye blessed ones that hunger,
Take, eat and never die.

2 Beside the pool Bethesda,
I hear a mournful cry:
"No help, no hope is offered
To one so weak as I;"
Oh, cease thy sad complaining,
The gospel gives thee cheer;
Come to the house of mercy,
For Christ the pool is here.

CHO.—"Tis He, the great Physician,
Can cure the sin-sick soul;
"Rise up and walk," He bids thee,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

3 While seated on the hill-side,
The hungry ones were fed

By Him who said most truly:
 "I am the living bread;"
 'Tis He, the heavenly manna,
 Who doth our souls restore;
 By faith, of Him partaking,
 We live for evermore,

CHO.—Ho, every one that thirsteth,
 The living water buy!
 Ye blessed ones that hunger,
 Take, eat and never die.

179

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

CHO.—We will rest in the fair and happy land
 Just across on the evergreen shore,
 Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by and by,
 And dwell with Jesus evermore.

- 2 O'er all those wide-extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Son forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in His bosom rest?
- 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away,

180

LAND of rest, for thee I sigh,
 When will the moment come,
 When I shall lay my armor by,
 And dwell in peace at home?

CHO.—We'll work till Jesus comes,
 ||: We'll work till Jesus comes, :||
 And we'll be gathered home.

- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome:
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast,
Till He conduct me home.
- 4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

181

I KNOW not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes.
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy He sends me, comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

CHO.—Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose;
||: And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, He knows, He knows.:||

2 One step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heaven more brightly shines,
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the silence, came
His loving "Follow me."

3 O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest.
In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might;

I'd rather walk in the dark with God
 Than go alone in the light;
 I'd rather walk by faith with Him
 Than go alone by sight.

CHO.—Where He may lead I'll follow,
 My trust in Him repose;
 ||: And every hour in perfect peace
 I'll sing, He knows, He knows.:||
 He knows, He knows, He knows.

182

WHEN we get home from our sorrow and care,
 And we stand with the angels of light,
 Oh, what a meeting in heaven there'll be,
 In that land without shadow or night;
 Sorrow and care, tribulation and pain
 We'll leave, when we pass through the tomb;
 Clouds of despair, storms of trial and care
 We shall leave for that beautiful home.

CHO.—When we get home, oh, when we get home,
 Get home to glory land,
 Praises we'll sing to Jesus, our King,
 A ransomed, a glorified band.

2 When we get home to the mansions above,
 With the loved ones gone over before,
 Oh, who can tell what joy that will be
 There, to live and rejoice evermore;
 Angels will praise, the Redeemer will smile,
 And loved ones we'll clasp by the hand;
 Free from all pain, far beyond earthly stain,
 We shall dwell in that beautiful land.

3 When we get home, when the morning is come
 And forth from the city of gold
 Angels of God, coming down, shall call home
 All of those who belong to His fold;
 Will you be there, brother, loved ones to greet,
 Or will you forever be lost?
 What is thy choice, fleeting pleasures of earth,
 Or a home when death's river is crossed?

183

I HAVE read of a beautiful city,
 Far away in the kingdom of God;
 I have read how its walls are of jasper,
 How its streets are all golden and broad.
 In the midst of the street is life's river,
 Clear as crystal and pure to behold;
 But not half of that city's bright glory
 To mortals has ever been told.

CHO.—[|: Not half has ever been told; :|]
 Not half of that city's bright glory
 To mortals has ever been told,

2 I have read of bright mansions in Heaven,
 Which the Saviour has gone to prepare;
 And the saints who on earth have been faithful,
 Rest forever with Christ over there;
 There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow,
 The inhabitants never grow old;
 But not half of the joys that await them
 To mortals has ever been told.

3 I have read of white robes for the righteous,
 Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
 When our Father shall bid them "Come, enter,
 And my glory eternally share;"
 How the righteous are evermore blessed
 As they walk through the streets of pure gold;
 But not half of the wonderful story
 To mortals has ever been told.

4 I have read of a Christ so forgiving,
 That vile sinners may ask and receive
 Peace and pardon from every transgression,
 If when asking they only believe.
 I have read how He'll guide and protect us,
 If for safety we enter His fold;
 But not half of His goodness and mercy
 To mortals has ever been told.

184

ARE you coming Home, ye wanderers,
 Whom Jesus died to win,
 All foot-sore, lame and weary,
 Your garments stained with sin;

Will you seek the blood of Jesus
 To wash your garments white;
 Will you trust His precious promise,
 Are you coming Home to-night?

Cho.—||: Are you coming Home to-night, :||
 Are you coming Home to Jesus,
 Out of darkness into light?
 ||: Are you coming Home to-night, :||
 To your loving, heavenly Father,
 Are you coming Home to-night?

2 Are you coming Home ye lost ones?
 Behold your Lord doth wait:
 Come, then no longer linger,
 Come ere it be too late;
 Will you come and let Him save you,
 O trust His love and might;
 Will you come while He is calling,
 Are you coming Home to-night?

3 Are you coming Home, ye guilty,
 Who bear the load of sin;
 Outside you've long been standing,
 Come now and venture in;
 Will you heed the Saviour's promise,
 And dare to trust Him quite;
 "Come unto me," saith Jesus;
 Are you coming Home to night?

185

SAY, where is thy refuge, poor sinner,
 And what is thy prospect to-day?
 Why toil for the wealth that will perish,
 The treasures that rust and decay?
 Oh! think of thy soul, that forever
 Must live on eternity's shore,
 When thou, in the dust art forgotten,
 When pleasure can charm thee no more.

Cho.—"Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful the cost,
 ||: To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost. :||

2 The Master is calling thee, sinner,
 In tones of compassion and love,
 To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,
 And lay up thy treasure above:

Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered,
 To ransom thy soul from the grave;
 The arm of His mercy will hold thee,
 The arm that is mighty to save.

- 3 As summer is waning, poor sinner,
 Repent, ere the season is past;
 God's goodness to thee is extended,
 As long as the day-beam shall last;
 Then slight not the warning repeated
 With all the bright moments that roll,
 Nor say, when the harvest is ended,
 That no one hath cared for thy soul.

186

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wanderer's onward,
 To their home on high;
 Journeying o'er the desert,
 Gladly thus we pray,
 And with hearts united.
 Take our heavenward way.

CHO.--Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wanderers onward
 To their home on high.

- 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
 At Thy sacred feet,
 Here with hearts rejoicing,
 See Thy children meet;
 Often have we left Thee,
 Often gone astray,
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,
 In the narrow way.

- 3 All our days direct us,
 In the way we go,
 Lead us on victorious
 Over every foe;
 Bid Thine angels shield us,
 When the storm-clouds lower,
 Pardon Thon and save us
 In the last dread hour.

- 4 Then with Saints and Angels
 May we join above,
 Offering endless praises
 At Thy Throne of love;
 When the toil is over,
 Then comes rest and peace,—
 Jesus, in His beauty;—
 Songs that never cease.

187

HEAR ye the glad Good News from heaven?
 Life to a death-doomed race is given!
 Christ on the cross for you and me
 Purchased a pardon full and free.

CHO.—He that believeth, he that believeth,
 He that believeth hath everlasting life.

- 2 When we were lost, the Son of God
 Made an atonement by His blood:
 When we the glad Good News believe,
 Then the atonement we receive.

- 3 Why not believe the glad Good News?
 Why still the voice of God refuse?
 Why not believe, when God hath said,
 All, *all* our guilt "on Him" was laid.

188

THE way is dark, my Father! || Cloud upon cloud
 Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
 The thunders roar | a- | bove mē, || Yet see, I stand
 Like one bewildered! Father, | take my | hand,
 And through the gloom lead safely home.
 Safely home, safely home,
 Lead safely home Thy child!

- 2 The day declines, my Father! || and the night
 Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
 Sees | ghostly | visions. || Fears like a spectral band
 Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,
 And from the night lead up to light,
 Up to light, up to light,
 Lead up to light Thy child!

- 3 The way is long, my Father! || and my soul
 Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ||
 While yet I journey through this weary land,
 Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand,
 And in the way to endless day,
 Endless day, endless day,
 Lead safely on Thy child!
- 4 The path is rough, my Father! || Many a thorn
 Has pierced me! and my feet, all torn
 And bleeding, | mark the | way. || Yet Thy command
 Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;
 Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
 Lead to rest, lead to rest,
 O lead to rest Thy child!
- 5 The throng is great, my Father! || Many a doubt
 And fear of danger compass me about;
 And foes op- | press me | sore. || I cannot stand,
 Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;
 And through the throng, lead safe along,
 Safe along, safe along,
 Lead safe along Thy child.
- 6 The cross is heavy, Father! || I have borne
 It long, and | still do | bear it. || Let my worn
 And fainting spirit, rise to that bright land
 Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;
 And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
 To the crown, to the crown,
 Lead to the crown Thy child.

189

HEAVENLY Father, we beseech Thee,
 Grant Thy blessing ere we part;
 Take us in Thy care and keeping,
 Guard from evil every heart.

CHO.—Bless the words we here have spoken,
 Offered prayer and cheerful strain;
 If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee,
 Grant we all may meet again.

2 Loving Saviour, go Thou with us,
 Be our comfort and our stay;

Grateful praise to Thee we render,
For the joy we feel to-day.

3 Holy Spirit, dwell within us,
May our souls Thy Temple be;
May we tread the path to glory,
Led and guided still by Thee.

4 Heavenly Father, Loving Saviour,
Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As among Thy saints and angels,
So on earth, Thy will be done.

190

THE gospel of Thy grace
My stubborn heart has won,
"For God so loved the world,
He gave His only Son,

REF.—"That whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive!"
"Shall everlasting life receive!"

2 The serpent "lifted up"
Could life and healing give,
So Jesus on the cross
Bids me to look and live;

REF.—For "Whosoever," etc,

3 "The soul that sinneth dies:"
My awful doom I heard;
I was forever lost,
But for Thy gracious word

REF.—"That whosoever," etc.

4 "Not to condemn the world"
The "Man of sorrows" came;
But that the world might have
Salvation through His name;

REF.—For "Whosoever," etc.

5 "Lord, help my unbelief!"
Give me the peace of faith,
To rest with child-like trust
On what Thy gospel saith,

REF.—"That whosoever," etc.

191

GLORY be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. AMEN.

192

- T**ELL it out among the nations that the Lord is King,
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace;
Tell it out with jubilation, let the song ne'er cease;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
- 2 Tell it out among the people that the Saviour reigns;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break their chains;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives,
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives,
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
- 3 Tell it out among the people, Jesus reigns above;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home,
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam,
That the weary, heavy-laden, need no longer roam;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

193

LIGHT after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after weakness,
Crown after cross;
Sweet after bitter,
Hope after fears,
Home after wandering,
Praise after tears.

2 Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain;
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

3 Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb;
After long agony,
Rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway,
Leading to this.

194

GLORY, glory be to Jesus,
Glory to His precious name;
Sweet it is to sound His praises,
Blest it is to spread His fame.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory be to Jesus' name,
Sweet it is to sound His praises,
Blest it is to spread His fame.

2 In the place of His rejection,
Where He suffered, where He died,
Bursts of holy praise ascending,
Greets the glorious Crucified.

3 Here was marred His blesséd visage,
Here His brow was wreathed with thorn,
Here the object of derision,
Bitter taunt and mocking scorn.

4 Yes, triumphant hallelujahs
Still arise to greet His name;
Sweet it is to sound His praises,
Blest it is to spread His fame.

195

WHAT can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,

CHO.—Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my cleansing this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my pardon this my plea—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

5 Now by this I'll overcome—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Now by this I'll reach my home—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

196

O CHRIST in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.

CHO.—Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me.
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.

- 2 I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But while I passed my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.
- 3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But ah! the waters failed!
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.
- 4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace my sightless eyes received,
Thy loveliness to see.

197

O SOUL in the far away country,
A-weary, and famished, and sad,
There's rest in the home of thy Father,
His welcome will make thy heart glad.

CHO.—Come, come, prodigal, come,
And wander no longer afar from home;
Come, come, prodigal, come,
A welcome awaits in thy Father's home.

2 Arise! and come back to thy Father,
He'll meet thee while yet on the way;
Assured of His tender compassion,
O why wilt thou longer delay?

3 Although thou hast sinned against heaven,
And weak and unworthy may be;
He offers the full restoration,
And pardon abundant and free.

198

WHEN the Lord from heaven appears,
When are banished all our fears,
When the sleepers from the tomb,
With the watchers reach their home,

CHO.—||: Then, enthroned our Lord with Thee,
We shall reign eternally.:||

2 When our eyes the King shall see,
In His glorious Majesty,
When to Him we're called above,
Partners of His joy and love,

3 Debtors to His matchless grace,
At His feet our crowns will place,
And as ages roll along,
Still will sing the glad new song.

4 Let this hope now purify
Those who on Thy word rely;
Comfort to our hearts afford,
'Till the coming of the Lord.

199

COME sing, my soul, and praise the Lord,
Who hath redeemed thee by His blood;
Delivered thee from chains that bound,
And brought thee to redemption ground.

CHO.—Redemption ground, the ground of peace,
Redemption ground, O wondrous grace;
Here let our praise to God abound,
Who saves us on redemption ground.

2 Once from my God I wandered far,
And with His holy will made war:
But now my songs to God abound;
I'm standing on redemption ground.

3 O joyous hour when God to me
A vision gave of Calvary:
My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound;
I sang upon redemption ground.

4 No works of merit now I plead,
But Jesus take for all my need;
No righteousness in me is found,
Except upon redemption ground.

5 Come, weary soul, and here find rest;
Accept redemption, and be blest:
The Christ who died, by God is crowned
To pardon on redemption ground.

200

RISE up, and hasten! my soul, haste along!
 And speed on thy journey with hope and with song;
 Home, home is nearing, 'tis coming into view,
 A little more of toiling and then to earth adieu.

CHO.—Come then, come, and raise the joyful song!
 Ye children of the wilderness, our time cannot be
 long.
 Home, home, home, oh, why should we delay?
 The morn of heaven is dawning, we're near the break
 of day.

2 Why should we linger when heaven lies before!
 While earth's fast receding, and soon will be no more;
 Pleasures and treasures which once here we knew,
 No more can they charm us with such a goal in view.

3 Loved ones in Jesus they've passed on before,
 Now resting in glory, they weary are no more;
 Toils all are ended, and nothing now but joy,
 And praises ascending, their ever glad employ,

4 No condemnation! how blesséd is the word,
 And no separation! forever with the Lord;
 He will be with us who loved us long before,
 And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours for evermore.

201

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How He called little children, as lambs to His fold,
 I should like to have been with them then.

REF.—||: I should like to have been with them then, :||
 How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
 I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
 That His arm had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
 "Let the little ones come unto Me."

REF.—||: "Let the little ones come unto Me;" :||
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He
 "Let the little ones come unto Me." [said,

3 Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in His love;
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above.

REF.—||: I shall see Him and hear Him above; :||
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
 For all that are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 For "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

REF.—||: For "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;":||
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 For "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

202

JESUS I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;
 Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.
 There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee:
 Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me.

CHO.—In Thy love confiding I will seek Thy face,
 Worship and adore Thee, for Thy wondrous grace.
 Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;
 Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.

2 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word,
 Since Thy voice of mercy I have often heard,
 When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
 Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

3 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee without doubt:
 "Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out,"
 Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood—
 These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God!

203

"NOT my own," but saved by Jesus,
 Who redeemed me by His blood,
 Gladly I accept the message,
 I belong to Christ the Lord.

CHO.—“Not my own!” Oh, “not my own!”
 Jesus, I belong to Thee!
 All I have, and all I hope for,
 Thine for all eternity.

2 “Not my own!” to Christ, my Saviour,
 I believing, trust my soul;
 Everything to Him committed,
 While eternal ages roll.

3 “Not my own!” my time, my talent
 Freely all to Christ I bring,
 To be used in joyful service
 For the glory of my King.

4 “Not my own!” the Lord accepts me,
 One among the ransomed throng,
 Who in heaven shall see His glory
 And to Jesus Christ belong.

204

WITH His dear and loving-care,
 Will the Saviour lead us on,
 To the hills and valleys fair,
 Over Jordan?
 Yes, we'll rest our weary feet
 By the crystal waters sweet,
 When the peaceful shore we greet
 Over Jordan.

CHO —Over Jordan! Over Jordan!
 Yes, we'll rest our weary feet
 By the crystal waters sweet,
 Over Jordan, over Jordan,
 When the peaceful shore we'll greet,
 Over Jordan.

2 Through the rocky wilderness,
 Will the Saviour lead us on,
 To the land we shall possess,
 Over Jordan?
 Yes, by night the wondrous ray,
 Cloudy pillar by the day,
 They shall guide us on our way,
 Over Jordan.

- 3 With His strong and mighty hand,
Will the Saviour lead us on,
To that good and pleasant land
Over Jordan?
Yes, where vine and olive grow,
And the brooks and fountains flow,
Thirst nor hunger shall we know,
Over Jordan.
- 4 In the Promised Land to be,
Will the Saviour lead us on,
Till fair Canaan's shore we see,
Over Jordan?
Yes, to dwell with Thee, at last,
Guide and lead us, as Thou hast,
Till the parted wave be passed,
Over Jordan.

205

PRAISE ye th. Lord; for it is good
Praise to our God to sing:
For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.

CHO.—Praise the Lord, it is good,
Praise to our God to sing:
For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.

- 2 Those that are broken in their heart,
And troubled in their minds,
He healeth, and their painful wounds,
He tenderly upbinds.
- 3 He counts the number of the stars;
He names them every one:
Our Lord is great, and of great power,
His wisdom search can none.

206

O H, I left it all with Jesus, long ago;
All my sins I brought Him and my woe;
When by faith I saw Him bleeding on the tree;
Heard His still small whisper, "'Tis for thee!"

CHO.—||: From my weary heart the burden rolled away,
Happy day! happy day! :||

2 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows,
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
How to gild the tear of sorrow with His smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile.

CHO.—||: Then with all my weakness leaning on His might,
All is light! all is light! :||

3 O, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may;
Hope has dropped for aye her anchor, found her rest
In the calm, sure haven of His breast.

CHO.—||: Love esteems it joy of heaven to abide
At His side! at His side! :||

4 Leave, oh, leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul;
Tell not half thy story, but the whole;
Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on His hand,
Life and death are waiting His command.

CHO.—||: Yet His tender, loving mercy makes thee room:
Oh, come home! oh, come home! :||

207

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

CHO.—God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus lives, and loves me still;
Jesus lives,
He lives, and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood His grace
Long provoked Him to His face:
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

208

THE blood has always precious been,
 'Tis precious now to me;
 Through it alone my soul has rest.
 From fear and doubt set free.

CHO.—Oh, wondrous is the crimson tide
 Which from my Saviour flowed;
 And still in heaven my song shall be,
 The precious, precious blood.

2 I will remember now no more,
 God's faithful Word has said,
 The follies and the sins of him
 For whom my Son has bled.

3 Not all my well-remembered sins
 Can startle or dismay;
 The precious blood atones for all
 And bears my guilt away.

4 Perhaps this feeble frame of mine
 Will soon in sickness lie,
 But resting on the precious blood
 How peacefully I'll die.

209

L ORD, I care not for riches,
 Neither silver nor gold;
 I would make sure of heaven,
 I would enter the fold.
 In the book of Thy kingdom,
 With its pages so fair,
 Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
 Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
 On the page white and fair?
 In the book of Thy kingdom,
 Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
 Like the sands of the sea,
 But Thy blood, oh, my Saviour!
 Is sufficient for me;

For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

- 3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,
Yes, my name's written there.

210

HELPLESS I come to Jesus' blood
And all myself resign;
I lose my weakness in that flood,
And gather strength divine.

REF.—||: My soul will overcome by the blood of the Lamb, :||
||: Overcome, :|| overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

- 2 'Tis Jesus gives me life within,
And nerves me for the fray;
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin,
And took their power away.
- 3 Though clouds of conflict hide my view,
And foes are fierce and strong,
In Jesus' name I'll struggle through,
And enter heaven with song.

211

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom, yet unseen, we love;
O Name of might and favor,
All other names above.

CHO.—We worship Thee! we bless Thee!
To Thee alone we sing!
We praise Thee and confess Thee,
Our Saviour and our King!

- 2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought.

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song, above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love.

CHO.—Than shall we praise and bless Thee!
Where perfect praises ring!
And evermore confess Thee,
Our Saviour and our King!

212

TRUST on! trust on, believer!
Though long the conflict be,
Thou yet shalt prove victorious;
Thy God shall fight for thee.

CHO.—Trust on! Trust on!
Though dark the night and drear;
Trust on! Trust on!
The morning dawn is near.

2 Trust on! trust on; thy failings
May bow thee to the dust,
But in thy deepest sorrow,
O give not up thy trust.

3 Trust on! the danger presses,
Temptation strong is near,
Yet o'er life's dangerous rapids,
He shall thy passage steer.

4 O Christ is strong to save us,
He is a faithful Friend,
Trust on! trust on! believer,
O trust Him to the end.

213

SHOULD the Death-angel knock at thy chamber,
In the still watch of to-night,
Say, will your spirit pass into torment,
Or to the land of delight?

CHO.—Say, are you ready, O are you ready?
If the Death-angel should call;
Say, are you ready? O are you ready?
Mercy stands waiting for all.

2 Many sad spirits now are departing
Into the world of despair;
Every brief moment brings your doom nearer;
Sinner, O sinner, beware!

3 Many redeemed ones now are ascending
Into the mansions of light;
Jesus is pleading, patiently pleading,
O let Him save you to-night.

214

TRUSTING in the Lord thy God,
Onward go! onward go!
Holding fast His promised word,
Onward go!
Ne'er deny His worthy Name,
Though it bring reproach and shame;
Spreading still His wondrous fame,
Onward go!

2 Has He called thee to the plough?
Onward go! onward go!
Night is coming, serve Him now;
Onward go!
Faith and love in service blend;
On His mighty arm depend;
Standing fast until the end,
Onward go!

3 Has He given thee golden grain?
Onward go! onward go!
Sow, and thou shalt reap again;
Onward go!
To thy Master's gate repair,
Watching be and waiting there;
He will hear and answer prayer;
Onward go!

4 Has He said the end is near?
 Onward go: onward go!
 Serving Him with holy fear;
 Onward go!
 Christ thy portion, Christ thy stay,
 Heavenly bread upon the way,
 Leading on to glorious day;
 Onward go!

5 In this little moment then,
 Onward go! onward go!
 In thy ways acknowledge Him;
 Onward go!
 Let His mind be found in thee:
 Let His will thy pleasure be;
 Thus in life and liberty,
 Onward go!

215

THE love that Jesus had for me,
 To suffer on the cruel tree,
 That I a ransomed soul might be,
 Is more than tongue can tell.

CHO.—||: His love is more than tongue can tell; :||
 The love that Jesus had for me
 Is more than tongue can tell.

2 The many sorrows that He bore,
 And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
 That I might live for evermore,
 Is more than tongue can tell.

3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord,
 Who pleads before the throne of God
 The merit of His precious blood,
 Is more than tongue can tell.

4 The joy that comes when He is near,
 The rest He gives so free from fear,
 The hope in Him so bright and clear,
 Is more than tongue can tell.

216

ALL-seeing, gracious Lord—
 My heart before Thee lies;
 All sin of thought and life abhorred,
 My soul to Thee would rise.

CHO.—Hear Thou my prayer, O God,
 Unite my heart to Thee;
 Beneath Thy love, beneath Thy rod,
 From sin deliver me.

2 Thou knowest all my need,
 My inmost thought dost see;
 Ah, Lord! from all allurements freed,
 Like Thee transformed I'd be.

3 Thou holy blessed One,
 To me, I pray, draw near;
 My spirit fill, O heavenly Son,
 With loving, Godly fear.

4 Bind Thou my life to Thine,
 To me Thy life is given;
 While I my all to Thee resign,
 Thou art my all in heaven.

217

SAY, is your lamp burning, my brother?
 I pray you look quickly and see;
 For if it were burning, then surely
 Some beam would fall brightly on me.
 There are many and many around you,
 Who follow wherever you go,
 If you thought that they walked in the shadow,
 Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

CHO.—Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
 I pray you look quickly and see;
 For if it were burning, then surely
 Some beam would fall brightly on me!

2 Upon the dark mountains they stumble;
 They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie
 With white, pleading faces turned upward,
 To the clouds and the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted—
 We behold them anear and afar;
 But not many among them, my brother,
 Shine steadily on like a star.

- 3 If once all the lamps that are lighted
 Should steadily blaze in a line,
 Wide over the land and the ocean,
 What a girdle of glory would shine!
 How all the dark places would brighten!
 How the mists would roll up and away!
 How the earth would laugh out in her gladness,
 To hail the millennial day!

218

OUR way is often rugged
 While here on earth we roam,
 And thorns are in the pathway,
 But we are going home.

CHO.—We're going, going,
 Yes, we are going home;
 We soon shall cross the river,
 And be with Christ at home.

- 2 To Marah's bitter waters
 We oft have murmuring come,
 But God the cup has sweetened,
 And so we're going home.

- 3 When of the desert weary,
 Our God His grace has shown,
 By resting us at Elim,
 With sweet fore-tastes of home.

- 4 With hunger often fainting,
 We've made complaining moan;
 But, fed by heavenly manna,
 We still are going home.

- 5 Some stand to-day on Nebo,
 The journey nearly done,
 And some are in the valley,
 But all are going home.

219

BROTHER, art thou worn and weary,
Tempted, tried, and sore oppressed?
Listen to the word of Jesus,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

REF.—||: "Come unto me, and rest!" :||
Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

2 Oh, He knows the dark forebodings
Of the conscience-troubled breast;
And to such His word is given,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

3 To the Lord bring all your burden,
Put the promise to the test;
Hear Him say, your Burden-Bearer,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

4 If in sorrow thou art weeping,
Grieving for the loved ones missed,
Surely then to you He whispers,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

5 Trust to Him for all thy future,
He will give thee what is best;
Why then fear when He is saying,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

220

THEY'RE gathering homeward from every land,
One by one! one by one!
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
Yes, one by one!

They rest with the Saviour, they wait their crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down;
They wait the white raiment the Lord shall prepare
For all who the glory with Him shall share.

REF.—Gathering home! gathering home!
Fording the river one by one!
Gathering home! gathering home!
Yes, one by one!

2 Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one! one by one!
Through the waters of death they enter life,
Yes, one by one!

To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;
The waves to others run fiercely and wild
Yet they reach the home of the undefiled.

3 We too must come to the riverside,
One by one! one by one!
We are nearer its waters each eventide,
Yes, one by one!

We can hear the noise of a dashing stream,
Oft now and again, through our life's deep dream;
Some times the dark floods all the banks overflow,
Sometimes in ripples and small waves go.

4 Oh, Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one! one by one!
We lift up our voices tremblingly,
Yes, one by one!

The waves of the river are dark and cold,
But we know the place where our feet shall hold;
O Thou who didst pass through the deepest midnight,
Now guide us, and send us the staff and light.

221

ONLY a little while
Of walking with weary feet,
Patiently over the thorny way
That leads to the golden street.

2 Suffer, if God shall will,
And work for Him while we may,
From Calvary's cross to Zion's crown,
Is only a little way.

3 Only a little while,
For toiling a few short days,
And then comes the rest, the quiet rest.
Eternity's endless praise.

222

I HEAR the words of Jesus,
 They speak of peace with God;
 I see the lamb, Christ Jesus,
 Who bore my heavy load;
 I trust the blood of Jesus,
 From sin it sets me free,
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Who gave Himself for me.

2 His word divinely blesséd,
 It shows me what I am;
 His cross it brings salvation,
 The victim was the Lamb;
 His blood procureth pardon,
 And justifies the soul,
 His name, how sweet and precious,
 It makes the sinner whole.

3 Oh! hear the words of Jesus,
 The tidings are for thee;
 Oh! clasp the cross of Jesus,
 And there for refuge flee;
 Oh! trust the blood of Jesus,
 Be saved this very hour;
 Oh! love the name of Jesus,
 Blest name of wondrous power.

223

MY soul is happy all day long—
 Jesus is my Saviour;
 And all my life is full of song—
 Jesus died for me.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 To the loving Lamb for sinners slain
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 To the Lamb who lives again.

2 My heavy load of sin is gone—
 Jesus is my Saviour;
 At His dear cross I laid it down—
 Jesus died for me.

3 I heard the voice of mercy call—
 Jesus is my Saviour;
 I simply trusted, that was all—
 Jesus died for me.

4 Now will I tell it all around—
 Jesus is my Saviour;
 How sweet a blessing I have found—
 Jesus died for me.

224

SAD and weary, lone and dreary,
 Lord, I would Thy call obey;
 Thee believing, Christ receiving,
 I would come to Thee to-day.

CHO.—I am coming, I am coming,
 Coming, Saviour to be blessed;
 I am coming, I am coming,
 Coming, Lord, to Thee for rest.

2 Thou, the Holy, meek and lowly,
 Jesus, unto Thee I come;
 Keep me ever, let me never
 From Thy blessed keeping roam.

3 Here abiding, in Thee hiding,
 Seeks my weary soul to rest,
 Till the dawning of the morning,
 When I wake among the blest.

4 Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me,
 Through life's dark and stormy way;
 Turn my sadness into gladness,
 Turn my darkness into day.

225

I SAW a way-worn traveler
 In tattered garments clad,
 And struggling up the mountain,
 It seemed that he was sad;
 His back was laden heavy,
 His strength was almost gone,
 Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
 Deliverance will come.

CHO.—Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall bear.

2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His steps seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home;
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

3 The songsters in the arbor,
That stood beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay;
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance had come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:

Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

226

JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry,
Unless Thou help me I must die;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

CHO.—||: Take me as I am, :||
Lord, I give myself to thee,
Oh, take me as I am.

- 2 Helpless I am and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt;
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am.
- 3 I bow before Thy mercy-seat,
Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
And take me as I am.
- 4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew;
And work both in, and by me too,
And take me as I am.
- 5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won;
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am.

227

ONCE more we come, God's word to hear,
The word so pure and holy;
Now grant us, Lord, a list'ning ear,
A spirit meek and lowly;
For if we hear, and heed it not,
We hear for condemnation;
For "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

- 2 The life of God is in the word;
And whoso'er believeth,

The record there of Christ the Lord
 Eternal life receiveth;
 But if we hear, believing not,
 We hear for condemnation;
 For "doers of the word," we're taught,
 Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

3 The word of God, by faith received,
 Imparts regeneration;
 And he who hath in Christ believed
 Lives out a new creation;
 But if we hear, and do it not,
 We hear for condemnation;
 For "doers of the word," we're taught,
 Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

4 So when the word of God we hear,
 Let us be humbly pleading
 The Holy Ghost to give us light,
 As we the word are heeding;
 But if we hear, and feel it not,
 We hear for condemnation;
 For "doers of the word," we're taught,
 Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

228

WE praise Thee and bless Thee,
 Our Father in heaven,
 For the joy of salvation
 Thy gospel hath given.

CHO.—Hallelujah! we praise Thee
 Through Jesus our Lord;
 Hallelujah! we bless Thee
 For the gift of Thy word!

2 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
 Once sinful and sad,
 By the word thou hast given,
 To Christ we were led.

3 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
 The Spirit hath come
 To dwell with, and teach us,
 And guide us safe home.

4 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
For food by the way;
The manna from heaven
Provided each day.

5 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
Thy word hath gone forth,
That Christ shall be King and
Reign over the earth,

6 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
And wait His return
To fulfil every promise
He made to his own.

7 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
We'll reign with Him then,
To praise Thee and bless Thee
For ever. AMEN.

229

MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

REF.—||: Thy will be done! :||
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

REF.—||: Thy will be done! :||
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

3 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest
"Thy will be done!"

REF.—||: Thy will be done! :||
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,
"Thy will be done!"

- 4 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

REF.—||: Thy will be done! :||
All now that makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

- 5 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

REF.—||: Thy will be done! :||
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

230

IN Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages,
Hide Thou me;
When the fitful tempest rages,
Hide Thou me;
Where no mortal arm can sever
From my heart Thy love forever,
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in Thee.

- 2 From the snare of sinful pleasure,
Hide Thou me;
Thou, my soul's eternal treasure,
Hide Thou me;
When the world its power is wielding,
And my heart is almost yielding,
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in Thee.

- 3 In the lonely night of sorrow,
Hide Thou me;
Till in glory dawns the morrow,
Hide Thou me;
In the sight of Jordan's billow,
Let Thy bosom be my pillow;
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in Thee.

231

WHEN the King in His beauty shall come to His throne,
 And around Him are gathered His loved ones, His own;
 There be some who will knock at His fair palace door,
 To be answered within, "There is mercy no more."

CHO.—||: "I have never known you,"
 "I have never, I have never,
 I have never known you."

- 2 They had known whence He came, and the grace which
 He brought;
 In their presence He healed, in their streets He had taught,
 They had mentioned His name and their friendship pro-
 fessed;
 But they never believed, for of them He confessed:
- 3 Now the righteous are reigning with Abraham there;
 But for these is appointed an endless despair:
 It is vain that they call: He once knocked at their gate,
 But they welcomed Him not; so now this is their fate:
- 4 O sinner, give heed to this story of gloom,
 For the hour is fast nearing that fixes your doom:
 Will you still reject mercy? still harden your heart?
 Oh, then, what will you do as the King cries—"Depart!"

232

I AM waiting for the morning
 Of the blessed day to dawn,
 When the sorrow and the sadness
 Of this changeful life are gone.

CHO.—I am waiting, only waiting,
 Till this weary life is o'er;
 Only waiting for my welcome,
 From my Saviour on the other shore.

2 I am waiting; worn and weary
 With the battle and the strife,
 Hoping when the warfare's over
 To receive a crown of life.

3 Waiting, hoping, trusting ever,
 For a home of boundless love;

Like a pilgrim, looking forward
To the land of bliss above.

- 4 Hoping soon to meet the loved ones
Where the "many mansions" be;
Listening for the happy welcome
Of my Saviour calling me.

233

HEAVENLY Father, we Thy children,
Gathered round our risen Lord,
Lift our hearts in earnest pleading:
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

CHO.—Send refreshing, send refreshing
From Thy presence, gracious Lord!
Send refreshing, send refreshing,
And revive us by Thy word!

- 2 Gracious gales of heavenly blessing
In Thy love to us afford;
Let us feel Thy Spirit's presence,
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

- 3 Weak and weary in the conflict,
"Wrestling not with flesh and blood,"
Help us, Lord, as faint we falter;
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

- 4 With Thy strength, O Master, gird us,
Be our Guide and be our Guard;
Fill us with Thy holy Spirit,
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

234

JESUS is coming! sing the glad word!
Coming for those He redeemed by His blood,
Coming to reign as the glorified Lord!
Jesus is coming again!

CHO.—Jesus is coming, is coming again!
Jesus is coming again!
Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and plain!
Jesus is coming again!

- 2 Jesus is coming! the dead shall arise,
Loved ones shall meet in a joyful surprise,
Caught up together to Him in the skies.
Jesus is coming again.
- 3 Jesus is coming! His saints to release;
Coming to give to the warring earth peace:
Sinning, and sighing, and sorrow, shall cease.
Jesus is coming again!
- 4 Jesus is coming! the promise is true;
Who are the chosen, the faithful, the few,
Waiting and watching, prepared for review?
Jesus is coming again!

235

- W**E are children of a King,
Heavenly King, Heavenly King,
We are children of a King,
Singing as we journey;
Jesus Christ our Guard and Guide,
Bids us, nothing terrified,
Follow closely at His side,
Singing as we journey.
- 2 We are traveling to our home,
Blesséd home, Blesséd home,
We are traveling to our home,
Singing as we journey;
Toward a city out of sight,
Where will fall no shade of night,
For our Saviour is its light,
Singing as we journey.
- 3 Full of joy we onward go,
Heavenward go, Heavenward go,
Full of joy we onward go
Singing as we journey;
Singing all the journey through—
Singing hearts are brave and true—
Singing till our home we view,
Singing as we journey.

236

WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?

CHO.—Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior-psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
• For Thy diadem;
With Thy blessing filling
All who come to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army,
None can overthrow;
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.

237

TRAVELING to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father! let me grasp Thy hand;
Lead me on, lead me on!

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter waters sweet;
Lead me on, lead me on!

3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-groves near,
And her wells as crystal clear;
Lead me on, lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on, lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on, lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink;
Lead me on, lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

238

LOOK unto Me and be ye saved,
I heard the Just One say;
And as by faith on Him I gazed,
My burden rolled away.

СНО.—I've passed the cross at Calvary,
I'm on the Heaven side;
||: The world is crucified to me,
Since Christ my ransom died. :||

- 2 By His atonement reconciled,
My Father's face I see;
The empty tomb now intervenes
Between the world and me.
- 3 Oh, glorious height of vantage ground!
Oh, blest victorious hour!
In Him to trust and fully know
His resurrection power.

239

NO works of law have we to boast,
By nature ruined, guilty, lost;
Condemned already, but Thy hand
Provided what Thou didst demand.

CHO.—||: We take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.:||

- 2 No faith we bring, 'tis Christ alone,
'Tis what He is—what He has done;
He is for us as given by God,
It was for us He shed His blood.
- 3 We do not *feel* our sins are gone,
We know it by Thy word alone;
We know that there our sins didst lay
On Him who has put sin away.
- 4 Because we know our sins forgiven,
We happy feel —our home is heaven;
O help us now as sons of God,
To tread the path that Jesus trod.

240

THERE is love, true love, and the heart grows warm,
When the Lord to Bethany comes,
And the word of life has a wondrous charm,
When the Lord to Bethany comes.
There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is spread,
When the Lord to Bethany comes;
For His heavenly voice brings to life the dead,
When the Lord to Bethany comes.

CHO.—'Twas a happy, happy day in the olden time,
 When the Lord to Bethany came,
 Open wide the door, let Him enter now!
 For His love is ever the same!
 ||: His love is ever the same! :||
 Open wide the door, let Him enter now!
 For His love is ever the same!

- 2 There is peace, sweet peace, and the life grows calm,
 When the Lord to Bethany comes;
 And the trusting soul sings a sweet, soft psalm,
 When the Lord to Bethany comes.
 There is faith, strong faith, and our home seems near,
 When the Lord to Bethany comes;
 And the crown more bright, and the cross more dear,
 When the Lord to Bethany comes.

241

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
 Filled with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow,
 Yield thee to-day:
 Heaven bids thee come,
 While yet there's room;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Hear and obey.

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die?
 Come while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high;
 Grieve not that love
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

242

LORD, my trust I repose in Thee;
 O how great is Thy love to me!
 Thou the strength of my life shalt be;
 This I know, this I know.

- REF.—Thine, Thine, and only Thine,
 Now and ever Thine;
 Thou dost love me, Saviour mine;
 This I know, this I know.

2 Thou dost lead with a sweet command,
Thou dost lead with a gentle hand;
On the rock of Thy Truth I stand;
This I know, this I know.

3 I shall rise to a world of light,
I shall rest in a mansion bright;
Then my faith shall be lost in sight;
'This I know, this I know.

243

NOT what these hands have done,
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne,
Can make my spirit whole.

REF.—Thy work alone, my Saviour,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

2 Not what I feel or do,
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, nor sighs, nor tears,
Can ease my awful load,

3 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

4 No other work save Thine,
No meaner blood will do;
No strength, save that which is divine,
Can bear me safely through.

5 I praise the God of grace,
I trust His love and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine;
My God, my joy, my light!

244

MY life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation,
I hear the sweet, though far-off, hymn
That hails a new creation:

Through all the tumult and the strife
 I hear the music ringing;
 It finds an echo in my soul—
 How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comfort die?
 The Lord my Saviour liveth;
 What though the darkness gather round?
 Songs in the night He giveth;
 No storm can shake my inmost calm
 While to that refuge clinging;
 Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
 How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
 I see the blue above it;
 And day by day this pathway smooths,
 Since first I learned to love it;
 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
 A fountain ever springing;
 All things are mine since I am His—
 How can I keep from singing?

245

ONCE again the Gospel message
 From the Saviour you have heard;
 Will you heed the invitation?
 Will you turn and seek the Lord?

CHO.—||: Come believing! come believing!
 Come to Jesus, look and live! :||

2 Many summers you have wasted,
 Ripened harvests you have seen;
 Winter snows by Spring have melted,
 Yet you linger in your sin.

3 Jesus for your choice is waiting;
 Tarry not: at once decide!
 While the Spirit now is striving,
 Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.

4 Cease of fitness to be thinking;
 Do not longer try to feel;
 It is *trusting* and not *feeling*,
 That will give the Spirit's seal.

- 5 Let your will to God be given,
Trust in Christ's atoning blood;
Look to Jesus now in heaven,
Rest on His unchanging word.

246

SOUND the alarm! let the watchman cry!—
“Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh;
Who will escape from the wrath to come?
Who have a place in the soul's bright home?”

REF. Sound the alarm, watchman, sound the alarm!
For the Lord will come with a conquering arm;
And the hosts of sin, as their ranks advance,
Shall wither and fall at His glance.

- 2 Sound the alarm! let the cry go forth,
Swift as the wind, o'er the realms of earth;
Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide!
Flee to the Rock! in its cleft abide.
- 3 Sound the alarm on the mountain's brow!
Plead with the lost by the wayside now;
Warn them to come and the truth embrace;
Urge them to come and be saved by grace,
- 4 Sound the alarm in the youthful ear,
Sound it aloud that the old may hear;
Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last!
Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

247

BEAUTIFUL morning! Day of hope,
Dawn of a better life;
Now in thy peaceful hours we rest,
Far from earth's noise and strife.

CHO.—Morning of resurrection joy,
Day when the Saviour rose,
Singing shall greet thy opening hour,
Singing shall mark thy close.

- 2 Beautiful morning! All the week
Waiteth thy welcome light,
Since the first dawning, calm and clear,
Out of the darkest night.

- 3 Beautiful morning! Grief and pain,
Weeping before the tomb,
Fly at thy dawning, Jesus rose,
Jesus dispelled the gloom.

248

TWILL not be long our journey here,
Each broken sigh and falling tear
Will soon be gone, and all will be
A cloudless sky, a waveless sea.

REF.—Roll on, dark stream,
We dread not thy foam;
The Pilgrim is longing
For home, sweet home.

- 2 'Twill not be long the yearning heart
May feel its every hope depart,
And grief be mingled with its song;
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

- 3 Though sad we mark the closing eye,
Of those we loved in days gone by,
Yet sweet in death their latest song—
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

- 4 These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread,
Through which our way so oft is led—
This march of time, with truth so strong,
Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

249

TIS known on earth, in heaven too,
'Tis sweet to me because 'tis true;
The "old, old story" is ever new;
Tell me more about Jesus.

CHO.—||: "Tell me more about Jesus!" :||
Him would I know who loved me so;
"Tell me more about Jesus!"

- 2 Earth's fairest flowers will droop and die,
Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky;
Life's dearest joys flit fleetest by;
Tell me more about Jesus.

- 3 When overwhelmed with unbelief,
When burdened with a blinding grief,
Come kindly then to my relief;
Tell me more about Jesus.
- 4 And when the Glory-land I see,
And take the "place prepared" for me,
Through endless years my song shall be—
"Tell me more about Jesus."

250

THE word of God is given
To all who serve Him here,
That when the Lord from heaven
In glory shall appear,
We then shall be delivered
From sorrow, sin, and pain;
And if for Christ we suffer,
With Him we then shall reign.

CH 1.—We are going home to Jesus!
Going home to Jesus!
Going to the mansions
He's preparing there on high!
We are going home to Jesus!
Going home to Jesus!
And we'll gather there in glory,
By and by!

- 2 Once in our sin we wandered
Far, far away from God,
And precious hours we squandered
Upon the downward road;
But God in grace hath called us,
And given us to share
The purchase of our Saviour,
A mansion bright and fair.
- 3 Now with this hope to cheer us,
And with the Spirit's seal,
That all our sins were pardoned,
Through Him whose stripes did heal;
As "strangers" and as "pilgrims,"
No place on earth we own,
But work and watch as "servants,"
Until our Lord shall come.

251

TO Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him for all His dying pain.

REF.—Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah to His name.

- 2 To Him, the Lamb, our Sacrifice,
Who gave His life the ransomed price.
- 3 To Him who died that we might die
To sin and live with Him on high.
- 4 To Him who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies.
- 5 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need.
- 6 To Him who doth prepare on high,
Our home in immortality.
- 7 To Him be glory evermore!
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore.

252

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

- 2 I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
Now, like a weary traveler
That leaneth on his guide;
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.
- 3 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp;
Now these lie all behind me—
O! for a well-tuned harp!

O, to join the hallelujah
 With yon triumphant band!
 Who sing where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

253

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives!
 What comfort this sweet message gives!
 He lives, who once was dead;
 He lives, all-glorious in the sky;
 He lives, exalted there on high,
 My everlasting Head.

CHO.—||: He lives! He lives!
 I know that my Redeemer lives! :||

- 2 He lives, to bless me with His love;
 He lives, to plead for me above,
 My hungry soul to feed;
 He lives, to grant me rich supply;
 He lives, to guide me with His eye,
 To help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, triumphant from the grave;
 He lives, eternally to save;
 And while He lives I'll sing;
 He lives, my ever faithful Friend;
 He lives, and loves me to the end,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 4 He lives, my mansion to prepare;
 He lives to bring me safely there;
 My Jesus still the same:
 What joy this blest assurance gives!—
 "I know that my Redeemer lives:"
 All glory to His name!

254

'A LITTLE while!' and He shall come;
 The hour draws on apace,
 The blessed hour, the glorious morn,
 When we shall see His face:
 How light our trials then will seem!
 How short our pilgrim way!
 Our life on earth a fitful dream,
 Dispelled by dawning day!

CHO.—Then come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
 In glory and in light!
 Come, take Thy longing children home,
 And end earth's weary night!

2 "A little while!" with patience, Lord,
 I fain would ask, "How long?"
 For how can I with such a hope
 Of glory and of home,
 With such a joy awaiting me,
 Not wish the hour were come?
 How can I keep the longing back,
 And how suppress the groan?

3 Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my tongue!
 Be calm, my troubled breast!
 Each passing hour is hastening on
 The everlasting rest:
 Thou knowest well the time thy God
 Appoints for thee is best:
 The morning star will soon arise;
 The glow is in the East.

255

PRECIOUS Saviour, may I live,
 Only for Thee!
 Spend the powers Thou dost give,
 Only for Thee!
 Be my spirit's deep desire,
 Only for Thee!
 May my intellect aspire,
 Only for Thee!

CHO.—Only Christ who died for me
 Paid the price and made me free,
 Now, and through eternity,
 Only for Thee!

2 In my joys may I rejoice
 Only for Thee!
 In my choosing make my choice,
 Only for Thee!
 Meekly may I suffer grief,
 Only for Thee!
 Gratefully accept relief,
 Only for Thee!

- 3 Be my smiles and be my tears,
Only for Thee!
Be my young and riper years,
Only for Thee!
Be my peace and be my st life,
Only for Thee!
Be my love and be my life
Only for Thee!
-

256

- ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is down;
Till the night of death has faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.
- 2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time has faded
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly,
All the ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.
- 3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the pearly gate,
At whose portals long I've lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate:
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.
- 4 Waiting for a brighter dwelling
Than I ever yet have seen,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
And the fields are ever green:
Waiting for my full redemption,
When my Saviour shall restore
All that sin has caused to wither;
Age and sorrow come no more.

257

ONCE more, my soul, thy Saviour, through the
Word,
Is offered full and free;
And now, O Lord, I must, I must decide;
Shall I accept of Thee?

CHO.—I will! I will! I will, God helping me,
I will, I will be Thine!
Thy precious blood was shed to purchase me—
I will be wholly Thine!

2 By grace I will Thy mercy now receive,
Thy love my heart hath won;
On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will believe,
And trust in Thee alone!

3 Thou knowest, Lord, how very weak I am,
And how I fear to stray;
For strength to serve I look to Thee alone—
The strength Thou must supply!

4 And now, O Lord, give all with us to-day
The grace to join our song;
And from the heart to gladly with us say:
“I WILL to Christ belong!”

5 To all who came, when Thou wast here below,
And said, “O Lord, wilt Thou?”
To them “I will!” was ever Thy reply;
We rest upon it now.

258

IT'S a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo',
An sunny is the lan' that noo we aften traiv' l' throo;
But in vain we look for something here to which oor
hearts may cling.

For its beauty is as naething tae the palace o' the King.
We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry, merry tread,
An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties wi' the
dead; [ter's wing,

For tho' bonnie are the snawflakes, an' the doon on Win-
It's fine to ken it daurna touch the palace o' the King.

2 Then again, I've juist been thinkin' that when a'thing
here's sae bricht, [licht,
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi' quiverin'

The ocean i' the simmer; or the woodland i' the spring,
 What maun it be up yonner i' the palace o' the King.
 It's here we hae oor trials, an' it's here that He prepares
 His chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner
 wears.

An' its here that He wad hear us 'mid oor tribulations
 sing,
 "We'll trust oor God wha' reigneth i' the palace o' the
 King.

3 Oh! its honor heaped on honor that His courtiers should
 be ta'en

Frae the wand'rin' anes He died for i' this warl' o' sin an'
 pain.

An' its fu'est love an' service that the Christians aye
 should bring

To the feet o' Him wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King.
 The time for sawin' seed, it is a wearin', wearin' dune;
 An' the time for winnin' souls will be ower vera sune.
 Then lat us a' be active, if a fruitfu' sheaf we'd bring
 To adorn the Royal table i' the palace o' the King.

4 Then let us trust Him better than we've ever dune afore,
 For the King will feed His servants frae His ever boun-
 teous store:

Lat us keep a closer grip o' Him, for time is on the wing,
 An' sune He'll come an' tak' us tae the palace o' the King.
 It's iv'ry halls are bonnie upon which the rainbows
 shine,

An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi' a never fadin' Vine;
 An' the pearly gates o' Heaven, do a glorious radiance
 fling,

On the starry floor that shimmers i' the palace o' the
 King.

5 Nae nicht shall be in Heaven, an' nae desolatin' sea,
 And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the free;
 There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never fadin' spring,
 Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' the palace o' the King.

We see our freen's await us ower yonner at His gate;
 Then lat us a' be ready, for ye ken its gettin' late;
 Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin'; let us raise oor voice
 and sing,

Fer sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the
 King.

259

REDEEMED!" "redeemed!"
 Oh, sing the joyful strain!
 Give praise; give praise
 And glory to His name;
 Who gave His blood our souls to save,
 ||: And purchased freedom for the slave! :||

CHO.—"Redeemed!" redeemed from sin and all its woe!
 "Redeemed!" redeemed eternal life to know!
 "Redeemed!" redeemed by Jesus' blood,
 "Redeemed!" redeemed! Oh, praise the **Lord**!

2 What grace! what grace!
 That He who calmed the wave,
 Should stoop, my soul,
 My guilty soul to save!
 That He the curse should bear for me,
 ||: A sinful wretch, His enemy! :||

3 "Redeemed!" redeemed!
 The word has brought repose,
 And joy, and joy
 That each redeemed one knows,
 Who sees his sins on Jesus laid,
 ||: And knows His blood the ransom paid. :||

4 "Redeemed!" redeemed?
 O joy, that I should be
 In Christ, in Christ,
 From sin forever free!
 Forever free to praise His name,
 ||: Who bore for me the guilt and shame! :||

260

GOD is great, and God is good,
 And we thank Him for this food:
 By His hand must all be fed,
 Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

261

MASTER, the tempest is raging!
 The billows are tossing high!
 The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
 No shelter or help is nigh;

"Carest Thou not that we perish?"--

How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threatening
A grave in the angry deep?

CHO.—The winds and the waves shall obey My will,
"Peace, be still!"

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No water can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean and earth and skies;
||: They all shall sweetly obey My will;
"Peace, be still!" :||

2 Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
And I perish! I perish! dear Master;
Oh! hasten, and take control.

3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore.

262

O WHAT shall I do to be saved?
The gathering storm I behold,
Exposed to the wrath of my God;
||: Is there no sheltering fold? :||

CHO.—||: I am the door, by me if any man enter in,
He shall be saved, he shall be saved.:||

2 O what shall I do to be saved?
No light, no hope, can I see,
No help in myself can I find;
||: Is there no mercy for me? :||

- 3 O what shall I do to be saved?
 So vile, so burdened with sin,
 O how to the fold may I come,
 ||: How may I enter therein? :||
- 4 I enter the wide open door,
 In Christ I *now* have believed;
 I'm cleansed from my sins by His blood;
 ||: I trust and *now* I am saved! :||

263

- JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be.
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 Oh! while Thou dost smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me—
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there:
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

264

A LONG the River of Time we glide,
 Along the River, along the River,
 The swiftly flowing, resistless tide,
 The swiftly flowing, the swiftly flowing,
 And soon, ah, soon, the end we'll see,
 Yes, soon 'twill come and we will be

CHO.—||: Floating, floating,
Out on the sea of eternity! :||

2 Along the River of Time we glide,
Along the River, along the River,
A thousand dangers its currents hide,
A thousand dangers, a thousand dangers,
And near our course the rocks we see,
Oh, dreadful thought! a wreck to be,

3 Along the River of Time we glide,
Along the River, along the River,
Our Saviour only our bark can guide,
Our Saviour only, our Saviour only,
But with Him we secure may be,
No fear, no doubt, but joy to be

265

“**T**ILL *He come!*”—oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let “the little while” between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think, how heaven and home
Lie beyond that “*Till He come.*”

3 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
When the words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb!
It is only “*Till He come.*”

3 Clouds and darkness round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss.
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only “*Till He come.*”

3 See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only “*Till He come.*”

266

OH, to be over yonder,
In that land of wonder,
Where the angel voices mingle, and the angel harpers ring;
To be free from pain and sorrow,
And the anxious, dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine in the presence of the King.

CHO.—Oh! to be over yonder,
In that land of wonder,
There to be forever
In the presence of the King.

2 Oh, to be over yonder!
My yearning heart grows fonder
Of looking to the east, to see the blessed day-star bring
Some tidings of the waking,
The cloudle-s, pure day breaking!
My heart is yearning -yearning for the coming of the King.

3 Oh, to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and wonder --
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart to any earthly thing?
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away forever:
But there's no more separation in the presence of the King.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens ring --
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the Morning Star is beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the King.

5 Oh, I shall soon be yonder,
Though lonely here I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's
fleet wing;
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder in the presence of the
King.

267

COME, thou weary, Jesus calls thee
 To His wounded side;
 "Come to me," saith He, "and ever
 Safe abide."

- 2 Seeking Jesus? Jesus seeks thee—
 Wants thee as thou art;
 He is knocking, ever knocking
 At thy heart.
- 3 If thou let Him, He will save thee—
 Make thee all His own;
 Guide thee, keep thee, take thee, dying,
 To His throne.
- 4 Wilt thou still refuse His offer?
 Wilt thou say Him nay?
 Wilt thou let Him, grieved, rejected,
 Go away?
- 4 Dost thou feel thy life is weary?
 Is thy soul distressed?
 Take His offer, wait no longer;
 Be at rest!

268

MY Saviour's praises I will sing,
 And all His love express;
 Whose mercies each returning day,
 Proclaim His faithfulness.

CHO.—||: "Every day will I bless Thee!" :||
 And I will praise, will praise, Thy name
 Forever and ever!

- 2 Redeemed by His almighty power,
 My Saviour and my King;
 My confidence in Him I place,
 To Him my soul would cling.
- 3 On Thee alone, my Saviour, God,
 My steadfast hopes depend;
 And to Thy holy will my soul,
 Submissively would bend.

- 4 Oh, grant Thy Holy Spirit's grace,
And aid my feeble powers;
That gladly I may follow Thee
Through all my future hours.

269

“ONWARD, upward, homeward!”
Joyfully I flee
From this world of sorrow,
With my Lord to be;
Onward to the glory,
Upward to the prize,
Homeward to the mansions,
Far above the skies.

REF.—Onward to the glory,
Upward to the prize,
Homeward to the mansions,
Far above the skies.

- 2 “Onward, upward, homeward!”
Here I find no rest;
Treading o'er the desert
Which my Saviour pressed;
“Onward, upward, homeward!”
I shall soon be there,
Soon its joys and pleasures,
I, through grace, shall share.

- 3 “Onward, upward, homeward!”
Come along with me;
Ye who love the Saviour,
Bear me company;
“Onward, upward, homeward!”
Press with vigor on;
Yet a little moment
And the race is won,

270

O H, soul-tossed on the billows, afar from friendly land,
Look up to Him who holds thee in “The hollow of
His hand.”

CHO.—In “The hollow of His hand,”
In the hollow of His hand,
O how safe are all who trust Him,
In “The hollow of His hand.”

- 2 Though raging winds may drive thee, a wreck upon the strand,
Still cling to Him who holds thee in "The hollow of His hand."
- 3 When strength is spent in toiling, and wearily you stand,
Then rest in Him who holds thee in "The hollow of His hand."
- 4 When by the swelling Jordan, your feet in sinking sand,
Remember still He holds thee in "The hollow of His hand."
- 5 And when at last we're gathered, with all the ransomed band,
We'll praise our God who holds us in "The hollow of His hand."

271

- P**RAISE Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!
Sing, O earth—His wonderful love proclaim!
Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angels in glory;
Strength and honor give to His holy name!
Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children,
In His arms He carries them all day long;
Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness,
Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!
- 2 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!
For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died;
He our rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the crucified.
Sound His praises! Jesus who bore our sorrows,
Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong;
Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness,
Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!
- 3 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!
Heavenly portals, loud with hosannas ring!
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever:
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King!
Christ is coming! over the world victorious,
Power and glory unto the Lord belong;
Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness,
Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!

272

I KNOW not why God's wondrous grace
To me He hath made known,
Nor why—unworthy—Christ in love
Redeemed me for His own.

CHO.—But "I know whom I have believed,
And am persuaded that he is able
To keep that which I've committed
Unto him against that day."

2 I know not how this saving faith
To me He did impart,
Nor how believing in His word
Wrought peace within my heart.

3 I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing men of sin,
Revealing Jesus, through the word,
Creating faith in Him.

4 I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days,
Before His face I see.

5 I know not when my Lord may come,
At night or noonday fair,
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him,
Or "meet Him in the air."

273

BEHOLD a Fountain deep and wide,
Behold its onward flow;
'Twas opened in the Saviour's side,
||: And cleanseth "white as snow." :||

CHO.—Come to this Fountain,
'Tis flowing to-day;
And all who will may freely come,
And wash their sins away.

2 From Calvary's cross, where Jesus died
In sorrow, pain, and woe,
Burst forth the wondrous crimson tide
||: That cleanseth "white as snow." :||

- 3 O may we all the healing power
Of that bless'd Fountain know;
Trust only in the precious blood
||: That cleanseth "white as snow." :||
- 4 And when at last the message comes,
And we are called to go,
Our trust shall still be in the blood
||: That cleanseth "white as snow." :||

274

COME with thy sins to the fountain,
Come with thy burden of grief;
Bury them deep in its waters,
There thou wilt find a relief.

CHO.—Haste thee away, why wilt thou stay?
Risk not thy soul on a moment's delay;
Jesus is waiting to save thee,
Mercy is pleading to-day.

2 Come as thou art to the fountain,
Jesus is waiting for thee;
What though thy sins are like crimson,
White as the snow they shall be.

3 These are the words of the Saviour;
They who repent and believe,
They who are willing to trust Him,
Life at His hand shall receive.

4 Come and be healed at the fountain
List to the peace-speaking voice;
Over a sinner returning
Now let the angels rejoice.

275

O CHILD of God, wait patiently
When dark thy path may be,
And let thy faith lean trustingly
On Him who cares for Thee;
And though the clouds hang drearily
Upon the brow of night,
Yet in the morning joy will come,
And fill thy soul with light.

2 O child of God, He loveth thee,
 And thou art all His own;
 With gentle hand He leadeth thee,
 Thou dost not walk alone;
 And though thou watchest wearily
 The long and stormy night,
 Yet in the morning joy will come,
 And fill thy soul with light.

3 O child of God, how peacefully
 He calms thy fears to rest,
 And draws thee upward tenderly,
 Where dwell the pure and blest;
 And He who bendeth silently
 Above the gloom of night,
 Will take thee home where endless joy
 Shall fill thy soul with light.

276

O WONDERFUL words of the gospel!
 O wonderful message they bring,
 Proclaiming a blessed redemption
 Through Jesus our Saviour and King.

CHO.—Believe, oh, believe in His mercy
 That flows like a fountain so free;
 Believe, and receive the redemption
 He offers to you and to me.

2 He came from the throne of His glory,
 And left the bright mansions above,
 The world to redeem from its bondage;
 So great His compassion and love.

3 O come to this wonderful Saviour,
 Come weary and sorrow-oppressed;
 Behold on the cross how He suffered,
 That you in His kingdom might rest.

4 There's no other refuge but Jesus,
 No shelter where lost ones may fly;
 And now, while He's tenderly calling:
 O "turn ye," "for why will ye die?"

277

CLOSER, Lord, to Thee I cling,
 Closer still to Thee;
 Safe beneath Thy sheltering wing
 I would ever be;
 Rude the blast of doubt and sin,
 Fierce assaults without, within,
 Help me, Lord, the battle win;—
 Closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Closer yet, O Lord, my Rock,
 Refuge of my soul;
 Dread I not the tempest shock,
 Though the billows roll?
 Wildest storm cannot alarm,
 For, to me, can come no harm,
 Leaning on Thy loving arm;—
 Closer, Lord, to Thee.

3 Closer still, my Help, my Stay,
 Closer, closer still;
 Meekly there I learn to say,
 "Father, not my will;"
 Learn that in affliction's hour,
 When the clouds of sorrow lower,
 Love directs Thy hand of power;—
 Closer, Lord, to Thee.

4 Closer, Lord, to Thee I come,
 Light of life Divine;
 Through the ever Blessed Son,
 Joy and peace are mine;
 Let me in Thy love abide,
 Keep me ever near Thy side,
 In the "Rock of Ages" hide,
 Closer, Lord, to Thee.

278

REJOICE in the Lord, O let His mercy cheer,
 He sunders the bands that enthrall;
 Redeemed by His blood, why should we ever fear
 Since Jesus is our 'all in all.'

CHO.—If God be for us, if God be for us, if God be for us,
 Who can be against us, who, who, who,
 Who can be against us, against us?

- 2 Be strong in the Lord, rejoicing in His might,
Be loyal and true, day by day;
When evils assail, be valiant for the right,
And He will be our strength, our stay.
- 2 Confide in His word, His promises so sure,
In Christ, they are "yea, and amen;"
Though earth pass away, they ever shall endure,
'Tis written o'er and o'er again.
- 4 Abide in the Lord, secure in His control,
'Tis life everlasting begun;
To pluck from His hand the weakest, trembling soul,
It never, never can be done.

279

"GOD is Love!—His word proclaims it,
Day by day the truth we prove;
Heaven and earth with joy are telling,
Ever telling, "God is Love!"

CHO.—Hallelujah! tell the story,
Sung by angel choirs above;
Sounding forth the mighty chorus—
"God is Light, and God is Love!"

2 "God is Love!" Oh, tell it gladly,
How the Saviour from above
Came to seek and save the lost ones,
Showing thus the Father's love.

3 "God is Love!"—Oh, boundless mercy—
May we all its fullness prove!
Telling those who sit in darkness,
"God is Light, and God is Love!"

280

JESUS, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name!
Seeking for me, for me!

REF.—||: Seeking for me! Seeking for me! ||
Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name!
Seeking for me, for me!

- 2 Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free;
Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be?
Dying for me, for me!

Rev.—||: Dying for me! Dying for me! :||
Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be?
Dying for me, for me!

- 3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old.
While I was wandering afar from the fold,
Gently and long did He plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me!

Rev.—||: Calling for me! Calling for me! :||
Gently and long did He plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me!

- 4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high—
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me!

Rev.—||: Coming for me! Coming for me! :||
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me!

281

OUT of my bondage, sorrow and night,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into Thy freedom, gladness and light,
Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sickness into Thy health,
Out of my want and into Thy wealth,
Out of my sin and into Thyself,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

- 2 Out of my shameful failure and loss,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross,
Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm,
Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of distress to jubilant psalm,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

- 3 Out of unrest and arrogant pride,
 Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
 Into Thy blesséd will to abide,
 Jesus, I come to Thee;
 Out of myself to dwell in Thy love,
 Out of despair into raptures above,
 Upward for aye on wings like a dove,
 Jesus, I come to Thee.
- 4 Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,
 Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
 Into the joy and light of Thy home,
 Jesus, I come to Thee;
 Out of the depths of ruin untold,
 Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
 Ever Thy glorious face to behold,
 Jesus, I come to Thee.

282

GLORY ever be to Jesus,
 God's own well-belovéd Son;
 By His grace He hath redeemed us,
 "It is finished," all is done.

CHO.—Saved by grace through faith in Jesus,
 Saved by His own precious blood,
 May we in His love abiding,
 Follow on to know the Lord.

- 2 Oh the weary days of wandering,
 Longing, hoping for the light;
 These at last lie all behind us,
 Jesus is our strength and might.
- 3 In His safe and holy keeping,
 'Neath the shadow of His wing,
 Gladly in His love confiding,
 May our souls His praises sing.

283

WHO came down from heaven to earth?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour;
 Came a child of lowly birth?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour.

CHO.—Sound the chorus loud and clear,
He hath brought salvation near
None so precious, none so dear,
Jesus Christ our Saviour.

2 Who was lifted on the tree?
Jesus Christ our Saviour;
There to ransom you and me?
Jesus Christ our Saviour.

3 Who hath promised to forgive?
Jesus Christ our Saviour;
Who hath said, 'Believe and live?'
Jesus Christ our Saviour.

4 Who is now enthroned above?
Jesus Christ our Saviour;
Whom should we obey and love?
Jesus Christ our Saviour.

5 Who again from heaven shall come?
Jesus Christ our Saviour;
Take to glory all His own?
Jesus Christ our Saviour.

284

WE have heard the joyful sound:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Spread the tidings all around:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Onward!—'tis our Lord's command:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

2 Waft it on the rolling tide:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Tell to sinners far and wide:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

3 Sing above the battle strife,
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 By His death and endless life,
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 Sing it softly through the gloom,
 When the heart for mercy craves;
 Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,—
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

4 Give the winds a mighty voice:
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 Let the nations now rejoice,—
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 Shout salvation full and free,
 Highest hills and deepest caves;
 This our song of victory,—
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

285

HE is coming, the "Man of Sorrows,"
 Now exalted on high;
 He is coming with loud hosannas,
 In the clouds of the sky,

CHO.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 He is coming again;
 And with joy we shall gather round Him, **!**
 At His coming to reign.

2 He is coming, our loving Saviour,
 Blesséd Lamb that was slain;
 In the glory of God the Father,
 On the earth He shall reign.

3 He is coming, our Lord and Master,
 Our Redeemer and King;
 We shall see Him in all His beauty,
 And His praise we shall sing.

4 He shall gather His chosen people,
 Who are called by His name;
 And the ransomed of every nation,
 For His own He shall claim.

286

WHEREVER we may go, by night or day,
 A loving voice within doth gently say:
 My son, from every way of sin depart;
 Be Satan's slave no more, "Give me thy heart!"

CHO.—"Give Me thy heart, give me thy heart;
 O weary, wandering child, give me thy heart."

2 Slight not that voice so kind, but gladly hear,
 And choose the Lord to day, while He is near;
 He will His pardoning love to thee impart;
 Oh, hear Him calling still, "Give me thy heart!"

3 We may have chosen long from Him to roam,
 Yet He will welcome us, if we but come;
 Oh, may we not delay, but quickly start
 While Jesus sayeth still, "Give me thy heart!"

287

LIST to the voice of the Prophet of old,
 Proclaiming in language divine,
 The wonderful, wonderful messag' of truth
 That "They that be wise shall shine."

CHO.—They shall shine as bright as the stars,
 In the firmament jeweled with light;
 And they that turn many to righteousness
 As the stars forever bright.

2 Though rugged the path where our duty may lead,
 O! why should we ever repine?
 When faithful and true, is the promise to all
 That "They that be wise shall shine."

3 The grandeur of wealth, and the temples of fame,
 Where beauty and splendor combine,
 Will perish, forgotten and crumble to dust,
 But "They that be wise shall shine."

4 Then let us go forth to the work yet to do,
 With zeal that shall never decline,
 Be strong in the Lord, and the promise believe
 That "They that be wise shall shine."

288

I BELIEVED in God's wonderful mercy and grace,
Believed in the smile of His reconciled face,
Believed in His message of pardon and peace;
I believed, and I keep on believing.

CHO.—Believe! and the feeling may come or may go,
Believe in the word, that was written to show
That all who believe, their salvation may know;
Believe, and keep right on believing.

2 I believed in the work of my crucified Lord,
Believed in redemption alone through His blood,
Believed in my Saviour by trusting His word:
I believed, and I keep on believing.

3 I believed in the heart that was opened for me,
Believed in the love flowing blessed and free,
Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree;
I believed, and I keep on believing.

4 I believed in Himself, as the true Living One,
Believed in His presence on high on the throne,
Believed in His coming in glory full soon;
I believed, and I keep on believing.

289

MEET me there! Oh, meet me there!
In the heavenly world so fair,
Where our Lord has entered in,
And there comes no taint of sin;
With our friends of long ago,
Clad in raiment white as snow,
Such as all the ransomed wear,—
Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!

2 Meet me there! Oh, meet me there!
Far beyond this world of care;
When this troubled life shall cease,
Meet me where is perfect peace;
Where our sorrows we lay down
For the kingdom and the crown,
Jesus doth a home prepare,—
Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!

3 Meet me there! Oh, meet me there!
 No bereavements we shall bear;
 There no sighings for the dead,
 There no farewell tear is shed;
 We shall, safe from all alarms,
 Clasp our loved ones in our arms,
 And in Jesus' glory share,—
 Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!

290

ARE you ready, are you ready for the coming of the Lord?
 Are you living as He bids you in His word?
 Are you walking in the light?
 Is your hope of heaven bright?
 Could you welcome Him to-night?
 Are you ready?

CHO.—Therefore be ye also ready, be ye also ready,
 Therefore be ye also ready,
 For in such an hour, such an hour as ye think not,
 The Son of man cometh.

2 Are you waiting, are you waiting for the coming of the King?
 Have you bundles of the golden grain to bring?
 Can you lay at Jesus' feet
 Any gathered sheaves of wheat,
 There your blessed Lord to greet?
 Are you ready?

3 Have you risen, have you risen from the heavy midnight
 Have you risen from your slumber long and deep? [sleep?
 Are your garments washed from sin,
 Are you cleansed and pure within?
 Are you ready for the King?
 Are you ready?

291

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know Him;
 Who can tell how much we owe Him?
 Gladly let us render to Him
 All we are and have.

2 Jesus is the name that charms us;
 He for conflict fits and arms us;
 Nothing moves and nothing harms us,
 When we trust in Him.

- 3 Trust in Him, ye saints, for ever;
He is faithful, changing never;
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those He loves from Him.
- 4 Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleaving
To Thyself, and still believing,
Till the hour of our receiving
Promised joys in heaven.
- 5 Then we shall be where we would be,
Then we shall be what we should be;
Things which are not now, nor could be,
Then shall be our own.

292

SHINE on, O Star of beauty,
Thou Christ enthroned above;
Reflecting in Thy brightness,
Our Father's look of love.

CHO.—||: Shine on, shine on,
Thou bright and beautiful Star. ||

- 2 Shine on, O Star of glory,
We lift our eyes to Thee;
Beyond the clouds that gather,
Thy radiant light we see.
- 3 Shine on, O star unchanging,
And guide our pilgrim way,
Until we see the dawning
Of heaven's eternal day.
- 4 And when, with Thy redeemed ones,
We reach the heavenly shore,
May we with Thee in glory
Shine on for evermore.

293

FAR, far away in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls for ever may be lost;
Who, who will go salvation's story telling,
Looking to Jesus, heeding not the cost?

CHO.—||: "All power is given unto me, ||
Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel, and lo,
I am with you alway."

- 2 See o'er the world the open doors inviting,
Soldiers of Christ, arise and enter in!
Brethren, awake! our forces all uniting,
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.
- 3 "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling,
"Why will ye die?" re-echo in His name;
Jesus hath died to save from death appalling,
Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.
- 4 God speed the day when those of every nation
"Glory to God" triumphantly shall sing;
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout "Hallelujah for the Lord is King."

294

I KNOW I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy;
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

CHO.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free!
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me!

- 2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng;
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.
- 3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then may I well be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.
- 4 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine!
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

295

O PRECIOUS word that Jesus said!
The soul that comes to Me,
I will in no wise cast Him out,
Whoever he may be.

REF.—||: Whoever he may be, :||
 I will in no wise cast him out,
 Whoever he may be.

2 O precious word that Jesus said!
 Behold, I am the Door;
 And all who enter in by Me
 Have life for evermore.

REF.—||: Have life for evermore, :||
 And all who enter in by Me
 Have life for evermore.

3 O precious word that Jesus said!
 Come, weary souls oppressed,
 Come take My yoke and learn of Me,
 And I will give you rest.

REF.—||: And I will give you rest, :||
 Come take My yoke and learn of Me,
 And I will give you rest.

4 O precious word that Jesus said!
 The world I overcame;
 And they who follow where I lead
 Shall conquer in My name.

REF.—||: Shall conquer in My name, :||
 And they who follow where I lead
 Shall conquer in My name.

296

WEARY gleaner in the field, poor or plenty be the yield,
 Labor on for the Master, nothing fearing,
 There's a promise of reward, at the coming of the Lord,
 Unto all them that love His appearing.

CHO.—O the crown, the glory crown,
 O the day, the happy day is nearing,
 When the crown of rich reward shall be given by the Lord,
 Unto all them that love His appearing.

2 Jesus now has gone above to complete His work of love;
 His return, day by day, is surely nearing,
 When His own He will receive, and a welcome He will give,
 Unto all them that love His appearing.

- 3 O how light will seem the grief, and the toilsome way
 how brief,
 When a crown in the glory we are wearing,
 O the rapture who can tell, as for ever there we dwell,
 With redeemed ones that loved His appearing.

297

- W**E lift our songs to Thee,
 Our Saviour and our guide;
 O make us from our burdens free,
 And keep us near Thy side.
- 2 We lift our prayers to Thee,
 Who only heareth prayer;
 They who on earth do thus agree,
 Shall find Thy blessing there.
- 3 We lift our faith to Thee,
 Increased by grace divine;
 Help us, O Lord, Thy footsteps see,
 And on Thy help recline.
- 4 We lift our all to Thee,
 For all things, Lord, are Thine;
 Take us, and all we have, and see
 Thy likeness in us shine.

298

- I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
 And has prepared a place for me,
 And crowns of victory He gives
 To those who would His children be.
- CHO.—Then ask me not to linger long
 Amid the gay and thoughtless throng,
 ¶ For I am only waiting here
 To hear the summons: "Child, come home!"
- 2 I'm trusting Jesus Christ for all,
 I know His blood now speaks for me;
 I'm listening for the welcome call,
 To say: "The Master waiteth thee!"
- 3 I'm now enraptured with the thought,
 I stand and wonder at His love—
 That He from heaven to earth was brought,
 To die, that I may live above.

- 4 I know that Jesus soon will come,
I know the time will not be long,
'Till I shall reach my heavenly home,
And join the everlasting song.

299

NOT far, not far from the Kingdom,
Yet in the shadow of sin;
How many are coming and going!—
How few there are entering in!

REF.—||: How few there are entering in! :||
How many are coming and going!—
How few there are entering in!

- 2 Not far, not far from the Kingdom,
Where voices whisper and wait;
Too timid to enter in boldly,
So linger still outside the gate.
- 3 Away in the dark and the danger,
Far out in the night and the cold;
There Jesus is waiting to lead you
So tenderly into His fold.
- 4 Not far, not far from the Kingdom,
'Tis only a little space;
But oh, you may still be forever
Shut out from yon heavenly place!

300

ONLY a beam of sunshine,
But oh, it was warm and bright;
The heart of a weary traveler
Was cheered by its welcome sight.
Only a beam of sunshine
That fell from the arch above,
And tenderly, softly whispered
A message of peace and love.

CHO.—Only a word for Jesus,
Only a whispered prayer
Over some grief-worn spirit
May rest like a sunbeam fair.

- 2 Only a beam of sunshine
That into a dwelling crept,
Where over a fading rosebud,
A mother her vigil kept.
Only a beam of sunshine
That smiled through her falling tears,
And showed her the bow of promise,
Forgotten perhaps for years.
- 3 Only a word for Jesus!
Oh, speak it in His dear name;
To perishing souls around you
The message of love proclaim.
Go, like the faithful sunbeam,
Your mission of joy fulfil;
Remember the Saviour's promise,
That He will be with you still.
-

301

- A** WAKE, my soul! to sound His praise,
Awake my harp! to sing;
Join, all my powers! the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.
- 2 Among the people of His care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there His name resound.
- 3 Be Thou exalted, O my God!
Above the starry train;
Diffuse Thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world Thy reign.
- 4 So shall Thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng Thy courts above;
While sinners hear Thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.
-

302

MY Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full,—He has riches untold.

CHO.—I'm the child of a King!
 The child of a King!
 With Jesus my Saviour,
 I'm the child of a King!

- 2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men,
 Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of them;
 But now He is reigning forever on high,
 And will give me a home in heaven by and by.
- 3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
 A sinner by choice, an alien by birth!
 But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—
 An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
- 4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
 They're building a palace for me over there!
 Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:
 All glory to God, I'm the child of a King!

303

SONGS of gladness, never sadness,
 Sing the ransomed ones in heaven;
 Anthem swelling, ever telling
 Of the joy of souls forgiven.

REF.—Sweetest music ever swelling
 Through the courts of heaven above
 Ever singing, ever saying
 God is Life, and God is Love!

2 Ever sunshine, never shadow,
 Calm, mild, clear celestial day;
 Ever summer in its brightness,
 Never winter or decay.

3 Ever gazing, loving, praising,
 With the angel hosts above;
 One eternal Hallelujah,
 One eternal song of love.

4 Never sighing, never sinning;
 No distrust, nor doubt; nor fears;
 Through the long unending ages,
 Through the long eternal years.

304

BLESSED assurance, Jesus is mine!
 O, what a foretaste of glory divine!
 Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
 Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

CHO.—||: This is my story, this is my song,
 Praising my Saviour all the day long.:||

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
 Visions of rapture now burst on my sight.
 Angels descending, bring from above
 Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
 I, in my Saviour, am happy and blest.
 Watching and waiting, looking above
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

305

A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

CHO.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
 And the burden of my heart rolled away,
 It was there by faith I received my sight,
 And now I am happy all the day.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity, grace unknown,
 And love beyond degree!

3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do!

306

I N the shadow of His wings
 There is rest, sweet rest;
 There is rest from care and labor,
 There is rest for friend and neighbor,

In the shadow of His wings
There is rest sweet rest,
In the shadow of His wings
There is rest, *sweet rest*.

Cho.—|| There is rest, there is peace, there is joy
In the shadow of His wings.:||

2 In the shadow of His wings
There is peace, sweet peace,
Peace that passeth understanding,
Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending;
In the shadow of His wings
There is peace, sweet peace,
In the shadow of His wings
There is peace, *sweet peace*.

3 In the shadow of His wings
There is joy, glad joy,
There is joy to tell the story,
Joy exceeding, full of glory;
In the shadow of His wings,
There is joy, glad joy,
In the shadow of His wings
There is joy, *glad joy*.

307

JESUS, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, Thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my Refuge be.
Jesus, my Lord!

What need I now to fear?
 What earthly grief or care,
 Since Thou art ever near,
 Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again!
 I shall be happy then,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 Then Thine own face I'll see,
 Then I shall like Thee be,
 Then ever more with Thee,
 Jesus, my Lord!

308

JESUS is tenderly calling thee home—
 Calling to-day, calling to-day;
 Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam
 Farther and farther away?

• **REF.**—Calling to-day, calling to-day,
 Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling to-day.

2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
 Calling to-day, calling to-day;
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest;
 He will not turn thee away.

3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—
 Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
 Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow;
 Come, and no longer delay.

4 Jesus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—
 Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;
 They who believe on His name shall rejoice;
 Quickly arise and away.

309

SOME one will enter the pearly gate
 By and by, by and by,
 Taste of the glories that there await,
 Shall you? shall I?

Some one will travel the streets of gold,
 Beautiful visions will there behold,
 Feast on the pleasures so long foretold:
 Shall you? shall I?

- 2 Some one will gladly his cross lay down
 By and by, by and by,
 Faithful, approved, shall receive a crown,
 Shall you? shall I?
 Some one the glorious King will see,
 Ever from sorrow of earth be free,
 Happy with Him through eternity:
 Shall you? shall I?
- 3 Some one will knock when the door is shut
 By and by, by and by,
 Hear a voice saying, "I know you not,"
 Shall you? shall I?
 Some one will call and shall not be heard,
 Vainly will strive when the door is barred,
 Some one will fail of the saint's reward:
 Shall you? shall I?
- 4 Some one will sing the triumphant song
 By and by, by and by,
 Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng,
 Shall you? shall I?
 Some one will greet on the golden shore
 Loved ones of earth who have gone before,
 Safe in the glory for evermore:
 Shall you? shall I?

310

OH, wondrous Name, by prophets heard
 Long years before His birth;
 They saw Him coming from afar,
 The Prince of Peace on earth.

CHO.—The Wonderful! The Counsellor!
 The Great and Mighty Lord!
 The everlasting Prince of Peace!
 The King, the Son of God!

2 Oh, glorious Name the angels praise,
 And ransomed saints adore,—
 The Name above all other names,
 Our Refuge evermore.

3 Oh, precious Name, exalted high,
 To Him all power is given:
 Through Him we triumph over sin,
 By Him we enter heaven.

311

LET us sing of the love of the Lord,
 As now to the cross we draw nigh;
 Let us sing to the praise of the God of all grace,
 For the love that gave Jesus to die.

REF.—O the love that gave Jesus to die,
 The love that gave Jesus to die;
 Praise God, it is mine, this love so divine,
 The love that gave Jesus to die.

2 O how great was the love that was shown
 To us—we can never tell why—
 Not to angels, but *men*; let us praise Him again
 For the love that gave Jesus to die,

3 Now this love unto all God commends,
 Not one would His mercy pass by;
 “Whosoever shall call,” there is pardon for all
 In the love that gave Jesus to die.

4 Who is he that can separate those
 Whom God doth in love justify;
 Whatsoever we need He includes in the deed,
 In the love that gave Jesus to die.

312

O BROTHER, life's journey beginning,
 With courage and firmness arise;
 Look well to the course thou art choosing,
 Be earnest be watchful, and wise;
 Remember, two paths are before thee,
 And both, thy attention invite;
 But one leadeth on to destruction,—
 The other to joy and delight.

CHO.—God help you to follow His banner,
 And serve Him wherever you go;
 And when you are tempted, my brother,
 God give you the grace to say “No.”

2 O brother, yield not to the tempter,
 No matter what others may do;
 Stand firm in the strength of the Master,
 Be loyal, be faithful, and true;

Each trial will make you the stronger,
 If you, in the name of the Lord,
 Fight manfully under your Leader,
 Obeying the voice of His word,

- 3 O brother, the Saviour is calling;
 Beware of the danger of sin;
 Resist not the voice of the Spirit,
 That whispers so gently within;
 God calls you to enter His service,—
 To live for Him here, day by day,
 And share by and by in the glory
 That never shall vanish away.

313

O GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home:—

- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
 Still may we dwell secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.

314

FEAR not! God is thy shield,
 And He thy great reward;
 His might has won the field:
 Thy strength is in the Lord!

REF.—Fear not! 'tis God's own voice
 That speaks to thee this word;
 Lift up your head: rejoice
 In Jesus Christ thy Lord!

2 Fear not! for God has heard
The cry of thy distress;
The water of His word
Thy fainting soul shall bless.

3 Fear not! be not dismayed!
He evermore will be
With thee, to give His aid,
And He will strengthen thee.

4 Fear not! ye little flock;
Your Shepherd soon will come,
Give water from the rock,
And bring you to His home!

315

“**T**HERE shall be showers of blessing:”
This is the promise of love;
There shall be seasons refreshing,
Sent from the Saviour above.

CHO.—Showers of blessing,
Showers of blessing we need;
Mercy-drops round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead.

2 “There shall be showers of blessing”—
Precious reviving again;
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sound of abundance of rain.

3 “There shall be showers of blessing:”
Send them upon us, O Lord;
Grant to us now a refreshing,
Come, and now honor Thy word.

4 “There shall be showers of blessing:”
Oh, that to-day they might fall,
Now as to God we’re confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call!

16

WHEN we gather at last over Jordan,
And the ransomed in glory we see,
As the numberless sands of the sea-shore—
What a wonderful sight that will be!

320

“**N**EARER the cross!” my heart can say,
 I am coming nearer;
 Nearer the cross from day to day,
 I am coming nearer;
 Nearer the cross where Jesus died,
 Nearer the fountain’s crimson tide,
 Nearer my Saviour’s wounded side,
 ||: I am coming nearer.:||

2 Nearer the Christian’s mercy seat,
 I am coming nearer;
 Feasting my soul on manna sweet,
 I am coming nearer;
 Stronger in faith, more clear I see
 Jesus who gave Himself for me;
 Nearer to Him I still would be:
 ||: Still I’m coming nearer.:||

3 Nearer in prayer my hope aspires,
 I am coming nearer;
 Deeper the love my soul desires,
 I am coming nearer;
 Nearer the end of toil and care,
 Nearer the joy I long to share,
 Nearer the crown I soon shall wear:
 ||: I am coming nearer.:||

321

THE Lord’s our Rock, in Him we hide,
 A shelter in the time of storm;
 Secure whatever ill betide,
 A shelter in the time of storm.

CHO.—Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
 A weary land, a weary land;
 Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
 A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defence by night,
 A shelter in the time of storm;
 No fears alarm, no foes affright,
 A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
 A shelter in the time of storm;

We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

- 4 O Rock divine, O Refuge dear!
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be Thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

322

OH, who is this that cometh
From Edom's crimson plain,
With wounded side; with garments dyed?
Oh, tell me now Thy name.
"I that saw thy soul's distress,
A ransom gave;
I that speak in righteousness,
Mighty to save!"

CHO.—||: Mighty to save! :||
Lord, I'll trust Thy wondrous love,
"Mighty to save!"

- 2 Oh, why is Thine apparel
So very deeply dyed?—
Like them that tread the wine-press red?
Oh, why this crimson tide?
"I the wine-press trod alone,
'Neath sorrow's wave;
Of the people there was none
Mighty to save!"

- 3 O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour,
How couldst Thou bear this shame?
With mercy fraught, Thine arm has brought
Salvation in Thy name!
"I the victory have won,
Conquered the grave:
Now the year of joy has come,
Mighty to save!"

323

LOW in the grave He lay—
Jesus, my Saviour!
Waiting the coming day—
Jesus, my Lord!

CHO.—Up from the grave He arose,
 With a mighty triumph o'er His foes:
 He arose a Victor from the dark domain,
 And He lives for ever with His saints to reign;
 He arose! He arose!
 Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2 Vainly they watched His bed—
 Jesus, my Saviour!
 Vainly they seal the dead—
 Jesus, my Lord!

3 Death cannot keep his prey—
 Jesus, my Saviour!
 He tore the bars away—
 Jesus, my Lord!

324

SOFTLY and tenderly Jesus is calling,
 Calling for you and for me;
 See on the portals He's waiting and watching,
 Watching for you and for me.

CHO.—Come home, come home,
 Ye who are weary, come home;
 Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
 Calling, O sinner, come home!

2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,
 Pleading for you and for me?
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
 Mercies for you and for me?

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
 Passing from you and from me;
 Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming,
 Coming for you and for me.

4 Oh, for the wonderful love He has promised,
 Promised for you and for me;
 Though we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,
 Pardon for you and for me.

325

O WANDERING souls, why will you roam
 Away from God, away from home;
 The Saviour calls, O hear Him say,
 Whoever will may come to-day.

- REF.—Whoever will, whoever will,
 ||: Whoever will may come to-day,:||
 And drink of the water of life.
- 2 Behold His hands extended now,
 The dews of night are on His brow;
 He knocks, He calls, He waiteth still;
 Oh, come to Him, whoever will.
- 3 In simple faith His word believe,
 And His abundant grace receive,
 No love like His the heart can fill,
 Oh, come to Him, whoever will.
- 4 The “ Spirit and the Bride say, Come!”
 And find in Him sweet rest, and home;
 Let Him that heareth, echo still,
 The blessed *whosoever will*.

326

- AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
 In mercy oft are sent;
 They stopped the prodigal's career,
 And caused him to repent.
- CHO.—“ I'll not die here for bread,
 I'll not die here for bread,” he cries;
 “ Nor starve in foreign lands;
 My father's house has large supplies,
 And bounteous are his hands.”
- 2 “ What have I gained by sin,” he said,
 “ But hunger, shame, and fear?”
 My father's house abounds in bread,
 While I am starving here!
- 3 “ I'll go and tell him all I've done,
 Fall down before his face;
 Unworthy to be called his son,
 I'll seek a servant's place.”
- 4 His father saw him coming back;
 He saw, he ran, he smiled,
 And threw his arms around the neck
 Of his rebellious child!

- 5 "O father, I have sinned—forgive!"
 "Enough," the father said;
 "Rejoice, my house; my son's alive
 For whom I mourned as dead!"
- 6 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home;
 More than a father's love He feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

327

HOW sweet, my Saviour, to repose
 On Thine almighty power!
 To feel Thy strength upholding me,
 Through every trying hour!

CHO.—||: Casting all your care upon Him,;
 Casting all your care upon Him,
 For He careth, He careth for you."

- 2 It is Thy will that I should cast
 My every care on Thee;
 To Thee refer each rising grief,
 Each new perplexity;
- 3 That I should trust Thy loving care,
 And look to Thee alone,
 To calm each troubled thought to rest,
 In prayer before Thy throne.
- 4 Why should my heart then be distressed
 By dread of future ill?
 Or why should unbelieving fear
 My trembling spirit fill?

328

IN the harvest field there is work to do,
 For the grain is ripe, and the reapers few;
 And the Master's voice bids the workers true
 Heed the call that He gives to-day.

CHO.—Labor on! labor on!
 Keep the bright reward in view;
 For the Master has said,
 He will strength renew;
 Labor on till the close of day!

- 2 Crowd the garner well with its sheaves all bright,
Let the song be glad, and the heart be light;
Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night
Take the place of the golden day.
- 3 In the gleaner's path may be rich reward,
Though the time seems long, and the labor hard;
For the Master's joy, with His chosen shared,
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
- 4 Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms above
Shall be gained by each who has toiled and strove,
When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,
Calls away to eternal day.

329

“FOR God so loved!” Oh, wondrous theme!
Oh! wondrous key to wondrous scheme!
A Saviour sent to sinful men —
Glory to God the Father!

CHO.—||: Glory to God the Father! :||
Glory, glory,
Glory to God the Father!

2 In love God gave, in love Christ came,
That man might know the Father's name,
And in the Son salvation claim—
Glory to God the Father!

3 As man He tarried here below,
The power and love of God to show;
To help and heal all human woe—
Glory to God the Father!

4 Upon the cross His life He gave,
His people from their sins to save;
For them descended to the grave—
Glory to God the Father!

5 By God exalted from the dead,
He reigns on high the living head
Of every soul for whom He bled—
Glory to God the Father!

330

O TROUBLED heart, there is a home,
Beyond the reach of toil and care;
A home where changes never come;
Who would not fain be resting there?

CHO.—||: O wait, meekly wait, and murmur not; :||
O, wait, O, wait,
O, wait, and murmur not.

- 2 Yet when bowed down beneath the load
By heaven allowed, thine earthly lot;
Look up! thou'lt reach that blest abode,
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
- 3 If in thy path some thorns are found,
O, think who bore them on His brow;
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
It reached a holier than thou.
- 4 Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot;
The day of rest will dawn for thee;
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

331

SINNERS Jesus will receive:
Sound this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall.

REF.—Sing it o'er and o'er again:
Christ receiveth sinful men;
Make the message clear and plain:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

- 2 Come, and He will give you rest;
Trust Him, for His word is plain;
He will take the sinfulest;
Christ receiveth sinful men.
- 3 Now my heart condemns me not,
Pure before the law I stand;
He who cleansed me from all spot,
Satisfied its last demand.

- 4 Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin;
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with Him I enter in.

332

THERE'S a Stranger at the door;
Let Him in!
He has been there oft before;
Let Him in!
Let Him in ere He is gone;
Let Him in, the Holy one,
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son;
Let Him in!

- 2 Open now to Him your heart;
Let Him in!
If you wait He will depart;
Let Him in!
Let Him in; He is your Friend;
And your soul He will defend,
He will keep you to the end;
Let Him in!
- 3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in!
Now, oh, now make Him your choice;
Let Him in!
He is standing at the door;
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore;
Let Him in!

- 4 Now admit the heavenly Guest;
Let Him in!
He will make for you a feast;
Let Him in!
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven;
Let Him in!

333

I LOOKED to Jesus in my sin,
My woe and want confessing;
Undone and lost, I came to Him,
I sought and found a blessing.

CHO.—“I looked to Him, to Him I looked,”
“Tis true, His “Whosoever;”
“He looked on me, on me He looked,
And we were one for ever.”

2 I looked to Jesus on the cross,
For me I saw Him dying;
God's word believed, that all my sins
Were there upon Him lying.

3 I looked to Jesus there on high,
From death upraised to glory;
I trusted in His power to save,
Believed the old, old story.

4 He looked on me; O look of love!
My heart by it was broken;
And, with that look of love, He gave
The Holy Spirit's token.

5 Now one with Christ, I find my peace
In Him to be abiding,
And in His love for all my need,
In child-like faith confiding.

334

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

CHO.—Let us crown Him, let us crown Him,
Let us crown the great Redeemer Lord of all;
Let us crown Him, let us crown Him,
Let us crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 3 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.
-

335

JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry;
Unless Thou help me I must die:
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

CHO.—||: And take me as I am.:||
My only plea—Christ died for me!
Oh, take me as I am.

- 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt;
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am.
- 3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am.
- 4 Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet,
Deal with me as Thou seest meet;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
And take me as I am.
-

336

SOULS of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kinder Shepherd,
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

- 2 It is God! His love *looks* mighty,
But is mightier than it seems:
'Tis our Father, and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

4 But we make His love too narrow,
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

5 If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would all be sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

337

IN the land of strangers,
Whither thou art gone,
Hear a far voice calling,
"My son! my son!"

CHO.—"Welcome! wanderer, welcome!
Welcome back to home!
Thou hast wandered far away:
Come home! come home!"

2 "From the land of hunger,
Fainting, famished lone,
Come to love and gladness,
My son! my son!"

- 3 "Leave the haunts of riot,
Wasted, woe-begone,
Sick at heart and weary,
My son! my son!"
- 4 "See the door still open!
Thou art still my own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son! my son!"
- 5 "Far off thou hast wandered;
Wilt thou farther roam?
Come, and all is pardoned,
My son! my son!"
- 6 "See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!"
- 7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"

338

ON that bright and golden morning, when the Son of
man shall come,
And the radiance of His glory we shall see;
When from every clime and nation He shall call His
people home,
What a gathering of the ransomed that will be.

CHO.—What a gathering, what a gathering,
What a gathering of the ransomed in the summer
land of love;
What a gathering, what a gathering,
Of the ransomed in that happy home above.

2 When the blest who sleep in Jesus, at His bidding shall
arise
From the silence of the grave, and from the sea,
And with bodies all celestial they shall meet Him in the
skies,
What a gathering and rejoicing there will be.

- 3 When our eyes behold the city, with its many mansions
bright,
And its river, calm and restful, flowing free;
When the friends that death has parted shall in bliss
again unite,
What a gathering and a greeting there will be.
- 4 O the King is surely coming, and the time is drawing
nigh,
When the blessed day of promise we shall see;
Then the changing "in a moment," "in the twinkling of
an eye,"
And forever in His presence we shall be.

339

O HEAR my cry, be gracious now to me,
Come, Great Deliverer, come;
My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee,
Come, Great Deliverer, come.

REF.—I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold,
I've wandered far away from home;
O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold,
Come, Great Deliverer, come.

2 I have no place, no shelter from the night,
Come, Great Deliverer, come;
One look from Thee would give me life and light,
Come, Great Deliverer, come.

3 My path is lone, and weary are my feet,
Come, Great Deliverer, come;
Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile to meet,
Come, Great Deliverer, come.

4 Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh,
Come, Great Deliverer, come;
Regard my prayer, and hear my humble cry,
Come, Great Deliverer, come.

340

GOD be with you till we meet again!—
By His counsels guide, uphold you;
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again!

- CHO.—Till we meet! Till we meet!
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet! Till we meet!
God be with you till we meet again!
- 2 God be with you till we meet again!—
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you;
God be with you till we meet again!
- 3 God be with you till we meet again!—
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again!
- 4 God be with you till we meet again!—
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!
-

341

I MUST walk through the valley and the shadow,
But I'll journey in a loving Saviour's care;
He hath said He will never, never leave me,
With His Staff He will comfort me there.

- CHO.—Through the valley, through the valley,
Through the valley and the shadow I must go,
But the dark waves of Jordan will not harm me,
There is peace in the valley, I know.
- 2 When I walk through the valley and the shadow,
All the weary days of toiling will be o'er;
For the strong arms of Jesus will enfold me,
And with Him I shall sorrow no more.
- 3 Though I walk through the valley and the shadow,
Yet the glory of the dawning I shall see;
I shall join in the anthems over Jordan,
Where the loved ones are waiting for me.
- 4 I shall walk through the valley and the shadow,
I shall follow where my Lord has gone before;
Through the mists of the valley He will lead me,
Till I rest on the Evergreen Shore.

342

GOD'S almighty arms are round me,
 Peace, peace is mine;
 Judgment scenes need not confound me,
 Peace, peace is mine.
 Jesus came Himself and sought me!
 Sold to Death, He found and bought me!
 Then my blesséd freedom taught me,
 Peace, peace is mine.

- 2 While I hear life's rugged billows?
 Peace, peace is mine;
 Why suspend my harp on willows?
 Peace, peace is mine.
 I may sing with Christ beside me,
 Though a thousand ills betide me;
 Safely He hath sworn to guide me
 Peace, peace is mine.
- 3 Every trial draws Him nearer,
 Peace, peace is mine;
 All His strokes but make Him dearer,
 Peace, peace is mine.
 Bless I then the hand that smiteth
 Gently, and to heal delighteth;
 'Tis against *my sins* He fighteth,
 Peace, peace is mine.
- 4 Welcome every rising sunlight,
 Peace, peace is mine;
 Nearer home each rolling midnight,
 Peace, peace is mine.
 Death and hell cannot appal me;
 Safe in Christ whate'er befall me;
 Calmly wait I till He call me,
 Peace, peace is mine.

343

“**L**OOK unto me, and be ye saved,”
 O hear the blest command,
 Salvation full! salvation free!
 Proclaim through every land.

CHO.—“Look unto me, and be ye saved,
 All the ends of the earth,

For I am God, there is none else.
Look unto me, and be ye saved."

- 2 "Look unto me," upon the cross,
O weary, burdened soul,
'Twas there on Me thy sins were laid,
Believe and be made whole.
- 3 "Look unto me," thy risen Lord,
In dark temptation's hour,
The needful grace I'll freely give,
To keep from Satan's power.
- 4 "Look unto me," and not *within*,
No help is *there* for thee;
For pardon, peace, and all thy need,
Look only unto Me.
-

344

AS I wandered 'round the homestead,
Many a dear familiar spot
Brought within my recollection
Scenes I'd seemingly forgot;
There, the orchard meadow, yonder—
Here, the deep, old-fashioned well,
With its old, moss-covered bucket,
Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.

- 2 Though the house was held by strangers,
All remained the same within;
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down, and out and in;
To the garret dark ascending—
Once a source of childish dread—
Peering through the misty cobwebs,
Lo! I saw my trundle bed.
- 3 Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
Covered o'er with dust so long;
When, behold, I heard in fancy
Strains of one familiar song,
Often sung by my dear mother
To me in that trundle bed;
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!"

- 4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again:
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.
- 5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
"Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."
- 6 Prayer is over: to my pillow
With a "good-night!" kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
"Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh bless my precious child!"
- 7 Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain;
But the mem'ry of her counsels
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed.

345

OH, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!
True wisdom its pages unfold;
And though we may read them a thousand times o'er,
They never, no never, grow old!
Each line hath a treasure, each promise a pearl,
That all if they will may secure;
And we know that when time and the world pass away,
God's Word shall for ever endure.

- 2 Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!
The lamp that our Father above
So kindly has lighted to teach us the way
That leads to the arms of His love!
Its warnings, its counsels are faithful and just;
Its judgments are perfect and pure;
And we know that when time and the world pass away,
God's Word shall for ever endure.
- 3 Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!
Our only salvation is there;
It carries conviction down deep in the heart,
And shows us ourselves as we are.
It tells of a Saviour, and points to the cross,
Where pardon we now may secure;
For we know that when time and the world pass away,
God's Word shall for ever endure.
- 4 Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!
The hope of our friends in the past;
Its truth, where so firmly they anchored their trust,
Through ages eternal shall last.
Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!
Unchanging, abiding and sure;
For we know that when time and the world pass away,
God's Word shall for ever endure.

346

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven;
The name, before His wondrous birth,
To Christ the Saviour given.

REF.—We love to sing of Christ our King,
And hail Him blessed Jesus!
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet, as "Jesus!"

2 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above Him
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.

3 So now, upon His Father's throne—
Almighty to release us
From sin and pain—He ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless Name
 Thy grace shall fail us never,
 To-day as yesterday the same,
 Thou art the same for ever!

347

OUR life is like a stormy sea
 Swept by the gales of sin and grief,
 While on the windward and the lee
 Hang heavy clouds of unbelief;
 But o'er the deep a call we hear,
 Like Harbor bell's inviting voice,
 It tells the lost that hope is near,
 And bids the trembling soul rejoice.

CH.—This way, this way, O heart oppressed,
 So long by storm and tempest driven;
 This way, this way, lo, here is rest,
 Rings out the Harbor bell of heaven.

2 O let us now the call obey,
 And steer our bark for yonder shore,
 Where still that voice directs the way,
 In pleading tones for evermore;
 A thousand life wrecks strew the sea;
 They're going down at every swell;
 "Come unto me," "Come unto me,"
 Rings out th'assuring Harbor bell.

3 O tempted one, look up, be strong;
 The promise of the Lord is sure,
 That they shall sing the victor's song,
 Who faithful to the end endure;
 God's Holy Spirit comes to thee,
 Of His abiding love to tell;
 To blissful port, o'er stormy sea,
 Calls heaven's inviting Harbor bell.

4 Come, gracious Lord, and in Thy love
 Conduct us o'er life's stormy wave;
 O guide us to the home above,
 The blissful home beyond the grave;
 There safe from rock, and storm, and flood,
 Our song of praise shall never cease,
 To Him who bought us with His blood,
 And brought us to the port of peace.

348

OH, to have no Christ, no Saviour!
 No Rock, no Refuge nigh!
 When the dark days 'round thee gather,
 When the storms sweep o'er the sky!

CHO.—Oh, to have no hope in Jesus!
 No Friend, no light in Jesus!
 Oh, to have no hope in Jesus!
 How dark this world must be!

2 Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour!
 How lonely life must be!
 Like a sailor, lost and driven,
 On a wide and shoreless sea.

3 Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour!
 No hand to clasp thine own!
 Through the dark, dark vale of shadows,
 Thou must press thy way alone.

4 Now, we pray thee, come to Jesus;
 His pard'ning love receive;
 For the Saviour now is calling,
 And He bids thee turn and live.

CHO.—Come to Jesus, He will save you;
 He is the Friend of sinners;
 Then, when thou hast found the Saviour,
 How bright this world will be!

349

THERE is a land which lies afar,
 Where grief is all unknown;
 A land wherein the angels sing
 Around the heavenly throne.

REF.—O 'twill be sweet when we shall meet
 Upon that distant shore,
 Whereon the glorious sun ne'er sets,
 ||: But shines for evermore.:||

2 We are but pilgrims on the earth,
 And brief our sojourn here;
 But well we know when hence we go,
 There is a brighter sphere

- 3 There is a realm of boundless love,
A goal for hearts distressed,
Where all may find for endless years
A home among the blest.

350

HE dies! He dies! the lowly Man of sorrows,
On whom were laid our many griefs and woes;
Our sins He bore, beneath God's awful billows,
And He hath triumphed over all our foes.

CHO.—“||: I am he that liveth, that liveth and was dead; ||
And, behold, I am alive for evermore;
Behold, I am alive for evermore;
I am he that liveth, that liveth and was dead;
And, behold, I am alive for evermore.”

- 2 He lives! He lives! what glorious consolation!
Exalted at His Father's own right hand,
He pleads for us, and by His intercession,
Enables all His saints by grace to stand.
- 3 He comes! He comes! O blest anticipation!
In keeping with His true and faithful word:
To call us to our heavenly consummation—
Caught up, to be “*forever with the Lord.*”

351

OH, weary pilgrim, lift your head:
For joy cometh in the morning!
For God in His own Word hath said
That joy cometh in the morning!

CHO.—||: Joy cometh in the morning! ||
Weeping may endure for a night;
But joy cometh in the morning!

- 2 Ye trembling saints, dismiss your fears:
For joy cometh in the morning!
Oh, weeping mourner, dry your tears:
For joy cometh in the morning!
- 3 Let every burdened soul look up:
For joy cometh in the morning!
And every trembling sinner hope:
For joy cometh in the morning!

4 Our God shall wipe all tears away:
 For joy cometh in the morning!
 Sorrow and sighing flee away:
 For joy cometh in the morning!

352

REJOICE, rejoice, believer,
 And let thy joy and glory ever be
 In Him, the Great Deliverer,
 Who gave Himself a sacrifice for thee.

CHO.—Rejoice, believer,
 Rejoice and sing
 Of Him who lives forever,
 Thy great High Priest and King.

2 Rejoice in thy Redeemer,
 Thou hast a place that nothing can remove;
 He bids thee dwell in safety,
 And rest beneath the shadow of His love.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, believer,
 A home on high is waiting now for thee;
 And there, in all His beauty,
 The King of saints with wonder thou shalt see.

4 Rejoice, rejoice, believer,
 Press on to join the happy, happy throng;
 Where soon thy Lord will call thee
 To realms of joy and everlasting song.

353

“**C**OME unto me,” It is the Saviour’s voice,
 The Lord of life, who bids thy heart rejoice;
 O weary heart, with heavy cares oppressed,
 “Come unto me,” and I will give you rest.

REF.—“Come unto me, come unto me,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest,
 ||: I will give you rest.” :|

2 Weary with life’s long struggle full of pain,
 O doubting soul, thy Saviour calls again;
 Thy doubts shall vanish and thy sorrows cease,
 “Come unto me,” and I will give you peace.

- 3 Oh, dying man, with guilt and sin dismayed,
 With conscience wakened, of thy God afraid;
 Twixt hopes and fears—oh, end the anxious strife,
 "Come unto me," and I will give you life.
- 4 Rest, peace, and life, the flowers of deathless bloom,
 The Saviour gives us, not beyond the tomb—
 But here, and now, on earth, some glimpse is given
 Of joys which wait us through the gates of heaven.

354

SAFE home, safe home in port!
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck:
 But, oh! the joy, upon the shore,
 To tell our voyage perils o'er.

2 The prize, the prize secure!
 The wrestler nearly fell;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well:
 But he may smile at troubles gone
 Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm!
 No more of leaguered camp,
 And cry of night alarm,
 And need of ready lamp:—
 And yet how nearly had he failed—
 How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The exile is at home!
 Oh, nights and days of tears!
 Oh, longings not to roam!
 Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
 What matters now grief's darkest day,
 When God has wiped all tears away!

355

ON Calvary's brow my Saviour died,
 'Twas there my Lord was crucified:
 'Twas on the cross He bled for me,
 And purchased there my pardon free.

CHO.—O Calvary! dark Calvary!
 Where Jesus shed His blood for me; *for me*
 O Calvary! blest Calvary!
 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

2 'Mid rending rocks and darkening skies,
 My Saviour bows his head and dies;
 The opening vail reveals the way
 To heaven's joys and endless day.

3 O Jesus, Lord, how can it be,
 That Thou shouldst give Thy life for me,
 To bear the cross and agony,
 In that dread hour on Calvary?

356

HOLD Thou my hand: so weak I am, and helpless,
 I dare not take one step without Thy aid;
 Hold Thou my hand; for then, O loving Saviour,
 No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

2 Hold Thou my hand, and closer, closer draw me
 To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all;
 Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander,
 And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.

3 Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark before me
 Without the sunlight of Thy face divine;
 But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
 What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!

4 Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the margin
 Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me,
 A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
 And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

357

“BE ye strong in the Lord and the power of His might,”
 Firmly standing for the truth of His word;
 He shall lead you safely through the thickest of the fight,
 You shall conquer in the name of the Lord.

CHO.—Firmly stand for the right,
 On to victory at the King's command;
 For the honor of the Lord, and the triumph of His word,
 In the strength of the Lord firmly stand.

- 2 "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of His might,"
 Never turning from the face of the foe;
 He will surely by you stand, as you battle for the right,
 In the power of His might onward go.
- 3 "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of His might,"
 For His promises shall never, never fail; [right,
 By thy right hand He'll hold thee while battling for the
 Trusting Him thou shalt for evermore prevail.

358

- ON the Resurrection morning,
 Soul and body meet again,
 No more sorrow, no more weeping,
 No more pain.
- 2 Here awhile they must be parted,
 And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
 Waiting in a holy stillness,
 Wrapped in sleep.
- 3 For a space the tired body
 Waits in peace the morning's dawn,
 When there breaks the last and brightest
 Easter morn.
- 4 On that happy Easter morning
 All the graves their dead restore,
 Father, mother, sister, brother,
 Meet once more.
- 5 Soul and body, reunited,
 Henceforth nothing shall divide,
 Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
 Satisfied.

359

SONS of God, beloved in Jesus!
 O the wondrous word of grace;
 In His Son the Father sees us,
 And as sons He gives us place.

CHO.—"Belovéd, now are we the sons of God,
 And it doth not yet appear what we shall be:
 But ||: we know that, when he shall appear, ||:
 ||: We shall be like him, ||:
 For we shall see him as he is."

- 2 Blesséd hope now brightly beaming,
On our God we soon shall gaze;
And in light celestial gleaming,
We shall see our Saviour's face.
- 3 By the power of grace transforming,
We shall then His image bear;
Christ His promised word performing,
We shall then His glory share.
-

360

- T**HERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth:
It sounds like music in mine ear —
The sweetest Name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood—
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe—
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.
- 4 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
To trust, and not to fear.
-

361

- B**LESSED be the Fountain of blood,
To a world of sinners revealed;
Blesséd be the dear Son of God:
Only by His stripes we are healed.
Though I've wandered far from His fold,
Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.
- CHO.—||: Whiter than the snow,:||
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

- 2 Thorny was the crown that He wore,
And the cross His body o'ercame;
Grievous were the sorrows He bore,
But He suffered thus not in vain.
May I to that Fountain be led,
Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Wash me in the Blood that He shed,
And I shall be whiter than snow.
- 3 Father, I have wandered from Thee,
Often has my heart gone astray;
Crimson do my sins seem to me—
Water can not wash them away.
Jesus to that Fountain of Thine,
Leaning on Thy promise I go;
Cleanse me by Thy washing divine,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

362

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

- 2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
- 3 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above us,
Watching round each bed.
- 4 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.
- 5 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. AMEN.

363

IN the secret of His presence how my soul delights to
hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus'
side!

Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I
go, to the secret place I go.

2 When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of
His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crys-
tal spring:
And my Saviour rests beside me, as we hold communion
sweet:
If I tried, I could not utter what He says when thus we
meet, what He says when thus we meet.

3 Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my grief and
tears;
Oh, how patiently He listens! and my drooping soul He
cheers:
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend
He would be,
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see,
of the sins which He must see.

4 Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the
Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow: this shall then be your
reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting
place,
You must mind and bear the image of the Master in your
face, of the Master in your face.

364

"TILL He come!" -- oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords,
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that, "*Till He come.*"

- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb!
It is only "*Till He come.*"
- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come.*"
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread:
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Calls us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some.
Severed only "*Till He come.*"

365

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go.

CHO. — Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

- 2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we—
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane;
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise—
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King:
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

366

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal:
Chart and compass come from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

367

I'VE found a friend in Jesus,—He's everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!
The "Lily of the Valley," in Him alone I see,
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole:

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay;
 He tells me every care on Him to roll;
 He's the "Lily of the Valley," the Bright and Morning
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul! [Star;

CHO.—In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay;
 He tells me every care on Him to roll;
 He's the "Lily of the Valley," the Bright and Morn-
 ing Star;
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!

2 He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
 In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
 I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn
 From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
 Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me
 sore,
 Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal;
 He's the "Lily of the Valley," the Bright and Morning
 Star;
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!

3 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
 While I live by faith, and do His blessed will;
 A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear:
 With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.
 When crowned at last in glory, I'll see His blessed face,
 Where rivers of delight shall ever roll;
 He's the "Lily of the Valley," the Bright and Morning
 Star;
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!

368

JESUS, the very thought of Thee,
 With sweetness fills my breast;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind!

3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart!
 Oh, joy of all the meek!

To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek.

4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be:
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

369

LIKE wandering sheep o'er mountains cold,
Since all have gone astray;
To "Life" and peace within the fold,
How may I find the way?

CHO.—||: "I am the way, the truth, and the life:
No man cometh unto the Father, but by me." :||

2 Bewildered oft with doubt and care,
To God I fain would go;
While many cry "Lo here! lo there!"
The Truth how may I know?

3 To Christ the WAY, the TRUTH, the LIFE,
I come, no more to roam;
He'll guide me to my "Father's house,"
To my Eternal home.

370

HAVE faith in God; what can there be
For Him too hard to do for thee?
He gave His Son; now all is free;
Have faith, have faith in God.

2 Have faith thy pardon to believe,
Let God's own word thy fears relieve;
Have faith the Spirit to receive;
Have faith, have faith in God.

3 Have faith in God, and Trust His might
That He will conquer as you fight,
And give the triumph to the right;
Have faith, have faith in God.

- 4 Have faith in God; press near His side;
Thy troubled soul trust Him to guide;
In life, in death, whate'er betide,
Have faith, have faith in God.

371

WE shall reach the summer-land,
Some sweet day, by and by;
We shall press the golden strand,
Some sweet day, by and by;
Oh, the loved ones watching there,
By the tree of life so fair,
Till we come their joy to share,
Some sweet day, by and by.

REF.—By and by, some sweet day,
We shall meet our loved ones gone,
Some sweet day, by and by.

- 2 At the crystal river's brink,
Some sweet day, by and by;
We shall find each broken link,
Some sweet day, by and by;
Then the star that, fading here,
Left our hearts and homes so drear,
We shall see more bright and clear,
Some sweet day, by and by.

- 3 Oh, these parting scenes will end,
Some sweet day, by and by;
We shall gather friend with friend,
Some sweet day, by and by;
There before our Father's throne,
When the mists and clouds have flown,
We shall know as we are known,
Some sweet day, by and by.

372

MY Jesus, as Thou wilt;
Oh, may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign:
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt;
 Though seen through many a tear;
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear:
 Since Thou on earth hast wept,
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt;
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee:
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,—
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

373

OH, what will you do with Jesus?
 The call comes low and sweet;
 As tenderly He bids you
 Your burdens lay at His feet;
 Oh soul, so sad and weary,
 That sweet voice speaks to thee;
 Then what will you do with Jesus?
 Oh, what shall the answer be?

REF.—||: What shall the answer be?:||
 What will you do with Jesus?
 Oh, what shall the answer be?

2 Oh, what will you do with Jesus?
 The call comes loud and clear;
 The solemn words are sounding
 In every listening ear;
 Immortal life's in the question,
 And joy through eternity:
 Then what will you do with Jesus?
 Oh, what shall the answer be?

3 Oh, think of the King of Glory—
 From heaven to earth come down,
 His life so pure and holy;
 His death, His cross, His crown;

Of His divine compassion,
 His sacrifice for thee:
 Then what will you do with Jesus?
 Oh, what shall the answer be?

374

LABORERS of Christ, arise,
 And gird you for the toil;
 The dew of promise from the skies
 Already cheers the soil.

- 2 Go where the sick recline,
 Where mourning hearts deplore;
 And where the sons of sorrow pine,
 Dispense your hallowed lore.
- 3 Be faith, which looks above,
 With prayer, your constant guest;
 And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
 A mantle round your breast.
- 4 So shall you share the wealth
 That earth may ne'er despoil,
 And the blest gospel's saving health
 Repay your arduous toil.

375

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
 Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
 And still my soul in slumber lie?

CHO. |: Calling, oh, hear Him,:|
 God is calling yet, oh, hear Him calling, calling,
 |: Calling, oh, hear Him,:|
 God is calling yet, oh, hear Him calling yet.

- 2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
 Can I His loving voice despise,
 And basely His kind care repay?
 He calls me still; can I delay?
- 3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
 And I my heart the closer lock?
 He still is waiting to receive,
 And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

- 4 God calling yet! and shall I give
 No heed, but still in bondage live?
 I wait, but He does not forsake;
 He calls me still; my heart, awake!
- 5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
 My heart I yield without delay:
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
 The voice of God has reached my heart.

376

OH cease, my wandering soul,
 On restless wing to roam;
 All this wide world, to either pole,
 Hath not for thee a home.

- 2 Behold the ark of God!
 Behold the open door!
 Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
 And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There safe thou shalt abide,
 There sweet shall be thy rest;
 And every longing satisfied,
 With full salvation blest.
- 4 Ah, yes! I all forsake,
 My all to Thee resign;
 Gracious Redeemer, take, oh take
 And seal me ever Thine!

377

GOD loved a world of sinners,
 For them He gave His Son;
 And whosoe'er receives Him,
 He saves them, every one;
 He came to bring salvation,
 To bear our sins away,
 That we with Him in glory
 Might live through endless day.

CHO.—||: “How shall we escape if we neglect so great
 salvation?:||
 Neglect so great salvation?”

- 2 Behold the bleeding Saviour
 Upon the cruel tree,—
 The Just, condemned, forsaken—
 He dies for you and me;
 The "Son of God" beloved,
 For us a curse was made;
 That we might have redemption,
 The awful price He paid.
- 3 God loves the vilest sinner,
 But hates the smallest sin;
 Then who shall see His Kingdom?
 Or who can enter in?
 'The precious blood of Jesus'—
 Let every creature know—
 Can make the "chief of sinners"
 Full whiter than the snow.
- 4 Return to God, O wanderer,
 Thy purchased pardon take;
 Thy sins He'll not remember,
 For thy Redeemer's sake;
 He'll cast them all behind Him,
 Or 'neath the deepest sea,
 And love us ever freely
 Throughout Eternity.

378

- COME to Jesus! come away!
 Forsake thy sins—Oh, why delay?
 His arms are open night and day;
 He waits to welcome thee!
- 2 Come to Jesus! all is free;
 Hark! how He calls, "Come unto Me!
 I cast out none, I'll pardon thee,"
 Oh, thou shalt welcome be!
- 3 Come to Jesus! cling to Him;
 He'll keep thee far from paths of sin;
 Thou shalt at last a victory win,
 And He will welcome thee!
- 4 Come to Jesus!—Lord, I come!
 Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,

But with my Saviour be at home;
I know He'll welcome me!

379

AT the feast of Belshazzar and a thousand of His lords,
While they drank from golden vessels, as the Book
of Truth records—
In the night, as they revelled in the royal palace hall,
They were seized with consternation,—'twas the Hand
upon the wall!

CHO.—||: 'Tis the hand of God on the wall! :||
Shall the record be?—"Found wanting!"
Or shall it be?—"Found trusting!"
While that hand is writing on the wall?

2 See the brave captive, Daniel, as he stood before the
throng,
And rebuked the haughty monarch for his mighty deeds
of wrong;
As he read out the writing -'twas the doom of one and all,
For the kingdom now was finished—said the Hand upon
the wall!

3 See the faith, zeal, and courage, that would dare to do the
right,
Which the Spirit gave to Daniel—'twas the secret of his
might,
In his home in Judea, or a captive in the hall,
He understood the writing of his God upon the wall!

4 So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand that's writing
now;
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to His royal mandates
bow;
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,
When the sinners' condemnation will be written on the
wall!

380

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee!

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joy shall see.

381

THERE'S a royal banner given for display
To the soldiers of the King;
As an ensign fair we lift it up to-day,
While as ransomed ones we sing,

CHO.—Marching on! Marching on!
For Christ count everything but loss;
And to crown Him King, we'll toil and sing,
'Neath the banner of the cross

2 Though the foe may rage and gather as the flood,
Let the standard be displayed;
And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the Lord,
For the truth be not dismayed!

3 Over land and sea, wherever man may dwell,
Make the glorious tidings known;
Of the crimson banner now the story tell,
While the Lord shall claim His own!

4 When the glory dawns—'tis drawing very near—
It is hastening day by day—
Then before our King the foe shall disappear,
And the Cross the world shall sway,

382

I WAS once far away from the Saviour,
And as vile as a sinner could be;
And I wondered if Christ the Redeemer
Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see;
And the thought filled my heart with sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

- 3 And then, in that dark lonely hour,
A voice sweetly whispered to me,
Saying, Christ the Redeemer has power
To save a poor sinner like thee.
- 4 I listened; and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"
- 5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.
- 6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.
- 7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

383

THERE is a calm beyond life's fitful fever,
A deep repose, an everlasting rest;
Where white-robed angels welcome the believer
Among the blest, among the blest:
There is a Home, where all the soul's deep yearnings,
And silent prayers shall be at last fulfilled;
Wherestrife and sorrow, murmurings and heart-burnings,
At last are stilled, at last are stilled.

- 2 There is a Hope, to which the Christian clinging,
Is lifted high above life's surging wave;
Finds life in death, and fadeless flowers springing
From the dark grave, from the dark grave:
There is a Crown prepared for those who love Him,
The Christian sees it in the distance shine,
Like a bright beacon glittering above him,
And whispers, "Mine!" and whispers, "Mine!"

- 3 There is a spotless robe of Christ's own weaving;
 Will you not wrap it round your sin-stained soul?
 Poor wandering child, upon thy past life grieving,
 Christ makes thee whole! Christ makes thee whole!
 There is a Home, a Harp, a Crown in Heaven;—
 Alas! that any should Thy gift refuse!—
 The awful choice of life and death is given—
 Which wilt thou choose? which wilt thou choose?

384

- T**HERE is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God;
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.
- 2 That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,
 Supports our faith, our fears controls;
 Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
 In sacred peace our souls abide;
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

385

- A** GUILTY soul, by Pharisees of old,
 Was brought accused, alone,
 But Jesus said, "Let him without a sin,
 Be first to cast a stone."

- CHO.—"There is none righteous, no, not one:
 All, all have sinned,
 There is none righteous, for all have sinned,
 And come short of the glory, the glory of God,
 ||: Come short of the glory, :|| of the glory of God."
- 2 A learned Master, Ruler of the Jews,
 God's kingdom could not gain,
 With all the lore and culture of the age,
 He "must be born again."
- 3 "Good Master," pray, can aught be lacking yet?
 Thy laws I do obey;
 "Go sell and *give*, then come and follow me,"
 But sad he turned away.

386

JESUS bids us shine with a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle burning in the night;
In the world is darkness; so we must shine,
You in your corner and I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine first of all for Him,
Well He sees and knows it if our light is dim;
He looks down from heaven, He sees us shine,
You in your corner and I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine then for all around,
Many kinds of darkness in the world are found;
Sin and want and sorrow; so we must shine,
You in your corner and I in mine.

387

WHOEVER receiveth the Crucified One,
Whoever believeth on God's only Son,
A free and a perfect salvation shall have:
For He is abundantly able to save.

CHO.—My brother, the Master is calling for thee;
His grace and His mercy are wondrously free;
His blood as a ransom for sinners He gave,
And He is abundantly able to save.

2 Whoever receiveth the message of God,
And trusts in the power of the soul-cleansing blood,
A full and eternal redemption shall have:
For He is both able and willing to save.

3 Whoever repents and forsakes every sin,
And opens his heart for the Lord to come in,
A present and perfect salvation shall have:
For Jesus is ready this moment to save.

388

COME, come to Jesus!
He waits to welcome thee,
O wanderer! eagerly
Come, come to Jesus!

2 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to ransom thee,
O slave! so willingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee,
O burdened! trustingly
Come, come to Jesus!

4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly
Come, come to Jesus!

389

SITTING by the gateway of a palace fair,
Once a child of God was left to die;
By the world neglected, wealth would nothing share;
See the change awaiting there on high.

CHO.—Carried by the angels to the land of rest
Music sweetly sounding through the skies;
Welcomed by the Saviour to the heavenly feast,
Gathered with the loved in Paradise.

2 What shall be the ending of this life of care?
Oft the question cometh to us all;
Here upon the pathway hard the burdens bear,
And the burning tears of sorrow fall.

3 Follower of Jesus, scanty though thy store,
Treasures, precious treasures wait on high;
Count the trials joyful, soon they'll all be o'er;
O the change that's coming bye and bye.

4 Upward, then and onward! onward for the Lord;
Time and talent all in His employ;
Small may seem the service, sure the great reward;
Here the cross, but there the crown of joy.

390

O CHRISTIAN traveler, fear no more
The storms which round thee spread;
Nor yet the noontide's sultry beams
On thy defenceless head.

CHO. — ||: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee;
Be not dismayed, for I am thy God." :||

2 Thy Saviour, who upon the cross
Thy full redemption paid,
Will not from thee, His ransomed one,
Withhold His promised aid.

3 A safe retreat and hiding-place
Thy Saviour will provide;
And sorrow cannot fill thy heart,
While sheltered at His side.

4 No; in thy darkest days on earth,
When every joy seems flown,
Believer, thou shalt never tread
The toilsome way alone.

391

HAVE our hearts grown cold since the day of old?
Have we left our souls' "first love?"
Neither cold nor hot, God commends us not,
Nor our lukewarm ways approve.

CHO. — Repent ye, repent ye, repent ye!
'Tis the call of God to every land;
Repent ye, repent ye, repent ye!
For the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

2 Has the God above our supreme true love?
Have we bowed to Him alway?
To we own His claim and revere His name,
And observe His holy day?

3 Do we honor those who have soothed our woes?
Have we rendered good for ill?
Are we pure in heart, doing *all* our part
To fulfil the Saviour's will?

4 Are we always true in the thing we do,
 In our words, our works, our ways?
 Are we quite content with the blessings sent,
 Giving God alone the praise?

5 Dare a mortal say—for a single day—
 “I have kept Thy law, O God!
 undefiled by sin, I am pure within,
 And I need no cleansing blood?”

392

CLING to the Bible, though all else be taken;
 Lose not its promises precious and sure;
 Souls that are sleeping its echoes awaken,
 Drink from the fountain, so peaceful, so pure.

CHO.—||: Cling to the Bible! :|| Cling to the Bible,
 Our Lamp and Guide.

2 Cling to the Bible, this jewel, this treasure
 Brings to us honor and saves fallen man;
 Pearl whose great value no mortal can measure,
 Seek and secure it, O soul, while you can.

3 Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wandered,
 Guide for the youth that would otherwise fall;
 Hope for the sinner whose best days are squandered,
 Staff for the aged, and best book of all.

393

HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat
 shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

CHO.—Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

2 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

- 3 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home."

394

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises, Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

395

WE bow our knees unto the Father
 Of Christ the Lord of earth and heaven,
 That riches of His grace and glory
 And power for service may be given.

CHO.—We are waiting for the promise of the Father—
 For the Holy Spirit's power;
 O our Father, for Thy Spirit we are waiting, even
 now, this very hour.

||: We are waiting for His coming,:|
 For the Holy Spirit's power;

O our Father, for Thy Spirit we are waiting, even
 now, this very hour.

- 2 O fill the inward man with power,
 As Christ within our hearts doth dwell;
 Our root in Him, though storms may lower,
 Victorious love we still shall tell.

- 3 The love that passeth knowledge give us,
 Its height and depth and breadth and length:
 Abundantly beyond our asking,
 Beyond our thought give us Thy strength.
- 4 Thy power it is that worketh in us,
 O multiply it here to-day,
 And Christ, our Lord, shall have the glory
 Within His church through endless day.

396

COME, praise the Lord, exalt His name,
 Our Saviour and our King;
 'Tis meet we should His praise proclaim,
 And hallelujah sing.

- 2 How great, how precious is His name,
 How poor the praise we bring;
 His people still should own His claim,
 And hallelujah sing.
- 3 A day will come, its dawn we greet,
 When heaven itself shall ring,
 And all the saints with joy shall meet,
 And hallelujah sing.

397

SOMETIMES I catch sweet glimpses of His face,
 But that is all;
 Sometimes He looks on me and seems to smile,
 But that is all;
 Sometimes He speaks a passing word of peace,
 But that is all;
 Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice
 Upon me call.

- 2 And is this all He meant when first He said,
 "Come unto me?"
 Is there no deeper, more enduring rest
 In Him for thee?
 Is there no steadier light for thee in Him?
 O come and see;
 Is there no deeper, more enduring rest
 In Him for thee?

- 3 Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,
 But trust His love;
 Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
 His mercy prove;
 Take Him for what He is, O take Him all,
 And look above;
 And do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,
 But trust His love.
- 4 Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all
 For evermore;
 Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways
 For evermore;
 Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul
 For evermore;
 Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all
 For evermore.

398

CHRISTIAN, walk *carefully*, danger is near;
 On in thy journey with trembling and fear,
 Snares from without and temptations within,
 Seek to entice thee once more into sin.

CHO. — ||: Christian, walk *carefully*, :||
 Christian, walk *carefully*, danger is near.

- 2 Christian, walk *cheerfully* through the fierce storm,
 Dark though the sky with its threats of alarm:
 Soon will the clouds and the tempest be o'er,
 Then with thy Saviour thou'lt rest ever more.

CHO. — ||: Christian, walk *cheerfully*, :||
 Christian, walk *cheerfully*, through the fierce storm.

- 3 Christian, walk *prayerfully*, oft wilt thou fall,
 If thou forget on thy Saviour to call;
 Safe thou shalt walk through each trial and care,
 If thou art clad in the armor of prayer.

CHO. — ||: Christian, walk *prayerfully*, :||
 Christian, walk *prayerfully*, fear lest thou fall.

- 4 Christian, walk *hopefully*, sorrow and pain
Cease when the haven of rest thou shalt gain;
Then from the lips of the Judge, thy reward:
"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

CHO.—||: Christian, walk *hopefully*, :||
Christian, walk *hopefully*, rest thou shalt gain.

399

- HE holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or, if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad, I might be sad.
- 2 What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
I'd rather He unlocked the day,
And, as the hours swing open, say,
"My will is best," "My will is best."
- 3 The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure;
For, groping in my misty way,
I feel His hand; I hear Him say,
"My help is sure," "My help is sure."
- 4 I cannot read His future plans,
But this I know:
I have the smiling of His face,
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below, While here below.
- 5 Enough: this covers all my wants,
And so I rest;
For what I cannot, He can see,
And in His care I safe shall be,—
Forever blest, Forever blest.

400

THE cross it standeth fast,
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Defying every blast,
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

The winds of hell have blown,
The world its hate hath shown,
Yet it is not overthrown,
Hallelujah for the cross!

CHO.—||: Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah for the cross,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, it shall never suffer loss.:||

2 It is the old cross still,
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Its triumph let us tell,
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
The grace of God here shone,
Through Christ the blessed Son,
Who did for sin atone,
Hallelujah for the cross!

3 'Twas here the debt was paid,
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Our sins on Jesus laid,
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
So round the cross we sing,
Of Christ our offering,
Of Christ our living King,
Hallelujah for the cross!

401

YOU'RE starting, my boy, on life's journey,
Along the grand highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations—
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

CHO.—||: Have courage, my boy, to say No!:||
||: Have courage, my boy,:||
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

2 In courage, my boy, lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin;
Your trust in a heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.

Temptations will go on increasing,
 As streams from a rivulet flow;
 But if you'd be true to your manhood,
 Have courage, my boy, to say No!

- 3 Be careful in choosing companions,
 Seek only the brave and the true;
 And stand by your friends when in trial,
 Ne'er changing the old for the new;
 And when by false friends you are tempted
 The taste of the wine cup to know,
 With firmness, with patience and kindness,
 Have courage, my boy, to say No!

402

CHOOSE I must, and soon must choose
 Holiness, or heaven lose;
 While what heaven loves, I hate,
 Shut for me is heaven's gate.

- 2 Endless sin means endless woe;
 Into endless sin I go
 If my soul, from reason rent,
 Takes from sin its final bent.
- 3 As the stream its channel grooves,
 And within that channel moves,
 So doth habit's deepest tide
 Groove its bed, and there abide.
- 4 Light obeyed increaseth light,
 Light resisted bringeth night;
 Who shall give me will to choose,
 If the love of light I lose?
- 5 Speed, my soul; this instant yield;
 Let the Light its sceptre wield:
 While thy God prolongeth grace,
 Hasten thee toward His holy face!

403

SOME day we say and turn our eyes
 Tow'rd the far hills of Paradise:
 So no day, some time, a sweet new rest
 Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast;

||: Some day, some time, our eyes shall see
 The faces kept in memory; :||
 Some day their hands shall clasp our hand,
 ||: Just over in the morning land; :||
 Some day their hands shall clasp our hand,
 Just over in the morning land;
 O morning land! O morning land!

- 2 Some day our ears shall hear the song
 Of triumph over sin and wrong;
 Some day, some time, but oh! not yet;
 But we will wait and not forget,
 ||: That some day all these things shall be,
 And rest be given to you and me; :||
 So wait, my friends, though years move slow,
 ||: That happy time will come, we know; :||
 So wait, my friends, though years move slow,
 That happy time will come, we know,
 O morning land! O morning land!

404

COME to the Saviour, hear His loving voice,
 Never will you find a Friend so true;
 Now He is waiting, trust Him and rejoice,
 Tenderly He calleth you.

CHO.—O, what a Saviour standing at the door,
 Hasten while He lingers, pardon now implore;
 Still He is waiting, grieve His love no more,
 Tenderly He calleth you.

- 2 Blest words of comfort, gently now they fall,
 Jesus is the Life, the Truth, the Way;
 Come to the fountain, there is room for all,
 Jesus bids you come to-day.
- 3 Softly the Spirit whispers in the heart,
 Do not slight the Saviour's offered grace;
 Gladly receive Him, let Him not depart,
 Happy they who seek His face.
- 4 Light in the darkness, joy in any pain,
 Refuge for the weary and oppressed;
 Still He is waiting, calling yet again,
 Come, and He will give you rest.

405

O GOLDEN day, O day of God,
When sinless souls the garden trod!
In bliss supreme, 'neath sunny skies,
In Eden fair, in Paradise.

CHO.—O Paradise, sweet Paradise,
From scenes of earth we long to rise;
O Paradise, bright Paradise,
Where Jesus reigns beyond the skies.

2 The fatal fall, the sin, the shame,
The death, the doom, the sword aflame,
The curse, the crime beyond disguise,
The earth no more is Paradise.

3 The beaded brow, the silvered hair,
The aching heart, the vacant chair,
The grassy graves, the broken ties,
Are not the scenes of Paradise.

4 To Christ the Lord upon the tree,
A sinner cries:—"Remember me!"
"To-day shalt thou," the Lord replies,
"Be with me there in Paradise."

5 O golden day when Christ descends,
The curse removes and sorrow ends;
All glory-clad, the ransomed rise
To reign with Him in Paradise.

406

I WILL sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
How He left His home in glory,
For the cross on Calvary.

CHO.—Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.

- 3 I was bruised, but Jesus healed me,
Faint was I from many a fall,
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me,
But He freed me from them all.
- 4 Days of darkness still come o'er me,
Sorrow's paths I often tread,
But the Saviour still is with me,
By His hand I'm safely led.
- 5 He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.

407

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

- 2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
Loving kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

408

WELL, wife, I've found the model church,
And worshipped there to-day;
It made me think of good old times,
Before my hair was gray;
The meeting house was finer built
Than they were years ago;
But then I found when I went in,
It was not built for show.

2 The sexton did not set me down,
Away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf,
And saw that I was poor;
He must have been a Christian man—
He led me boldly through
The crowded aisle of that grand church,
To find a pleasant pew.

3 I wish you'd heard the singing, wife,
It had the old-time ring;
The preacher said with trumpet voice,
Let all the people sing:
"Old Coronation," was the tune;
The music upward rolled,
Until I thought the angel-choir
Struck all their harps of gold.

4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;
||: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all." :||

5 I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

- 6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.
- 7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run:
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;
||: "There'll be no sorrow there, :||
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there."

409

THE Spirit and the bride say, "Come!
And take the water of life!"
O blessed call! Good news to all
Who tire of sin and strife.

CHO.—||: The Spirit says, "Come!"
The bride says, "Come!"
And take of the water of life freely. :||

- 2 Let every one who hears, say "Come!"
And joyful witness give;
I heard the sound, The stream I found,
I drank, and now I live!
- 3 Ye souls who are athirst, forsake
Your broken cisterns first;
Then come, partake, One draught will slake
Your soul's consuming thirst.
- 4 Yea, whosoever will may come,
Your longings Christ can fill;
The stream is free To you and me,
And whosoever will

410

WHILE Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own Him,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to know Him,
Come, sinner, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will now receive you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 Oh, hear His tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

411

WHEN the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunlight falls in gladness
On the river and the rills,
We recall our Father's promise
In the rainbow of the spray:
We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.

CHO.—We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning
Of that bright and happy day:
We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.

- 2 Oft we tread the path before us
With a weary-burdened heart;
Oft we toil amid the shadows,
And our fields are far apart:
But the Saviour's "Come, ye blessed,"
All our labor will repay,
When we gather in the morning
Where the mists have rolled away.
- 3 We shall come with joy and gladness,
We shall gather round the throne;
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known:
And the song of our redemption,
Shall resound through endless day,
When the shadows have departed,
And the mists have rolled away.

412

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
Once more we bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame
That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

413

CHRIST has for sin atonement made,
What a wonderful Saviour!
We are redeemed! the price is paid!
What a wonderful Saviour!

CHO.—What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Jesus!
What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord!

2 I praise Him for the cleansing blood,
What a wonderful Saviour!
That reconciled my soul to God;
What a wonderful Saviour!

3 He cleansed my heart from all its sin,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And now He reigns and rules therein;
What a wonderful Saviour!

4 He walks beside me in the way,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And keeps me faithful day by day;
What a wonderful Saviour!

5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each trying hour;
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part;
What a wonderful Saviour!

414

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work his woe:
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate—
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Doth ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He!

Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same;
And He must win the battle.

- 3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed,
His truth to triumph through us.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

415

BENEATH the glorious throne above,
The crystal fountain springing,
A river full of life and love,
Is joy and gladness bringing.

CHO.—O glorious fountain, now flowing so free,
O fountain of cleansing, opened wide to me.

- 2 Through all my soul its waters flow,
Through all my nature stealing;
And deep within my heart I know
The consciousness of healing.
- 3 The barren wastes are fruitful lands,
The desert blooms with roses;
And He, the glory of all lands,
His lovely face discloses.
- 4 My sun no more goes down by day,
My moon no more is waning;
My feet run swift the shining way,
The heavenly portals gaining.
- 5 Oh, depth of mercy! breadth of grace!
Oh, love of God unbounded!
My soul is lost in sweet amaze,
By wondrous love confounded.

416

HEAR us, O Saviour, while we pray,
Humbly our need confessing;
Grant us the promised showers to-day,
Send them upon us, O Lord.

REF.—Send showers of blessing;
Send showers refreshing;
Send us showers of blessing;
Send them, Lord, we pray.

2 Knowing Thy love, on Thee we call,
Boldly Thy throne addressing;
Pleading that showers of grace may fall,—
Send them upon us, O Lord.

3 Trusting Thy word that cannot fail,
Master, we claim Thy promise;
Oh that our faith may now prevail,—
Send us the showers, O Lord.

417

I'VE learned to sing a glad new song
Of praise unto our King!
And now with all my ransomed powers
His praises I will sing.

CHO.—His praises I will sing,
He is my Lord and King;
And now with all my ransomed powers
His praises I will sing.

2 I've learned to sing the song of peace,
'Tis sweeter every day,
Since Jesus calmed my troubled soul,
And bore my sins away.

3 I sing the song of perfect love,
It casteth out all fear!
O breadth, O length, O depth, O height!
O love so full of cheer!

4 I've learned to sing the song of joy,
My cup is running o'er,
With blessings full of peace and love,
And still there's more and more!

- 5 Soon I shall sing the new, new song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
With all the sainted hosts above,
Before the great I AM!

418

- HOPE on, hope on, O troubled heart,
If doubts and fears o'ertake thee,
Remember this—the Lord hath said,
He never will forsake thee;
Then murmur not, still bear thy lot,
Nor yield to care or sorrow;
Be sure the clouds that frown to-day
Will break in smiles to-morrow.
- 2 Hope on, hope on, though dark and deep
The shadows gather o'er thee;
Be not dismayed; thy Saviour holds
The lamp of life before thee;
And if He will that thou to-day
Shouldst tread the vale of sorrow;
Be not afraid, but trust and wait;
The sun will shine to-morrow.
- 3 Hope on, hope on, go bravely forth
Through trial and temptation,
Directed by the worth of truth,
So full of consolation;
There is a calm for every storm,
A joy for every sorrow,
A night from which the soul shall wake
To hail an endless morrow.

419

WHY do you linger, why do you stay
In the broad road, that most dangerous way—
While right before you, narrow and strait,
Is the bright pathway to heaven's pearly gate?

REF.—||: Narrow and strait, :||
Is the bright pathway to heaven's pearly gate.

- 2 Do you find pleasures, lasting and pure,
In the gay scenes that the thoughtless allure,—
While your Redeemer, with love so great,
Points to the way that is narrow and strait?

- 3 Come then, belovéd, no longer stay;
 Leave the broad highway, O leave it to-day;
 Make your decision, oh, do not wait;
 Take thou the pathway so narrow and strait.

420

MY soul at last a rest hath found,
 A rest that will not fail;
 A sure and certain anch'rage-ground
 In Christ within the vail.

CHO.—O Rock of Ages cleft for me,
 In Thee my soul securely hide;
 My tower of strength, I fly to Thee,
 And safely there abide.

- 2 I'll hide me in this refuge strong,
 From every stormy blast;
 And sit and sing until the waves
 Of wrath are overpast.
- 3 Ye comfortless and tempest-tost,
 By sins and woes opprest,
 Ye tempted, troubled, ruined, lost,
 Come find in Christ your rest.
- 4 Ye thirsty, from this smitten Rock
 Life's crystal waters spring;
 There hide from every stormy shock,
 And rest, and drink, and sing.

421

JESUS saves! O blessed story,
 Full of love and peace divine,
 Bursting from the realms of glory,
 Echoing through this world of time.

CHO.—Jesus saves! O glory! glory!
 Shout the tidings o'er and o'er;
 Tell to all the earth the story,
 Jesus saves for evermore.

- 2 Jesus saves! O, who can fathom
 All the fulness of His love?

He once died for our redemption,
Now He waits for us above.

- 3 Jesus saves! O sinner, hearken
To the call of love to-day;
There's no other way to heaven,
Jesus is the only way.

422

HOW sweet the joy that fills my soul:
Christ is my Redeemer;
His precious blood has made me whole:
Christ is my Redeemer;
My sins were all upon Him laid,
A full atonement He hath made,
For me He hath the ransom paid:
Christ is my Redeemer.

- 2 Though Satan oft my way oppose,
Christ is my Redeemer;
With this I boldly meet my foes:
Christ is my Redeemer;
'Twas this that gave me life and light,
'Tis this that nerves me for the fight,
'Tis this my hope that shines so bright:
Christ is my Redeemer.

- 3 When trials come I still confess,
Christ is my Redeemer;
He gives me grace each care to bless:
Christ is my Redeemer;
He guides and keeps me day by day,
He closer comes when dark the way,
He doth with this my fears allay;
Christ is my Redeemer.

- 4 The victory by this I gain,
Christ is my Redeemer:
By this I break sin's galling chain:
Christ is my Redeemer;
And if He tarry and I sleep,
My dying hour this hope shall keep,
That when He comes the grave to reap,
Christ is my Redeemer.

423

LEAD to the shadow of the Rock of Refuge
 My weary feet;
 Give me the water from the life stream flowing
 Clear, pure and sweet.

CHO.—There from the billows and the tempest hiding,
 Under the shelter of Thy love abiding,
 Safe in the shadow of the “Rock of Ages,”
 Joy shall be mine.

2 Lead to the shadow of the Rock Eternal
 My heart oppressed;
 Where in the secret of Thy holy presence,
 Calm shall I rest.

3 Lead to the shadow of the “Rock of Ages,”
 O keep thou me
 Safe from the arrows of the world’s temptations,
 Close, close to Thee.

424

JESUS, I come to Thee for light,
 Restore to me my blinded sight,
 And from my soul dispel the night—
 ||: Jesus, to Thee I come! :||

2 Jesus, I come—I cannot stay
 From Thee another precious day;
 I would Thy word at once obey—
 ||: Jesus, to Thee I come! :||

3 Jesus, I come—“just as I am,”
 To Thee, the holy, spotless Lamb;
 Thou wilt my troubled spirit calm—
 ||: Jesus, to Thee I come! :||

425

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
 Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry!
 O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
 With palms and scattered garments strewed.

CHO.—Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp, ride on to die.

- 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.
- 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.
- 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

426

OUR Saviour will descend again,
Earth's buried millions raising;
With Him will come a glorious train,
Adoring Him and praising.

CHO.—Raise high the song that loud and long
Before Him ceaseth never,
Till, casting down each golden crown,
We worship Him forever.

- 2 And though these bodies lie in dust
Before that glad appearing,
Yet shall they stand among the just,
Our Saviour's image wearing.
- 3 What though earth's gathering tempests lower,
And ages pass in sadness?
Yet we may see that glorious hour,
And hail the dawn with gladness.
- 4 Then, safe at last, this blessed throng,
Set free from tribulation,
Shall ever praise in holy song
The God of their salvation.

427

THIS a true and faithful saying,
Jesus died for sinful men;
Though we've told the story often,
We must tell it o'er again.

- CHO.—O glad and glorious Gospel!
With joy we now proclaim
A full and free salvation,
Through faith in Jesus' name.
- 2 He has made a full atonement,
Now His saving work is done;
He has satisfied the Father,
Who accepts us in His Son.
- 3 Still upon His hands the nail prints,
And the scars upon His brow,
Our Redeemer, Lord and Saviour
In the glory standeth now.
- 4 But remember this same Jesus
In the clouds will come again,
And with Him His blood-bought people
Evermore shall live and reign.
-

428

WHILE we pray, and while we plead,
While you see your soul's deep need,
While your Father calls you home,
Will you not, my brother, come?

- CHO.—||: Why not now? why not now?
Why not come to Jesus now? :||
- 2 You have wandered far away;
Do not risk another day;
Do not turn from God your face,
But, to-day, accept His grace.
- 3 In the world you've failed to find
Aught of peace for troubled mind;
Come to Christ, on Him believe,
Peace and joy you shall receive.
- 4 Come to Christ, confession make;
Come to Christ and pardon take;
Trust in Him from day to day,
He will keep you all the way.

429

CONQUERING now and still to conquer,
 Rideth a King in His might,
 Leading the host of all the faithful
 Into the midst of the fight;
 See them with courage advancing,
 Clad in their brilliant array,
 Shouting the name of their Leader,
 Hear them exultingly say:

CHO.—“Not to the strong is the battle,
 Not to the swift is the race,
 Yet to the true and the faithful
 Vict'ry is promised through grace.”

2 Conquering now and still to conquer:
 Who is this wonderful King?
 Whence all the armies which He leadeth,
 While of His glory they sing?
 He is our Lord and Redeemer,
 Saviour and Monarch divine,
 They are the stars that forever
 Bright in His kingdom will shine.

3 Conquering now and still to conquer,
 Jesus, Thou Ruler of all,
 Thrones and their scepters all shall perish,
 Crowns and their splendor shall fall;
 Yet shall the armies Thou leadest,
 Faithful and true to the last,
 Find in Thy mansions eternal,
 Rest when their warfare is past.

430

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
 Shine upon this heart of mine;
 Chase the shades of night away,
 Turn my darkness in to-day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
 Long hath sin, without control,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

431

REJOICE! ye saints, again rejoice.
And sing with one accord;
Rejoice with all your heart and voice,
In Christ your risen Lord.

CHO.—Rejoice, rejoice in the Lord!
Rejoice in the Lord alway;
Rejoice, rejoice in the Lord!
And again I say, rejoice!

2 Rejoice! rejoice! lift up your head,
And praise the living God,
That for your souls the Saviour shed
His own most precious blood.

3 Rejoice! rejoice! let praise abound
Before Jehovah's throne,
For dead ones raised, and lost ones found,
And prodigals brought home.

4 Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord will come,
According to His word,
And gather all His ransomed home,
"For ever with the Lord."

432

NEVER shone a light so fair,
Never fell so sweet a song,
As the chorus in the air
Chanted by the angel-throng:
Every star took up the story,
Christ has come, the Prince of glory,
Come in humble hearts to dwell
God with us, God with us,
God with us, Immanuel.

- 2 Still that Jubilee of song
Breaks upon the rising morn;
While the anthem rolls along,
Floods of light the earth adorn;
Old and young take up the story:
Christ has come, etc.
- 3 Welcome now the blessed day
When we praise the Lord our King;
When we meet to praise and pray,
And His love with gladness sing;
Let the world take up the story:
Christ has come, etc.
-

433

O BRETHREN, rise and sing,
Make hallelujahs ring
To our Almighty King,
And bless His name.

CHO.—||: Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, bless His name! :||

- 2 He wins for us the fight,
He makes our darkness light;
All dreary doubts take flight
When He appears.
- 3 No lack or want have they
Who make the Lord their stay;
New strength for every day
His grace supplies.
- 4 O trust Him then to guide,
And for His own provide;
Should weal or woe betide,
Trust to the end.
-

434

O NE day the Shepherd passed, and turning, said,
“Come, follow me;”
What wonder that in haste I rose,
So kind was He!

- 2 He led me through green pasture land,
By waters still;
With such a Guide, who would not follow,
Go where He will?
- 3 From out no other eye had ever beamed
Such love on me;
Good Shepherd, lead, and I will follow
Hard after Thee.
- 4 Black clouds were gathering on a blacker sky, the
World all so drear;
Upon the night-wind rose the cry of
One in great fear.
- 5 Dear Lord, the darkness falls upon me,
I cannot see;
My feet are stumbling on the mountains;
Oh! succor me.
- 6 And soon there came a loving call in answer,
"Be not afraid;
Mine eyes shall guide the blind ones, and the weary
Mine arm shall aid."
- 7 None ever perished following Jesus fully,
No, never one;
The weakest lambs are carried in His bosom, and
Brought safely home.

435

O WANDERING souls, why longer roam
Away from God, away from home?
The Saviour calls, O hear Him say,—
Whoever will may come to-day.

CHO.—All praise and glory be unto Jesus,
For He hath purchased a full salvation;
Behold how wondrous the proclamation,
"Whosoever will may come!"

- 2 Behold His hands extended now,
The dews of night are on His brow,
He knocks, He calls, He waiteth still;
Oh, come to Him, whoever will.

- 3 In simple faith His word believe,
And His abundant grace receive;
No love like His the heart can fill;
Oh, come to Him, whoever will.
- 4 The "Spirit and the Bride say, come!"
And find in Him sweet rest and home;
Let Him that heareth echo still,
The blessed "*whosoever will*."

436

HEAR me, blessed Jesus,
Bid all fear depart;
Let Thy Spirit whisper
Peace within my heart.

CHO.—Then, whate'er Thou sendest,
Happy shall I be,
Jesus, my Redeemer,
Looking unto Thee.

2 Let me fully trust Thee,
Resting on Thy Word;
Let me still with patience
Wait on Thee, O Lord.

3 Hiding in the shadow
Of Thy sheltering wings,
I shall rest confiding
In the King of kings.

437

YES, we'll meet again in the morning,
In the dawn of a fairer day;
When the night of watching and waiting,
With its darkness has passed away.
Where no shadows veil the sunshine,
Over there in the heavenly land,
And the crystal waves of the river,
Ever flow o'er the golden sand.

2 Where our precious ones now are dwelling,
Free from toil and from every care;
With their garments spotless and shining,
Like the robes that the angels wear.

When our pilgrimage completed,
And our footsteps no longer roam,
By the pearly gates gladly waiting,
They will give us a welcome home.

- 3 O what joy when all shall be over,
And the journey on earth we close,
And the angels homeward shall bear us,
Where the life-stream forever flows.
We shall see the King of glory,
We shall praise Him with harp and voice;
We shall sing the grace that redeemed us,
While our hearts in His love rejoice.

438

GIRD on the sword and armor!
Go raise the banner high!
The Captain of Salvation
To thee is ever nigh.

CHO.—Then wave the glorious banner!
Press forward in His name;
And soon thy Guide and Captain
Will victory proclaim.

- 2 Gird on the sword and armor!
Let faith be thy strong shield;
His promise shall sustain thee
On every battle field.

- 3 Gird on the sword and armor!
Press on the foe to fight;
No enemy can harm thee,
For God sustains the right.

439

HOW do I know my sins forgiven?
My Saviour tells me so!
That now I am an heir of heaven?
My Saviour tells me so!

CHO.—Away with doubt, away with fear,
When this by faith I know;
God's word shall stand for evermore:
My Saviour tells me so.

- 2 By trusting Christ the witness came,
My Saviour tells me so!
The pardon's free in Jesus' name:
My Saviour tells me so.
- 3 Believe and thou shalt surely live:
My Saviour tells me so!
The Spirit's witness God will give:
My Saviour tells me so.
- 4 Though rough the way, I shall endure;
My Saviour tells me so!
His sheep are ever kept secure:
My Saviour tells me so.
- 5 How do I know I'll live again?
My Saviour tells me so!
With Christ in glory I shall reign,
My Saviour tells me so.

440

HIDE me, O my Saviour, hide me
In Thy holy place;
Resting there beneath Thy glory,
O let me see Thy face.

Chor.—Hide me, hide me!
O blesséd Saviour, hide me;
O Saviour, keep me
Safely, O Lord, with Thee.

- 2 Hide me, when the storm is raging
O'er life's troubled sea;
Like a dove on ocean's billows,
O let me fly to Thee.
- 3 Hide me, when my heart is breaking
With its weight of woe;
When in tears I seek the comfort
Thou canst alone bestow.

441

THROW out the Life-Line across the dark wave,
There is a brother whom some one should save;
Somebody's brother! oh, who then, will dare
To throw out the Life-Line, his peril to share?

CHO.—||: Throw out the Life-Line! :||
 Some one is drifting away;
 ||: Throw out the Life-Line! :||
 Some one is sinking to-day.

- 2 Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong:
 Why do you tarry, why linger so long?
 See! he is sinking; oh, hasten to-day—
 And out with the Life-Boat! away, then, away!
- 3 Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men,
 Sinking in anguish where you've never been;
 Winds of temptation and billows of woe
 Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
- 4 Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
 Soon will they drift to eternity's shore,
 Haste then, my brother, no time for delay,
 But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

442

O WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above!
 And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
 Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

- 2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
 Its streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail—
 Thy mercies, how tender! How firm to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

443

HOLY Spirit, Teacher Thou,
 At the throne of grace we bow;
 Come, perform Thine office now,
 Teach us evermore.

REF.—Holy Spirit, teach us ever,
Comfort, guide, and leave us never;
Dwell within us, we implore,
Now and evermore.

2 Comforter indeed Thou art,
Giving strength to every heart;
Let Thy presence ne'er depart,
Comfort evermore.

3 Sent to be our Guide to-day,
Keep us in the narrow way;
Grant that we may never stray,
Guide us evermore.

4 Teacher, Comforter, and Guide,
In our hearts do Thou abide;
And in life, whate'er betide,
Help us evermore.

444

PREACH the gospel, sound it forth,
Tell of free and full salvation;
Spread the tidings o'er the earth,
Go to every tribe and nation.

CHO.—Spread the joyful tidings in anthem and story;
Jesus hath redeemed us, O give Him the glory.

2 Preach the gospel full of joy,
While on grace and mercy dwelling;
Heart and soul in full employ,
As the story you are telling,

3 Preach the gospel, make it clear,
By the blood of Christ remission;
Give the message, make them hear,
This alone is our commission.

4 Preach the gospel full of love,
Christ's compassion fully knowing;
Seek the power from above,
While His great compassion showing.

5 Preach the gospel as if God
Sinners lost through you were seeking;
His salvation through the word,
Speak as if the Lord were speaking.

445

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

CHO.—I am trusting,
Trusting only Thee!
I am trusting, trusting,
Trusting only Thee.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.

5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

446

AFTER the toil and trouble,
There cometh a day of rest;
After the weary conflict,
Peace on the Saviour's breast;
After the care and sorrow,
The glory of light and love;
After the wilderness journey,
The Father's bright home above.

2 After the night of darkness,
The shadows all flee away;
After the day of sadness,
Hope sheds her brightest ray;

After the strife and struggle,
The victory is won;
After the work is over,
The Master's own word, "Well done."

3 After the hours of chastening,
The spirit made pure and bright;
After the earth's dark shadow,
Clear in the light of Light;
After the guiding counsel,
Communion full and sweet;
After the willing service,
All laid at the Saviour's feet.

4 After the pain and sickness,
The tears are all wiped away;
After the flowers are gathered,
No more of earth's decay;
After the deep heart-sorrow,
An end of every strife;
After the daily crosses,
A glorious crown of life.

447

SIN no more! thy soul is free,
Christ has died to ransom thee;
Now the power of sin is o'er,
Jesus bids thee "sin no more."

Cho.—Sin no more! thy soul is free,
Christ has died to ransom thee;
Sing the message o'er and o'er,
Christ forgives thee, sin no more.

2 Sin no more! but closely keep
Near the Hand that guards the sheep;
Shun the snares that lured before,
Trembling go, and sin no more.

3 Sin no more! His blood hath bought,
Think on what His love hath wrought;
Think of what for thee He bore.
Weeping go, and sin no more.

- 4 Sin no more! O sin no more!
Jesus lives to keep thee pure;
If o'ertaken He'll restore,
Saying, "Go, and sin no more."

448

- T**AKE time to be holy,
Speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in Him always,
And feed on His Word;
Make friends of God's children;
Help those who are weak,
Forgetting in nothing
His blessing to seek.
- 2 Take time to be holy,
The world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret
With Jesus alone;
By looking to Jesus,
Like Him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct
His likeness shall see.
- 3 Take time to be holy,
Let Him be thy Guide;
And run not before Him,
Whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow
Still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus,
Still trust in His Word.
- 4 Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul;
Each thought and each motive
Beneath His control:
Thus led by His Spirit
To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

449

THE Lord is coming by and by:
 Be ready when He comes!
 He comes from His fair home on high:
 Be ready when He comes;
 He is the Lord our Righteousness,
 And comes His chosen ones to bless,
 And at His Father's throne confess:
 Be ready when He comes!

CHO.—||: Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes? :||
 Will your lamps be trimmed and bright,
 Be it morning, noon or night?
 Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes?

2 He soon will come to earth again:
 Be ready when He comes!
 Begin His universal reign:
 Be ready when He comes!
 With Hallelujahs heaven will ring,
 When Jesus does redemption bring;
 O trim your lamps to meet your King;
 Be ready when He comes!

3 Behold! He comes to one and all:
 Be ready when He comes!
 He quickly comes with trumpet call:
 Be ready when He comes!
 To judgment called at His command,
 Drawn thither by His mighty hand,
 Before His throne we all must stand;
 Be ready when He comes!

450

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door,
 He gently knocks, has knocked before;
 Has waited long,—is waiting still;
 You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
 With melting heart and laden hands;
 O matchless kindness! and He shows
 This matchless kindness to His foes.

- 3 But will He prove a Friend indeed?
 He will—the very Friend you need;
 The Friend of sinners, yes, 'tis He,
 With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
 Turn out His enemy and thine,
 That soul-destroying monster, Sin;
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.

451

- W**E praise Thee, we bless Thee,
 Our Saviour divine,
 All power and dominion
 Forever be Thine;
 We sing of Thy mercy
 With joyful acclaim:
 ||: For Thou hast redeemed us;
 All praise to Thy name.:||
- 2 All honor and praise to
 Thine excellent name;
 Thy love is unchanging,
 Forever the same;
 We bless and adore Thee,
 O Saviour and King;
 ||: With joy and thanksgiving
 Thy praises we sing.:||
- 3 The strength of the hills, and
 The depths of the sea,
 The earth and its fulness,
 Belong unto Thee;
 And yet to the lowly
 Thou bendest Thine ear,
 ||: So ready their humble
 Petitions to hear.:||
- 4 Thine infinite goodness
 Our tongues shall employ;
 Thou givest us richly
 All things to enjoy;
 We'll follow Thy footsteps,
 We'll rest in Thy love,
 ||: And soon we shall praise Thee
 In mansions above.:||

452

"IT is finished!" what a gospel:
 Nothing has been left to do,
 But to take with grateful gladness
 What the Saviour did for you.

CHO.—||: "It is finished," Hallelujah! :||
 Christ the work has fully done; Hallelujah!
 All who will may have their pardon
 Through the blood of God's own Son.

2 "It is finished!" what a gospel!
 Bringing news of victory won,
 Telling us of peace and pardon
 Through the blood of God's dear Son.

3 "It is finished!" what a gospel!
 Hear each weary, laden breast,
 That accepts God's gracious offer,
 Enters into perfect rest.

4 "It is finished!" what a gospel!
 Jesus died to save your soul;
 Have you taken His salvation?
 Have you let Him make you whole?

453

THERE is a Paradise of rest
 On yonder tranquil shore;
 Beyond the shadow and the gloom of night,
 Where toil and tears are o'er.

CHO.—Meet me there! oh, meet me there!
 At the dawning of that morning bright and fair;
 Meet me there! oh, meet me there!
 In the land beyond the river, meet me there.

2 There is a City crowned with light,
 Its joys no tongue can tell;
 For they who enter shall behold the King,
 And in His presence dwell.

3 There is a crown laid up on high,
 That Christ the Lord will give
 To those who patiently His coming wait,
 And for His glory live.

- 4 Oh, then be faithful unto death,
Press on the heavenly way,
That we may enter through the Gates of Life
To realms of endless day.

454

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on:
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

455

WHEN God the way of life would teach
And gather all His own,
He placed them safe beyond the reach
Of death, by blood alone.

- CHO.—It is His word, God's precious word,
It stands forever true:
When I, the Lord, shall see the blood,
I will pass over you,

- 2 By Christ, the sinless Lamb of God,
The precious blood was shed,
When He fulfilled God's holy word,
And suffered in our stead.

- 3 O soul, for thee salvation thus
By God is freely given;
The blood of Christ atones for sin,
And makes us meet for heaven.
- 4 The wrath of God that was our due,
Upon the Lamb was laid;
And by the shedding of His blood,
The debt for us was paid.
- 5 How calm the judgment hour shall pass
To all who do obey
The word of God about the blood,
And make that word their stay.

456

OUT on the mountain, sad and forsaken,
Lost in its mazes, no light can'st thou see;
Yet in His mercy, full of compassion,
Lo! the Good Shepherd is calling to thee.

CHO.—Calling to thee, calling to thee;
Jesus is calling, "Come unto me;"
Calling to thee, calling to thee,
Hear the Good Shepherd calling to thee.

- 2 Far on the mountain, why wilt thou wander?
Deeper in darkness thy pathway will be;
Turn from thy roaming, fly from its dangers,
While the Good Shepherd is calling to thee.
- 3 Flee from thy bondage, Jesus will help thee,
Only believe Him, and thou shalt be free;
Wonderful mercy, boundless compassion:
Still the Good Shepherd is calling to thee.

457

I DO not ask for earthly store,
Beyond a day's supply;
I only covet, more and more,
The clear and single eye,
To see my duty face to face,
And trust the Lord for daily grace.

CHO.—Then shall my heart keep singing,
 While to the cross I cling;
 For rest is sweet at Jesus' feet,
 ||: While home-ward faith keeps winging.:||

2 I care not for the empty show
 That thoughtless worldlings see;
 I crave to do the best I know,
 And leave the rest with Thee;—
 Well satisfied that sweet reward
 Is sure to those who trust the Lord.

3 Whate'er the crosses mine shall be,
 I will not dare to shun;
 I only ask to live for Thee,
 And that Thy will be done;
 Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day,
 While pressing on my homeward way.

4 And when at last, my labor o'er,
 I cross the narrow sea,
 Grant, Lord, that on the other shore
 My soul may dwell with Thee;
 And learn what here I cannot know,
 Why Thou hast ever loved me so.

458

TRAVELING to the better land,
 O'er the desert's scorching sand,
 Father, do Thou hold my hand,
 And lead me on.

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
 I the sparkling fountain greet,
 Make the bitter waters sweet,
 And lead me on.

3 When the wilderness is drear,
 Show me Elim's palm-groves near,
 With its wells, as crystal clear,
 And lead me on,

4 Through the water and the fire,
 This, O Lord, my one desire:
 With Thy love my heart inspire,
 And lead me on.

- 5 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Do not let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink,
And lead me on.

459

'TIS only a little way on to my home,
And there in its sunshine forever I'll roam;
While all the day long I journey with song:
O beautiful Eden-land, thou art my home.

REF.—'Tis only a little way, only a little way,
'Tis only a little way on to my home.

- 2 'Tis only a little way farther to go,
O'er mountain and valley where dark waters flow;
My Saviour is near with blessings to cheer;
His word is my guiding-star—why should I fear?
- 3 'Tis only a little way; there I shall see
The friends that in glory are waiting for me;
Their voices from home now float on the air—
They're calling me tenderly, calling me there.

460

I WILL praise the Lord my Glory,
I will praise the Lord my Light;
He my cloud by day to cover,
He my fire to guide by night.

CHO.—I will praise Thee with my whole heart, will praise
Thee, O Lord;

I will be glad and rejoice in Thee, O Thou most high.

- 2 I will praise the Lord my Prophet,
Holy Priest and Righteous King;
With the angels who adore Him,
"Holy, holy," I will sing.
- 3 I will praise the Lord my Shepherd,
Keeper, Pasture, Door and Fold;
O'er the lonely hills He sought me,
When the night was dark and cold.
- 4 I will praise the Lord my Father,
Saviour, Brother, Guide and Friend;
He thus far in life hath led me,
He will lead me to the end.

- 5 I will love Him, I will trust Him,
 All the remnant of my days;
 And will sing through endless ages,
 Only my Redeemer's praise.

461

NOT saved are we by trying,
 From self can come no aid;
 'Tis on the blood relying,
 Once for our ransom paid;
 'Tis looking unto Jesus,
 The holy One and Just;
 'Tis His great work that saves us,
 It is not Try, but Trust.

CHO.--||: It is not Try, but Trust; :||
 'Tis His great work that saves us;
 It is not Try, but Trust.

- 2 'Twas vain for Israel bitten
 By serpents on their way,
 To look to their own doing,
 That awful plague to stay;
 The only way for healing,
 When humbled in the dust,
 Was of the Lord's revealing,
 It was not Try, but Trust.

- 3 No deeds of ours are needed
 To make Christ's merit more;
 No frames of mind, or feelings,
 Can add to His great store;
 'Tis simply to receive Him,
 The holy One and Just,
 'Tis only to believe Him,
 It is not Try, but Trust.

462

COME, Holy Spirit,
 Like a dove descending,
 Rest Thou upon us
 While we meet to pray;

Show us the Saviour,
All His love revealing;
Lead us to Him,
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

2 Come, Holy Spirit,
Every cloud dispelling,
Fill us with gladness,
Through the Master's name;
Bring to our memory
Words that He hath spoken,
Then shall our tongues
His wondrous grace proclaim.

3 Come, Holy Spirit,
Sent from God the Father—
Thou Friend and Teacher,
Comforter and Guide—
Our thoughts directing,
Keep us close to Jesus,
And in our hearts
For evermore abide.

463

“JESUS of Nazareth!” O what a name!
Let us rejoice and His glory proclaim;
Saviour and Keeper, for ever the same,
Shepherd, Redeemer and Lord.

CHO.—Jesus of Nazareth! once crucified,
Jesus of Nazareth! now glorified,
Jesus of Nazareth! throned at God's side,
Glory and praise to His name.

2 Jesus of Nazareth! truly a man,
Low in a cradle His life He began,
Lived before God, both in pattern and plan,
Righteous, obedient One.

3 Jesus of Nazareth! nailed to the tree,
Dying, that we by His death might be free,
Bearing the curse all for you and for me,
Dying a ransom for all.

- 4 Jesus of Nazareth! raised from the dead,
Spotless and holy, and still in our stead,
Made for us ever our glorified Head,
Raised from the dead for us all.
- 5 Jesus of Nazareth! seated on high,
Sending the Spirit of grace to apply
Life through the word unto men far and nigh,
Offering salvation to all.
- 6 Jesus of Nazareth! earth's coming King,
Peace to the warring world soon He shall bring,
Nations of saved ones His praises shall sing;
All shall bow down at His name.
-

464

- I** BELONG to Jesus;
I am not my own;
All I have and all I am,
Shall be His alone.
- 2 I belong to Jesus;
He is Lord and King,
Reigning in my inmost heart,
Over everything.
- 3 I belong to Jesus;
What can hurt or harm,
When He folds around my soul
His almighty Arm?
- 4 I belong to Jesus;
Blesséd, blesséd thought.
With His own most precious blood
Has my soul been bought.
- 5 I belong to Jesus;
He has died for me;
I am His and He is mine,
Through eternity.
- 6 I belong to Jesus;
He will keep my soul,
When the deathly waters dark
Round about me roll.

7 I belong to Jesus;
And ere long I'll stand
With my precious Saviour there,
In the glory-land.

465

O COME to the Saviour while now He is calling,
O come while there's mercy and pardon so free;
O trust in His grace, He will keep thee from falling,
And strength to o'ercome He offers to thee.

CHO. -O come, come to the Saviour.
O come, come while you may:
O come, come to the Saviour,
He's tenderly calling to-day.

2 There's no other name among men that is given,
There's no other way to be saved but His way;
O trust in His mercy; too long hast thou striven
With sin and with self; O come while you may.

3 The door of His mercy is now standing open;
O hasten and enter, for "Yet there is room;"
For if you reject Him, this word He hath spoken,
That where He now is "Ye never can come."

4 And he that believeth, the promise is written,
Is saved through the blood of the Crucified One:
The Spirit is pleading; O will you not hasten,
And find in His love a refuge and home.

466

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a little child—
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond its own,
 Being neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to take a step alone—
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Friend, and Guide.

467

HOLY, holy, holy is the Lord!
 Sing, O ye people, gladly adore Him;
 Let the mountains tremble at His word,
 Let the hills be joyful before Him;
 Mighty in wisdom, boundless in mercy,
 Great is Jehovah, King over all.

CHO.—Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!
 Let the hills be joyful before Him.

- 2 Praise Him, praise Him, shout loud for joy!
 Watchman of Zion, herald the story;
 Sin and death His kingdom shall destroy;
 All the earth shall sing of His glory;
 Praise Him, ye angels, ye who behold Him
 Robed in His splendor, matchless, divine.
- 3 King eternal, blesséd be His name!
 So may His children gladly adore Him;
 When in heaven we join the happy strain,
 When we cast our bright crowns before Him;
 There in His likeness joyful awaking,
 There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

468

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
 To His feet thy tribute bring;
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Who like thee His praise shall sing?
 ||: Praise Him! praise Him! :||
 Praise the everlasting King.

- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
 To our fathers in distress;
 Praise Him still the same as ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
 ||: Praise Him! praise Him! :||
 Glorious in His faithfulness!

- 3 Angels, help us to adore Him,
 Ye behold Him face to face;
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
 Dwellers all in time and space:
 ||: Praise Him! praise Him! :||
 Praise with us the God of grace!

469

IN the hour when guilt assails me,
 On His gracious name I call,
 Then I find the heavenly fullness,
 Christ, my righteousness, my all.

CHO.—All my song when standing yonder,
 Shall be Christ, my joy, my all,
 ||: This shall ever be my anthem,
 “Christ my glory, Christ my all.”:||

- 2 In the night when sorrow clouds me,
 And the burning tear-drops fall,
 Then I sing the song of patience,
 Christ, my Brother and my all.

- 3 In the day when this immortal
 Shall fling off its mortal thrall,
 Then my song of resurrection
 Shall be Christ, my all in all.

470

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

CHO.—O wondrous land beyond the sky,
 O land so bright and fair,
 When shall we reach thy golden gates,
 And dwell forever there?

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

471

AS lives the flower within the seed,
As in the cone the tree,
So, praise the God of truth and grace,
His Spirit dwelleth in me.

CHO.—||: Christ liveth in me, :||
O what a salvation this,
That Christ liveth in me!

- 2 Once far from God and dead in sin,
No light my heart could see;
But in God's word the light I found,
Now Christ liveth in me.
- 3 As rays of light from yonder sun
The flowers of earth set free,
So life and light and love came forth
From Christ living in me.
- 4 With longing all my heart is filled,
That like Him I may be,
As on the wondrous thought I dwell,
That Christ liveth in me.

472

WE have felt the love of Jesus
In our hearts with rapture glow;
Will that love forsake and leave us?
Never, no! oh, never, no!

If on beds of pain we languish,
Earthly friends may lightly go,
Will He leave us in our anguish?
Never, no! oh, never, no!

- 2 Chosen not for our deservings,
 But that God His grace might show;
 For our failures will He leave us?
 Never, no! oh, never, no!
 'Tis in Christ the Father sees us,
 To His Son the love doth flow;
 Will He turn away from Jesus?
 Never, no! oh, never, no!
- 3 Will He leave when care encroaches?
 When we're tempted will He go?
 When the last dread hour approaches?
 Never, no! oh, never, no!
 And when safely home in glory,
 When sad tears no longer flow,
 Can we e'er forget the story?
 Never, no! oh, never, no!

473

SOON will come the setting sun,
 When our work will all be done,
 And the weary heart at last be still;
 But the Lord with gentle cry,
 Will awake us by and by,
 And we'll meet again on Zion's hill.

CHO.—We'll meet each other there,
 Yes, we'll meet each other there,
 And the Saviour's likeness bear,
 When we meet each other there;
 We'll meet each other there,
 Yes, we'll meet each other there,
 And His glory we shall share.

2 Deep the shadows in the vale,
 Fierce the howling of the gale,
 Long and dark the storm around our door;
 But the Lord will make a way
 To the shining realms of day,
 With the shadow and the storm no more.

3 Flood the heart with parting tears.
 Frost the head with passing years,
 Let the days of earth be filled with care;

But the Lord at length will come,
In His love to take us home,
And we'll never know a sorrow there.

474

'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt,
The man of sorrow weeps in blood;
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

475

BLESSED Saviour, ever nearer
I am drawing to Thy feet;
Thou hast borne my every sorrow,
I am made in Thee complete;
For Thy love my soul is yearning,
More and more its power impart;
I have heard Thy tender pleading,
Come and dwell within my heart.

2 Blesséd Saviour, I would never,
Never more Thy love reject;
At Thy feet I learn the lesson
How Thine image to reflect;
There I go when all forsake me,
When by foes I am oppressed;
Then I hear Thy loved voice saying,
Come to me, I'll give you rest.

3 Blesséd Saviour, draw me nearer,
Ever nearer to Thy heart,
When I'm weary, heavy-laden,
And I feel the tempter's dart;
Oft I stumble, oft I falter,
Oft I'm tossed on angry seas;

But I know that Thou wilt guide me,
Through the storm, to endless peace.

- 4 Blesséd Saviour, let me linger
Ever near Thy precious feet;
Till I hear that welcome summons,
"Come," thy loved ones now to greet;
Oh, the joy that there awaits me,
While I hope, and watch and pray!
For the morning light is dawning,
Of the fair and endless day.

476

LOOK up! look up! ye weary ones,
Whose skies are veiled in night,
For He who knows the path you tread
Will yet restore the light;
Look up! and hail the dawning
Of hope's triumphant morning.

CHO.—Behold Him! behold Him!
Your Saviour lives to-day;
Behold Him! behold Him!
The clouds have rolled away.

- 2 The gifts ye brought with loving hand
Your Lord will not disown;
Their odors sweet to heaven shall rise
Like incense 'round His throne;
Look up! and hail the dawning
Of joy's transcendent morning.

- 3 Rejoice! the grave is overcome,
And lo! the angels sing;
The grandest triumph ever known
Has come through Christ our King;
All heaven proclaims the dawning
Of love's all-glorious morning.

477

SAVIOUR, lead me, lest I stray,
Gently lead me all the way;
I am safe when by Thy side,
I would in Thy love abide.

CHO.—Lead me, lead me,
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray;
Gently down the stream of time,
Lead me, Saviour, all the way.

2 Thou, the refuge of my soul
When life's stormy billows roll,
I am safe when Thou'art nigh,
On Thy mercy I rely.

3 Saviour, lead me, till at last,
When the storm of life is past,
I shall reach the land of day,
Where all tears are wiped away.

478

RETURN! return! O wanderer, now return!
Return! return! And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
||: Were kindled by His grace.:||

2 Return! return! O wanderer, now return!
Return! return! He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy burdened spirit mourn
||: When no one else is nigh.:||

3 Return! return! O wanderer, now return!
Return! return! The Saviour bids thee live;
Come humbly to His feet and learn
||: How freely He'll forgive.:||

479

TURN thee, O lost one, care-worn and weary,
Lo! the Good Shepherd is calling to-day;
Seeking to save thee, waiting to cleanse thee,
Haste to receive Him, no longer delay.

CHO.—Tenderly calling, patiently calling,
Hear the Good Shepherd calling to thee;
Tenderly calling, patiently calling,
Lovingly saying, "Come unto me!"

2 Still He is waiting, why wilt thou perish,
Though thou hast wandered so far from the fold?
Yet, with His life-blood He has redeemed thee,
Wondrous compassion that cannot be told!

- 3 List to His message, think of His mercy!
 Sinless, yet bearing thy sins on the tree,
 Perfect remission, life everlasting.
 Through His atonement, He offers to thee.
- 4 Come in the old way, come in the true way,
 Enter through Jesus, for He is the Door;
 He is the Shepherd, tenderly calling,
 Come in thy weakness, and wander no more.

480

SEARCH me, O Lord, and try this heart of mine,
 Search me, and prove if I indeed am Thine;
 Test by Thy word, that never changed can be,
 My strength of hope and living faith in Thee.

- 2 Search me, O Lord, subdue each vain desire,
 And in my soul a deeper love inspire;
 Hide Thou my life, that I, supremely blest,
 Beneath Thy wings in perfect peace may rest.
- 3 Search me, O Lord, and from the dross of sin,
 Refine as gold, and keep me pure within;
 Search Thou my thoughts whose springs Thine eyes
 can see,
 From secret faults, O Saviour, cleanse Thou me.
- 4 Search me, O Lord, let faith through grace divine
 Thyself reflect in every act of mine,
 Till at Thy call my waiting soul shall rise,
 Caught up with joy to meet Thee in the skies.

481

HEAR the blessed invitation,
 Come, come, come;
 To the fountain of salvation,
 Come, come, come;
 Healing streams are flowing still;
 Welcome, "whosoever will;
 Let him take the water of life freely."

CHO.—||: Let him take, let him take,
 Let him take the water of life freely.:||

2 'Tis the voice of Jesus saying,
Come, come, come;
Now His blest command obeying,
Come, come, come;
He will cleanse from every ill;
Welcome, "whosoever will;
Let him take the water of life freely."

3 'Tis the Holy Spirit calling,
Come, come, come;
Ere the shades of death be falling,
Come, come, come;
He the heart with peace will fill;
Welcome, "whosoever will;
Let him take the water of life freely."

4 Lo! the Spirit and the Bride say,
Come, come, come;
And let him that heareth now say,
Come, come, come;
And let him that is athirst
Come, and "whosoever will;
Let Him take the water of life freely."

482

SAFE upon the heavenly shore,
Done with pain for evermore,
Weariness and weakness o'er, Up yonder;
O the calm and quiet rest
On the loving Saviour's breast;
It is better than earth's best, Up yonder.

2 Storms shall never reach us there,
No more sorrow, pain or care,
No more cross for us to bear, Up yonder;
Gain for them that suffered loss,
Crowns for them that bore the cross,
And a calm for hearts that toss, Up yonder.

3 Safe upon the heavenly shore,
Done with sin for evermore,
Weariness and weakness o'er, Up yonder;
Never more to know a fear,
Never more to shed a tear,
Better far than ever here, Up yonder.

483

IN the heavenly pastures fair,
'Neath the tender Shepherd's care,
Let us rest beside the living stream to-day;
Calmly there in peace recline,
Drinking in the truth divine,
As His loving call we now with joy obey.

CHO.—Glorious stream of life eternal,
Beauteous fields of living green,
Though revealed within the word
Of our Shepherd and our Lord,
By the pure in heart alone can they be seen.

2 Far from all the noise and strife
That disturb our daily life,
Let us pause awhile in silence and adore;
Then the sound of His dear voice
Will our waiting souls rejoice,
As He nameth us His own for evermore.

3 O how good and true and kind,
Seeking His stray sheep to find,
If they wander into danger from His side;
Ever closely may we tread
Where His holy feet have led,
So at last with Him in heaven we may abide.

484

MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain, nor death can enter there:
It's glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHO.—I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

- 3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

485

WHEN I shall wake in that fair morn of morns,
After whose dawning never night returns,
And with whose glory day eternal burns,
I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.

REF. —||: I shall be satisfied,

I shall be satisfied

When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns.:||

- 2 When I shall see Thy glory face to face,
When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child embrace,
When Thou shalt open all Thy store of grace,
I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.
- 3 When I shall meet with those that I have loved,
Clasp in my arms the dear ones long removed,
And find how faithful Thou to me hast proved,
I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.
- 4 When I shall gaze upon the face of Him
Who died for me, with eyes no longer dim,
And praise Him with the everlasting hymn,
I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.

486

TAKE Thou my hand, and lead me—
Choose Thou my way;
“Not as I will,” O Father,
Teach me to say;
What though the storms may gather?
Thou knowest best;
Safe in Thy holy keeping,
There I would rest.

- 2 Take Thou my hand, and lead me—
Lord, I am Thine,
Fill with Thy Holy Spirit
This heart of mine;

Then in the hour of trial
Strong shall I be—
Ready to do or suffer,
Dear Lord, for Thee.

- 3 Take Thou my hand and lead me,
Lord, as I go;
Into Thy perfect image
Help me to grow;
Still in Thine own pavilion
Shelter Thou me;
Keep me, O Father, keep me,
Close, close to Thee.

487

I AM waiting for the Master,
Who will bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence,
To the gladness of His home.

CHO.—They are watching at the portal,
They are waiting at the door;
Waiting only for my coming,
All the loved ones gone before.

- 2 Many a weary path I've traveled,
In the darkest storm and strife,
Bearing many a heavy burden,—
Often struggling for my life.
- 3 Many friends that traveled with me
Reached that portal long ago;
One by one they left me battling
With the dark and crafty foe.
- 4 Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter,
And their triumphs sooner won;
Oh, how lovingly they'll greet me
When the toils of life are done.

488

FROM the Bethlehem manger-home,
Walking His dear form beside,
We to Calvary's mount have come,
Where our Lord was crucified.

CHO.—Sweet tones of love come down the ages through:
 “Father, forgive, they know not what they do.”

2 Scornful words the soldiers fling;
 Wicked rulers Him deride,
 Saying, If Thou be the King,
 Save Thyself, Thou Crucified.

3 Wondrous love for sinful men,
 Of the sinless One that died!
 May we wound Thee not again,
 Thou, O Christ, the Crucified.

489

PASS along the invitation,
 Whosoever will may come;
 Pass it on, pass it on,
 Pass along the loving message
 Unto every thirsty one;
 Pass it on, pass it on.

CHO.—Pass along the invitation,
 Pass along the word of God,
 Until every tribe and nation
 Shall have heard of Christ the Lord,
 Shall have heard, shall have heard,
 Shall have heard of Christ the Lord.

2 Pass along the cup of comfort
 That the Lord has given you;
 Pass it on, pass it on,
 Other weary, troubled spirits
 Need to taste its sweetness too;
 Pass it on, pass it on.

3 Pass along each boon and blessing
 That may come to you through life;
 Pass it on, pass it on,
 You may help the weary-hearted
 Who are faint amid the strife;
 Pass it on, pass it on.

4 Pass along the watchword, “Courage;”
 Soon the darkness will be o’er;

Pass it on, pass it on,
See, already dawn is breaking
On the bright celestial shore;
Pass it on, pass it on.

490

MORE of Jesus, More of Jesus,
'Tis the Christian's yearning cry;
More of Jesus, More of Jesus,
Only He can satisfy.

2 More of Jesus, More of Jesus,
While I tread earth's weary ways;
More of Jesus, More of Jesus,
Till in Heaven I hymn His praise.

3 More of Jesus, More of Jesus,
O to feel His love each hour!
More of Jesus, More of Jesus,
O to realize His power!

4 More of Jesus, More of Jesus,
In my weakness and my pain;
More of Jesus, More of Jesus,
He can turn my loss to gain.

5 More of Jesus, More of Jesus,
Sorely do I need His grace;
More of Jesus, Blesséd Jesus,
When shall I behold His face?

491

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

CHO.—O wondrous cross where Jesus died,
And for my sins was crucified;
My longing eyes look up to Thee,
Thou blesséd Lamb of Calvary.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
All earthly things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a gift by far too small;
A love so great and so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

492

JESUS, Thou Refuge of the soul,
To Thy dear arms I flee:
From Satan's wiles, from self and sin,
O make and keep me free.

- 2 Though clouds may rise, though tempests rage,
Thou wilt my shelter be,
While with a steadfast heart and true,
My trust is stayed on Thee.
- 3 No power on earth, or power below,
Can tear me from Thy side,
If 'neath Thy sheltering wings of love,
Dear Refuge, I abide.
- 4 Not death itself, that last dread foe,
Can hold me with his chain;
Through Christ, who conquered Death, I rise,
And life eternal gain.

493

IN times of sorrow, God is near,
His vigils never cease, —
His tender, loving voice I hear,
"In me ye shall have peace."

CHO.—O blessed peace! sweet boon of heaven!
That bids our trouble cease;
O precious word, divinely given,
"In me ye shall have peace!"

- 2 Though long and weary is the night,
And morn brings no relief,
Yet faith the promise still believes,
"In me ye shall have peace."

- 3 His love we may not understand,
While trials here increase,
But yet we know His word is sure,
"In me ye shall have peace."
- 4 Soon shall our eyes the land behold
Where pain and care shall cease;
Till then we'll trust the promise sweet,
"In me ye shall have peace."

494

AM I a soldier of the cross—
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

CHO.—In the name of Christ the King,
Who hath purchased life for me,
Through grace I'll win the promised crown,
Whate'er my cross may be.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

495

WHILE Thou, O my God, art my help and defender,
No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors appall;
The wiles and the snares of the world will but render
More lively my hope in my God and my all.

REF.—||: My God and my all, :||
My treasure, my glory,
My God and my all.

2 Yes, Thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger,
My strength when I suffer, my hope when I fall;
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger,
My treasure, my glory, my God and my all.

3 And when Thou demandest the life Thou hast given,
With joy will I answer Thy merciful call,
And quit this poor earth but to find Thee in heaven,
My portion forever, my God and my all.

496

O I love to talk with Jesus, for it smooths the rugged
road;
And it seems to help me onward, when I faint beneath my
load;
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with
tears are dim,
There is nought can yield me comfort like a little talk
with Him.

2 Oft I tell Him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest;
That I'm daily, hourly, longing to repose upon His breast;
And He answers me so kindly, in the tenderest tones of
love,
"I am coming soon to take thee to My happy home
above."

3 Though the way is long and dreary to that far-off distant
clime,
Yet I know that my Redeemer journeys with me all the
time;
And the more I come to know Him, and His wondrous
grace explore,
How my longing groweth stronger still to know Him more
and more.

4 So I'll wait a little longer, till my Lord's appointed time,
And along the upward pathway still my pilgrim feet shall
climb;
Soon within my Father's dwelling, where the many man-
sions be,
I shall see my blessed Saviour, and He then will talk with
me.

497

“SING unto the Lord,
O ye saints of His, sing, sing,
Sing unto the Lord,
And at the remembrance of His holiness,
O give thanks unto the Lord.”

1 O Lord, Thy loving kindness
Doth compass all our ways,
And “Thy compassions fail not,”
Through all the passing days;
To Thee, O great Jehovah,
In “time of need” we cry;
And all who call upon Thee
Shall find Thee ever nigh.

2 Thy goodness we remember,
We praise Thy holiness,
We look to Thee, O Saviour,
To save, and heal, and bless;
’Tis by Thy loving favor
Thy trusting children stand,
Upheld, and kept, and guided,
By Thy protecting hand.

3 Let saints recount His mercies,
And fill His courts with praise;
Let all who know His goodness,
Their hallelujahs raise,
Praise God, the loving Father,
And Jesus Christ His Son,
With God the Holy Spirit,
The glorious Three in One.

498

I WAIT for Thee, O Lord!
Thy glorious face to see,
That holy face that once was marred,
Was marred, O Lord, for me.

2 I wait for Thee, O Lord!
Before Thy feet to fall,
To worship lowly and adore
My Saviour, all in all.

3 I wait for Thee, O Lord!
 Thy loving hand to feel,
 Whose tender touch can even now
 The wounded spirit heal.

4 I wait for Thee, O Lord!
 Thy rapture deep to know,
 Of living evermore with Thee;
 Love cannot more bestow.

5 I wait for Thee, O Lord!
 But for a little while;
 This night my longing eyes may meet
 Thy joyful, welcome smile.

499

HOW oft our souls are lifted up,
 When clouds are dark and drear,
 For Jesus comes, and kindly speaks
 These loving words of cheer.

CHO.—“In my Father's house are many mansions;
 If it were not so I would have told you;
 In my Father's house are many mansions,
 I go to prepare a place for you.”

2 How oft amid our daily toil,
 With anxious care oppressed,
 We hear again the precious word
 That tells of joy and rest.

3 O may our faith in Him be strong,
 Who feels our every care,
 And will for us, as He hath said,
 A place in heaven prepare.

4 Then let us work, and watch and pray,
 Relying on the love
 Of Him who now prepares a place
 For us in heaven above.

500

WE would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
 Across this little landscape of our life;
 We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
 For the last weariness—the final strife.

- 2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight,
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome, day! and farewell, mortal night!

501

PRAY, brethren, pray! The sands are falling;
Pray, brethren, pray! God's voice is calling,
Yon turret strikes the dying chime;
We kneel upon the verge of time:

REF.—Eternity is drawing nigh!
Eternity is drawing nigh! (is drawing nigh!)

- 2 Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are rending!
Praise, brethren, praise! The fight is ending;
Behold, the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon appear:
- 3 Watch, brethren, watch! The years are dying;
Watch, brethren, watch! Old time is flying!
Watch as men watch the parti g breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death:
- 4 Look, brethren, look! The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark! The dead are waking:
With girded loins all ready stand;
Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand!

502

YOUNG men in Christ the Lord,
Own Him your Saviour God,
His name adore;
For by His wondrous sacrifice,
He paid the great redemption price,
That all might have eternal life,
That come to God through Him.

- 2 Young men in Christ the Lord,
Be mighty in His word,
Its truths declare;
And seek the Holy Spirit's power,
By faith and persevering prayer,
That ye may witness anywhere,
That sinful men are found.
- 3 Young men in Christ the King,
Your grateful tribute bring,
Of love and praise;
United in His royal name,
With loyal hearts His words proclaim,
Throughout the world to all Young Men,
"Ye must be born again."
- 4 Young men in Christ the Friend,
On Him all hopes depend,
Of true relief;
To every burdened soul you meet,
His gracious, loving words, so sweet,
"Come unto me," with love repeat,
"And I will give you rest."
- 5 Young men in Christ, arise,
The world before you lies,
Enslaved in sin;
Make haste to swell the mission band,
Prepare to go at His command,
To save lost men in every land,
At any sacrifice.
- 6 Young men in Christ the Son,
In Him we all are one;
For this He prayed;
Then let us join the heavenly throng,
To sound His praise in endless song,
For all we have and are belong
To Christ, our Lord Divine.

503

WE are coming home to Jesus,
We have heard His welcome voice;
We are trusting in His goodness,
In His mercy we rejoice.

REF. —||: We are coming home, :||
 We are coming from the darkness to the light;
 ||: We are coming home, :||
 We are coming home to-night.

2 We are coming home to Jesus,
 For He died that we might live:
 He is willing to receive us,
 He is waiting to forgive.

3 We are coming home to Jesus,
 By the cross, our only way;
 There He finished our redemption,
 And we can no more delay.

504

AT even, ere the sun was set,
 The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
 Oh, in what divers pains they met!
 Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide; and we,
 Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
 What if Thy form we cannot see!
 We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
 For some are sick and some are sad,
 And some have never loved Thee well,
 And some have lost the love they had.

4 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
 And to be wholly free from sin;
 And they who fain would serve Thee best,
 Are conscious most of sin within.

5 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
 Here in this solemn evening hour,
 Lord, in Thy mercy heal us all.

505

OTENDER beseechings of Jesus!
 How sweetly they fall on the ear!
 O gospel of grace and of kindness,
 God's love and compassion brought near!

CHO.—Is the Spirit of Jesus now striving?
His warning, my brother, obey;
Resist not His gracious beseeching,
O grieve not the Saviour away.

2 Beseeching in love for our Saviour,
Unworthy we pray in His stead;
Believe in the word of forgiveness,
Accept of the ransom He made.

3 Beseeching His blood-bought, His ransomed,
Your bodies to Him gladly yield,
That, in you, and through you, and by you,
His grace may be fully revealed.

4 Beseeching the saints to be holy,
Filled always with meekness and love;
Like Jesus so gentle and lowly,
Reflecting the light from above.

5 Beseeching that all for His coming
Unshaken may ever remain,
And stand with the saved and the chosen,
With Him in His glorious reign.

506

TROUBLED heart, thy God is calling!
He is drawing very near;
Do not hide thy deep emotion,
Do not check that falling tear.

CHO.—O, be saved, His grace is free!
||:O, be saved, He died for thee! :||

2 Come, the Spirit still is pleading,
Come to Him, the meek and mild;
He is waiting now to save you,
Wilt thou not be reconciled?

3 Art thou waiting till the morrow?
Thou may'st never see its light;
Come at once! accept His mercy;
He is waiting—come to night.

4 Let the angels bear the tidings
Upward to the courts of heaven!
Let them sing, with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiven!

507

O LORD, my soul rejoiceth in Thee,
 My tongue Thy mercy is telling;
 I've found Thy love so precious to me,
 My heart with its rapture is swelling.

REF.—Wonderful love! O wonderful love!
 I'll sing of its fulness forever;
 I've found the way that leadeth above,
 The way to the life-giving river.

2 I came to Thee o'erburdened with care,
 My guilt with sorrow confessing;
 'Twas love, Thy love, that banished my fear,
 And gave me for sadness a blessing.

3 To Thee, my hope and refuge divine,
 My faith is fervently clinging;
 And every hour some token of love
 New joy to my spirit is bringing.

4 I look beyond this valley of tears,
 Where Thou, a mansion preparing,
 Wilt call me home forever with Thee,
 The bliss of the glorified sharing.

508

ETERNAL life God's Word proclaims
 To lost and dying men;
 By it alone we know the Lord,
 Unseen by mortal ken.

CHO.—O'blest Word, O gracious Word,
 We love it more and more;
 O may it be our Strength and Sword,
 Till earthly strife is o'er.

2 God's grace is in His Holy Word;
 We need it every day;
 In all our conflicts, this the Sword,
 Our every foe to slay.

3 By this same Word we know our work;
 And how it should be done;
 How we should live, and how through grace
 The promised crown is won.

509

O COME to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
O come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
A bright home awaits you whose sun never sets.

CHO.—Come home, come home,
In darkness no longer to roam,
'Tis Jesus who tenderly calls you to-day,
Oh brother, my brother, come home.

2 O come then to Jesus whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
O come, and your exile shall shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you the light of His face.

3 Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love;
O fear not, 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow lighter
While thinking of home and the glory above.

510

I AM not skilled to understand
What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
I only know at His right hand
Is One who is my Saviour!

2 I take Him at His word indeed:
"Christ died for sinners," this I read;
For in my heart I find a need
Of Him to be my Saviour!

3 That He should leave His place on high,
And come for sinful man to die,
You count it strange?—so once did I,
Before I knew my Saviour!

4 And O that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contended be,
As I with my dear Saviour!

5 Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace from this spring,
That He who lives to be my King,
Once died to be my Saviour.

511

FOUNTAIN of purity opened for sin,
Here may the penitent wash and be clean;
Jesus, Thou blessed Redeemer from woe,
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, whiter than snow,
Wash me, Redeemer,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Though I have labored again and again,
All my self-cleansing is utterly vain;
Jesus, Redeemer from sorrow and woe,
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Cleanse Thou the thoughts of my heart, I implore,
Help me Thy light to reflect more and more;
Daily in loving obedience to grow,
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Whiter than snow! nothing further I need,
Christ is the Fountain; this only I plead;
Jesus my Saviour, to Thee will I go,
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

512

I BRING to Thee, O Master,
My burden and my grief;
I do believe Thy promise,
Help Thou mine unbelief.

2 I bring my guilty nature,
For cleansing and for cure;
Oh, heal my sore diseases,
Restore and make me pure.

3 Thy mercy reaches lower
Than all the depths of sin;
As Thy compassions fail not,
Oh, give me peace within.

4 My faltering faith I bring Thee,
My weak and wavering will;
My spirit fails and falters;
Thy promises fulfill.

513

OUT on the desert, seeking, seeking;
 Sinner, 'tis Jesus seeking for thee;
 Tenderly calling, calling, calling,
 Hither, thou lost one, O come unto Me.

CHO.—Jesus is calling, Jesus is calling;
 Why dost thou linger? why tarry away?
 Come to Him quickly, say to Him gladly,
 Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

2 Still He is waiting, waiting, waiting;
 O what compassion beams in His eye!
 Hear Him repeating, gently, gently,
 Come to thy Saviour, O why wilt thou die?

3 Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading,
 Mercy, though slighted, bears with thee yet;
 Thou canst be happy, happy, happy;
 Come ere the life-star forever shall set.

514

“GOD bless you!” from the heart we sing,
 God give to every one His grace;
 Till He on high His ransomed bring
 To dwell with Him in endless peace.

CHO.—God bless you! God bless you!
 Bless and keep us all in Jesus' love;
 And, when our partings here are over,
 Take us to the joys above.

2 God bless you on your pilgrim way,
 Through storm and sunshine guiding still;
 His presence guard you day by day,
 And keep you safe from every ill.

3 God bless you in this world of strife,
 When oft the soul would homeward fly,
 And give the sweetness to your life,
 Of waiting for the rest on high.

4 God bless you, and the patience give
 To walk through life by Jesus' side;
 For Him to bear, for Him to live,
 And then with Him be glorified.

- 5 God bless us all, and give us rest
When Christ shall come and glory dawn;
Our sun is swinging toward the west,
Life's little day will soon be gone.

515

IS thy cruse of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with a friend,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee to the end.
Love divine will fill thy store-house,
Or thy handful still renew;
||: Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.:||

- 2 For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
||: Help to lift thy brother's burden,
God will bear both it and thee.:||

- 3 Lost and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.
Art thou wounded in life's battle?
Many stricken round thee moan,
||: Give to them thy precious ointment,
And that balm shall heal thine own.:||

- 4 Is thy heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.
Is thy heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
||: It can only live by loving,
And by serving, love will grow.:||

516

L ORD, at Thy mercy-seat
 Humbly I fall;
 Pleading Thy promise sweet,
 Lord, hear my call;
 Now let Thy work begin,
 Oh, make me pure within,
 Cleanse me from every sin,
 Jesus, my all.

2 Tears of repentant grief
 Silently fall;
 Help Thou my unbelief,
 Hear Thou my call;
 Oh, how I pine for Thee!
 'Tis all my hope and plea:
 Jesus has died for me,
 Jesus, my all.

3 Still at Thy mercy-seat,
 Saviour, I fall;
 Trusting Thy promise sweet,
 Heard is my call;
 Faith wings my soul to Thee;
 This all my song shall be,
 Jesus has died for me,
 Jesus, my all.

517

C OME into His presence with singing,
 O worship the Lord with a song,
 A tribute of gratitude bringing,
 To Him to whom praises belong;
 But oh, while you join in thanksgiving,
 With voices in tuneful accord,
 Remember, He watches your *living*,
 And sing with your hearts to the Lord.

CHO.—Singing, singing,
 This is true worship and love;
 Living, singing,
 This is accepted above.

2 Not yet, as the angels in heaven,
 May mortals their gratitude sing;

Not here upon earth is it given,
 Perfection of service to bring;
 But earnest and true adoration,
 The heart in the hymn and the prayer,
 Will be an accepted oblation,
 And lighten life's burden and care.

- 3 Then come to His courts with rejoicing,
 And join in the chorus of praise;
 The prayer and the anthem but voicing
 The thanks which your loving hearts raise;
 With grace in your hearts even duty
 Will change into pleasure ere long,
 And seeing the King in His beauty,
 Your life shall then be as a song.

518

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
 King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be;
 Under the standard exalted and royal,
 Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee.

CHO.—Peal out the watchword! silence it never!
 Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free;
 Peal out the watchword! loyal forever!
 King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.

- 2 True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest allegiance
 Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
 Valiant endeavor and loving obedience,
 Freely and joyously now would we bring.
- 3 True-hearted, whole-hearted, Saviour all-glorious!
 Take Thy great power and reign there alone,
 Over our wills and affections victorious,
 Freely surrendered and wholly Thine own.

519

BLEST Jesus, grant us strength to take
 Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
 And gladly, for Thine own dear sake,
 In paths of duty follow Thee.

- 2 And day by day, we humbly ask
 That holy memories of Thy cross
 May sanctify each common task,
 And turn to gain each earthly loss.

- 3 Help us, dear Lord, our cross to bear,
Till at Thy feet we lay it down;
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,
And through the Cross attain the Crown.

520

HOW sweet, O Lord, Thy word of grace
Which bids a sinner seek Thy face,
||: And never seek in vain; :||
That face, once set so steadfastly
To meet Thy cross of agony,
||: Can never me disdain. :||

- 2 Thy visage, marred and crowned with thorn,
Thou didst not hide from grief and scorn,
||: Nor from the dews of night; :||
Yet, in that face a love appears
Which scatters all my gloomy fears,
||: And fills my soul with light. :||
- 3 The heavens declare Thy power and love;
In all Thy works, below, above,
||: Thy majesty I trace; :||
But mercy shines not in the skies,
And hope within my spirit dies,
||: Until I see Thy face. :||
- 4 The brightness of Thy glory, Lord,
Fills heaven and earth and written Word
||: With beams of heavenly grace; :||
But all the hosts of heaven shine
With no such radiance divine
||: As Thy most blessed face. :||

521

'TIS the hallowed hour of prayer,
And we trustingly bring
All our doubtings and our fears
To our Saviour and King;
For we know that He delights
A glad welcome to give,
And the blessings that we ask for
We shall fully receive.

CHO.—Precious hour of prayer!
 Hallowed hour of prayer!
 Sacred season of communion,
 It is sweet to be there!

2 'Tis the precious hour of prayer,
 And we humbly entreat:
 Father, breathe the Spirit now,
 As we bow at Thy feet;
 Touch our lips with power of song;
 Fill our souls with Thy love;
 And bestow the benediction
 Of Thy peace from above.

3 'Tis the sacred hour of prayer,
 Calm as heaven above;
 Soul to soul is breathing here
 The communion of love;
 Every heart is sweetly filled
 With a peace most profound;
 Oh, the place is like to heaven
 Where such true joys abound.

522

BEHOLD how plain the truth is made;
 Since Christ the ransom price has paid,
 And all our sins on Him were laid,
 We must in Him be saved.

CHO.—If thou shalt confess with thy mouth,
 Confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus,
 And believe in thine heart
 That God hath raised Him from the dead,
 ||: Thou shalt be saved.:||

2 The death of Christ upon the tree
 Was for the judgment due to thee;
 He died that thou mightst ransomed be
 And live by faith in Him.

3 By raising J  sus from the dead
 Our blessed God has surely said,
 That He accepts the blood He shed
 As cleansing us from sin.

- 4 And now to God as sons brought nigh,
We come and "Abba Father" cry,
And seek the Spirit's full supply
That we as sons may live.

523

THE Lord keep watch between us,
The ever-present Friend;
No love like His so mighty,
To keep and to defend.

CHO.—Mizpah! Mizpah!
Keep watch in tenderest love,
Until our praises mingle
Around the throne above.

- 2 Though absent from each other,
We are not far from Him;
Let not our courage falter,
Let not our faith grow dim.
- 3 Though time and space may sever
The Master's servants here,
'Tis only for a season,
The meeting-time draws near.
- 4 The Lord Himself is watching,
In tenderness and love;
Let praises meet and mingle
Around the throne above.

524

ENCAMPED along the hills of light,
Ye Christian soldiers, rise,
And press the battle ere the night
Shall veil the glowing skies;
Against the foe in vales below,
Let all our strength be hurled;
Faith is the victory, we know,
That overcomes the world.

CHO.—||: Faith is the victory! :||
Oh, glorious victory,
That overcomes the world.

2 His banner over us is love,
Our sword the word of God;
We tread the road the saints above
With shouts of triumph trod;
By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath,
Swept on o'er every field;
The faith by which they conquered Death
Is still our shining shield.

3 On every hand the foe we find
Drawn up in dread array;
Let tents of ease be left behind,
And onward to the fray;
Salvation's helmet on each head,
With truth all girt about,
The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,
And echo with our shout.

4 To Him that overcomes the foe,
White raiment shall be given;
Before the angels he shall know
His name confessed in heaven;
Then onward from the hills of light,
Our hearts with love aflame;
We'll vanquish all the hosts of night,
In Jesus' conquering name.

525

GREAT Jehovah, mighty Lord,
Vast and boundless is Thy word;
King of kings, from shore to shore
Thou shalt reign for evermore.

2 Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
All shall yet be one in Thee;
All confess Messiah's name,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

3 From her night shall China wake,
Afric's sons their chains shall break;
Egypt, where Thy people trod,
Shall adore and praise our God.

4 India's groves of palm so fair
Shall resound with praise and prayer;
Ceylon's isle with joy shall sing,
Glory be to Christ our King.

5 North and South shall own Thy sway;
East and West Thy voice obey;
Crowns and thrones before Thee fall,
King of kings and Lord of all.

526

SLEEP on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep:
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—
Good-night!

3 Until the shadows from this earth are cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last;
Until the twilight gloom be overpast—
Good-night!

4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies;
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night!

5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night!

6 Only "Good-night," beloved—not "farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible—
Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

527

CHRIST hath risen! Hallelujah!
 Blesséd morn of life and light;
 Lo, the grave is rent asunder,
 Death is conquered through His might.

CHO.—Christ is risen! Hallelujah!
 Gladness fills the world to-day;
 From the tomb that could not hold Him,
 See, the stone is rolled away.

2 Christ hath risen! Hallelujah!
 Friends of Jesus, dry your tears;
 Through the veil of gloom and darkness,
 Lo, the Son of God appears.

3 Christ hath risen! Hallelujah!
 He hath risen, as He said;
 He is now the King of glory,
 And our great exalted Head.

528

THE living God, who by His might
 Spake but the word and there was light,
 Hath promised now to show His grace
 To sinful men, in Jesus' face.

CHO.—In Jesus' face! in Jesus' face!
 O wondrous sight! O wondrous grace!
 The living God through sin concealed,
 In Jesus' face is now revealed.

2 This mighty Christ, so strong and true,
 Has come from God, His work to do;
 He comes with power the soul to save,
 To give the victory o'er the grave.

3 In Jesus' face our God we know,
 And trust in Him to bear us through;
 He will not leave us to defeat,
 But make our victory complete.

4 When darkness gives the soul distress,
 When sorrows on our pathway press,
 One look at Him will clouds displace,
 While comfort beams from Jesus' face.

- 5 Then come, ye weary ones, and rest;
Come, sinful souls, and here be blessed;
Within your heart give Christ His place,
And see God's love in Jesus' face.

529

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom, yet unseen, we love;
O Name of might and favor,
All other names above.

CHO.—We worship Thee! we bless Thee!
To Thee alone we sing!
We praise Thee and confess Thee,
Our Saviour, Lord and King,

2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought.

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song, above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love.

530

B EYOND the light of setting suns,
Beyond the clouded sky,
Beyond where starlight fades in night,—
I have a home on high.

CHO.—A mansion there, not made with hands,
A place prepared for me;
And while God lives, and angels sing,
That home my home shall be.

2 Beyond all pain, beyond all care,
Beyond life's mystery,
Beyond the range of time and change,—
My home's reserved for me.

- 3 Swift-flying worlds, their nights that roll
Far out on seas of light,
Will bring no darkness to my soul;
My home's beyond the night.
- 4 My sins and sorrows, strifes and fears,
I bid them all farewell,
High up amid th'eternal years,
With Christ, my Lord, to dwell.
-

531

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light;
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing "Holy, holy, holy,"
To the great God Triune.

- 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

- 3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.
-

532

"STRETCH forth thy hand," thy palsied hand,
Fear not, it is thy Lord's command;
Seek not from Him to hide thy sin,
Confess, and ask to be made clean.

CHO. — "Stretch forth thy hand," on Christ believe,
"Stretch forth thy hand," the power receive;
He offers grace so full and free,
"Stretch forth thy hand," He speaks to thee.

2 "Stretch forth thy hand," thy *empty* hand,
No gift of thine will God commend;
The empty hand that shows thy need,
Of this alone will He take heed.

3 "Stretch forth thy hand," thy *helpless* hand,
Upheld by God, thy soul shall stand;
Fight not in thine own strength the foe,
But trusting Jesus, onward go.

4 "Stretch forth thy hand," thy *dying* hand,
When thou shalt come to Jordan's strand;
Through all the billows Christ shall guide,
And bring thee safe to Canaan's side.

533

NOT now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

CHO. — Then trust in God through all thy days;
Fear not! for He doth hold thy hand;
Though dark thy way, still sing and praise:
Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

2 We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah then, we'll understand.

3 We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

4 Why what we long for most of all,
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,
Up there, sometime, we'll understand.

- 5 God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

534

FADING away like the stars of the morning,
Losing their light in the glorious sun—
Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling,
Only remembered by what we have done.

REF.—Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered by what we have done;
Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling,
Only remembered by what we have done.

- 2 Shall we be missed, though by others succeeded,
Reaping the fields we in spring-time have sown?
No, for the sowers may pass fr m their labors,
Only remembered by what they have done.

- 3 Only the truth that in life we have spok n,
Only the seed that on earth we have sown;
These shall pass onward when we are forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what we hav done.

- 4 Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then shall His weary and faithful disciples,
All be remembered by what they have done.

535

WORK, for time is flying,
Work with hearts sincere;
Work, for souls are dying,
Work, for night is near;
In the Master's vineyard,
Go and work to-day;
Be no useless sluggard
Standing in the way.

- 2 In this glorious calling,
Work till day is o'er;
Work, till evening falling;
You can work no more;

Then your labor bringing
To the King of kings,
Borne with joy and singing
Home on angels' wings.

- 3 There where saints adore Him,
Where the ransomed meet,
Joy they show before Him,
Bowing at His feet;
Hear the Master saying,
From His heavenly throne,
When thy toil rewarding,
"Laborer, well done!"

536

HAVE you sought for the sheep that have
wandered,

Far away on the dark mountains cold?
Have you gone, like the tender Shepherd,
To bring them again to the fold?
Have you followed their weary footsteps?
And the wild desert waste have you crossed,
Nor lingered till safe home returning,
You have gathered the sheep that were lost?

- 2 Have you been to the sad and the lonely,
Whose burdens are heavy to bear?
Have you carried the name of Jesus,
And tenderly breathed it in prayer?
Have you told of the great salvation
He died on the cross to secure?
Have you asked them to trust in the Saviour
Whose love shall forever endure?

- 3 Have you knelt by the sick and the dying,
The message of mercy to tell?
Have you stood by the trembling captive
Alone in his dark prison cell?
Have you pointed the lost to Jesus,
And urged them on Him to believe?
Have you told of the life everlasting
That all, if they will, may receive?

- 4 If to JESUS you answer these questions,
And to Him have been faithful and true,

Then behold, in the mansions yonder
 Are crowns of rejoicing for you;
 And there from th' King eternal
 Your welcome and greeting shall be,
 "Inasmuch" as 'twas done for "my brethren,"
 Even so it was done "unto me."

537

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
 My heart awaking cries,
 May Jesus Christ be praised;
 Alike at work and prayer,
 To Jesus I repair;
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 Does sadness fill my mind?
 A solace here I find,
 May Jesus Christ be praised;
 Or fades my earthly bliss?
 My comfort still is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 Be this, while life is mine,
 My canticle divine,
 May Jesus Christ be praised;
 Be this th' eternal song,
 Through all the ages long,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

538

THE call of God is sounding clear,
 O Christian, let it reach thine ear;
 Endeavor now of souls to bring
 A band to love and serve the King.

CHO.—Let us go forth, the call is clear,
 Let us go forth, no tarrying here;
 For Him to live, the Christ, the Lord,
 A crown from Him, our high reward.

2 Let us go forth, as called of God,
 Redeemed by Jesus' precious blood;
 His love to show, His life to live,
 His message speak, His mercy give.

3 Let "Christ alone!" our watchword be—
The Son of God who made us free;
He bore our sins, He makes us pure,
For His name's sake we all endure.

4 The Christ of God to glorify,
His grace in us to magnify;—
His word of life to all make known,
Be this our work, and this alone.

539

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence |
cometh my | help; ||
My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven and |
earth. ||

2 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth
thee | will not | slumber; ||
Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither | slumber nor |
sleep. ||

3 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy |
right | hand; ||
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by |
night. ||

4 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall pre- |
serve thy | soul. ||
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in
from this time forth, and even for | ever- | more. |
AMEN. ||

540

PRESS on, press on, O pilgrim,
Rejoicing in the Lord;
Believing in His promise,
And trusting in His word;
Fear not, for He is with us,
Whate'er the cross we bear;
And soon, beyond the swelling tide,
We'll gather over there.

REF.—||: Gather over there; :||
And soon, beyond the swelling tide,
We'll gather over there.

- 2 Press on, press on, O pilgrim,
Along the heavenly way;
Remember God commands us
To watch and work and pray;
He bids us all be faithful,
And cast on Him our care;
And soon, beyond the swelling tide,
We'll gather over there.
- 3 Press on, press on, O pilgrim,
Though clouds and storms may rise;
The Light that never faileth
Shines brightly in the skies;
Press on where crowns await us,
In yonder mansions fair;
And soon, beyond the swelling tide,
We'll gather over there.
-

541

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
-

542

O DAUGHTER take good heed,
Incline, and give good ear;
Thou must forget thy kindred all,
And father's house most dear.

Thy beauty to the King,
 Shall then delightful be:
 And do thou humbly worship Him,
 Because thy Lord is He.

CHO.—With gladness and with joy,
 Thou all of them shalt bring,
 And they together enter shall
 The palace of the King,
 ||: The palace of the King; :||
 And they together enter shall
 The palace of the King.

2 The daughter then of Tyre
 There with a gift shall be,
 And all the wealthy of the land
 Shall make their suit to thee.
 The daughter of the King
 All-glorious is within;
 And with embroideries of gold
 Her garments wrought have been.

3 She cometh to the King
 In robes with needle wrought;
 The virgins that do follow her
 Shall unto Thee be brought.
 With gladness and with joy,
 Thou all of them shalt bring,
 And they together enter shall
 The palace of the King.

4 And in Thy fathers' stead,
 Thy children thou shalt take,
 And in all places of the earth
 Them noble princes make.
 I will show forth thy name
 To generations all:
 The people therefore evermore
 To Thee give praises shall.

543

O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nó'r ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

544

SPEED away! speed away on your mission of light,
To the lands that are lying in darkness and night;
'Tis the Master's command; go ye forth in His name,
The wonderful Gospel of Jesus proclaim;
Take your lives in your hand, to the work while 'tis day,
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

2 Speed away, speed away with the life-giving Word,
To the nations that know not the voice of the Lord;
Take the wings of the morning and fly o'er the wave,
In the strength of your Master the lost ones to save;
He is calling once more, not a moment's delay,
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

3 Speed away, speed away with the message of rest,
To the souls by the tempter in bondage oppressed;
For the Saviour has purchased their ransom from sin,
And the banquet is ready, O gather them in;
To the rescue make haste, there's no time for delay,
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

545

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!
 Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
 Sing to God a hymn of praise;
 He who on the cross a victim
 For the world's salvation bled,
 Jesus Christ the King of glory,
 Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
 Of the holy harvest-field,
 Which will all its full abundance,
 At His glorious advent, yield;
 Then the golden ears of harvest
 Will before His presence wave,
 Rising in His sunshine, joyous
 From the furrows of the grave.

3 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Glory be to God above!
 Hallelujah to the Saviour,
 Fount of life and source of love;
 Hallelujah to the Spirit;
 Let our high ascriptions be,
 Hallelujah, now and ever,
 To the blessed Trinity.

546

“**C**AST thy bread upon the waters,”
 You who have but scant supply;
 Angel eyes will watch above it,
 You shall find it by and by:
 He who in His righteous balance,
 Doth each human action weigh,
 Will your sacrifice remember,
 Will your loving deeds repay.

2 “Cast thy bread upon the waters,”
 Sad and weary, worn with care;
 Often sitting in the shadow,—
 Have you not a crumb to spare?
 Can you not to those around you
 Sing some little song of hope,

As you look with longing vision
Through faith's mighty telescope?

- 3 "Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
You who have abundant store;
It may float on many a billow,
It may strand on many a shore;
You may think it lost forever,
But, as sure as God is true,
In this life, or in the other,
It will yet return to you.

547

O H, list to the watchman crying;
Come, come away;
The arrows of death are flying,
Come, come to-day.

CHO.—||: Come, come away; ||
Jesus is gently calling,
Come, come to-day.

- 2 The Spirit of God is pleading,
Come, come away;
The Saviour is interceding,
Come, come to-day.

- 3 The mercy of God is calling,
Come, come away;
How sweetly the words are falling,
Come, come to-day.

- 4 The angels of God entreat you,
Come, come away;
The Father Himself will meet you,
Come, come to-day.

548

O H, hear the joyful message,
'Tis sounding far and wide;
Good news of full salvation,
Through Him, the Crucified;
God's Word is truth eternal;
Its promise all may claim,
Who look by faith to Jesus,
And call upon His name.

CHO. —||: "Whosoever calleth, :||
 Whosoever calleth on His name shall be saved!
 ||: Whosoever calleth, :||
 Whosoever calleth on the Lord shall be saved!"

2 Ye souls that long in darkness,
 The path of sin have trod,
 Behold the light of mercy!
 Behold the Lamb of God;
 With all your heart believe Him,
 And now the promise claim,
 That none shall ever perish,
 Who call upon His name.

3 Ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Oppressed with toil and care,
 He waits to bid you welcome,
 And all your burdens bear;
 A precious gift He offers,
 A gift that all may claim,
 Who look to Him believing,
 And call upon His name.

549

"**T**HOUGH your sins be as scarlet,
 They shall be as white as snow;
 Though they be red like crimson,
 They shall be as wool;"
 ||: "Though your sins be as scarlet, :||
 ||: They shall be as as white as snow." :||

2 Hear the voice that entreats you,
 Oh! return ye unto God!
 He is of great compassion,
 And of wondrous love;
 ||: Hear the voice that entreats you, :||
 ||: Oh, return ye unto God! :||

3 He'll forgive your transgressions,
 And remember them no more!
 "Look unto me, ye people,"
 Saith the Lord your God;
 ||: He'll forgive your transgressions, :||
 ||: And remember them no more. :||

550

HO, reapers in the whitened harvest!
Oft feeble, faint and few,
Come wait upon the blessed Master,
Our strength He will renew.

CHO.—For “they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength,

They shall mount up with wings, they shall mount
up with wings as eagles;
||: They shall run and not be weary,
They shall walk and not faint.”:||

2 Too oft a-weary and discouraged,
We pour a sad complaint;
Believing in a *living* Saviour,
Why should we ever faint?

3 Rejoice, for He is with us always,
Lo, even to the end!
Look up, take courage and go forward,
All needed grace He'll send.

551

“**N**EITHER do I condemn thee,”—
O words of wondrous grace;
Thy sins were borne upon the cross,
Believe, and go in peace.

CHO.—“Neither do I condemn thee.”
O sing it o'er and o'er;
“Neither do I condemn thee,
Go, and sin no more.”

2 “Neither do I condemn thee,”—
For there is therefore now
No condemnation for thee,
As at the cross you bow.

3 “Neither do I condemn thee,”—
I came not to condemn;
I came from God to save thee,
And turn thee from thy sin.

- 4 "Neither do I condemn thee,"—
 O praise the God of grace;
 O praise His Son our Saviour,
 For this His word of peace.

552

HE lives and loves, our Saviour King;
 With joyful lips your tribute bring;
 Repeat His praise, exalt His Name,
 Whose grace and truth are still the same.

CHO.—His mercy flows, an endless stream,
 To all eternity the same;
 To all eternity, to all eternity,
 To all eternity the same.

- 2 His hand is strong, His word endures,
 His sacrifice our peace secures;
 From sin and death He doth redeem,
 His changeless love be all our theme.
- 3 Each day reveals His constant love,
 With "mercies new" from heaven above;
 Through ages past His word has stood;
 Oh, taste and see that He is good.

553

O THANK the Lord, the Lord of love,
 O thank the God all gods above;
 O thank the mighty King of kings,
 Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.

CHO.—His mercy flows, etc.

- 2 Whose wisdom gave the heavens their birth,
 And on the waters spread the earth;
 Who taught yon glorious lights their way,
 The radiant sun to rule the day.
- 3 The moon and stars to rule the night,
 With radiance of a milder light;
 Who smote the Egyptians' stubborn pride,
 When in His wrath, their first-born died.
- 4 Who thought on us amidst our woes,
 And rescued us from all our foes;
 Who daily feeds each living thing;
 O thank the heaven's Almighty King.

554

WHEN morning lights the eastern skies.
 Thy mercy, Lord, disclose;
 And let Thy loving kindness rise;
 On Thee my hopes repose.

Ско.—||: On Thee my hopes repose; :||
 And let Thy loving kindness rise;
 On Thee my hopes repose.

2 Teach me the way where I should go;
 I lift my soul to Thee;
 Redeem me from the raging foe;
 To Thee, O Lord, I flee.

3 Because Thou art my God, I pray,
 Teach me to do Thy will;
 O lead me in the perfect way
 By Thy good Spirit still.

4 Revive me, Lord, for Thy great name,
 And, for Thy judgment's sake;
 From all my woes, O Lord, reclaim,
 My soul from trouble take.

555

—
 O THOU my soul, bless God the Lord,
 And all that in me is;
 Be lifted up His holy name,
 To magnify and bless.

Опо.—“Bless the Lord, bless the Lord,
 Bless the Lord, O my soul,
 And all that is within me,
 Bless His holy name.”

2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
 And not forgetful be
 Of all His gracious benefits
 He hath bestowed on thee.

3 All thy iniquities who doth
 Most graciously forgive;
 Who thy diseases all and pains
 Doth heal, and thee relieve.

- 4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death may'st not go down;
Who thee with loving kindness doth
And tender mercies crown.

556

I'LL Thee exalt, my God, O King,
Thy name I will adore;
I'll bless Thee every day, and praise
Thy name for evermore.

- 2 The Lord is great, much to be praised,
His greatness search exceeds;
Race unto race shall praise Thy works,
And show Thy mighty deeds.
- 3 I of Thy glorious majesty
The honor will record:
I'll speak of all Thy mighty works,
Which wondrous are, O Lord.
- 4 Men, of Thine acts the might shall show,
Thine acts that dreadful are;
And I, Thy glory to advance,
Thy greatness will declare.

557

I CRIED to God, I cried, He heard;
In day of grief I sought the Lord;
All night with hands stretched out I wept,
My soul no comfort would accept.

CHO.—Hath God forgotten to be kind?
His tender love in wrath confined?
My weakness this, yet faith doth stand
Recalling years of God's right hand.

- 2 I thought of God, and was distressed:
Complained, yet trouble round me pressed;
Thou holdest, Lord, my eyes awake;
So great my grief I cannot speak.
- 3 The days of old I called to mind,
The ancient years when God was kind;
I called to mind my song by night;
My musing spirit sought for light.

- 4 Will God cast off for evermore?
His favor will He ne'er restore?
Has grace for ever passed away?
Or, doth His promise fall for aye?

558

IN Thy great loving kindness, Lord,
Be merciful to me;
In Thy compassions great blot out
All my iniquity.

CHO.—Wash Thou me, yes, wash Thou me
And then I shall be whiter than the snow,
I shall be whiter than the snow.

- 2 O wash me thoroughly from sin;
From all my guilt me cleanse;
For my transgressions I confess;
I ever see my sins.

- 3 'Gainst Thee, Thee only have I sinned,
Done evil in Thy sight,
That when Thou speak'st Thou may'st be just,
And in Thy judging right.

- 4 Behold, I in iniquity
My being first received;
And with a nature all corrupt
My mother me conceived.

559

THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My fortress is the Lord;
My rock, and He that doth to me
Deliverance afford.

CHO.—My God whom I will trust,
A buckler unto me,
The horn of my salvation, too,
And my high tower is He.

- 2 The Lord is worthy to be praised,
Upon His name I'll call;
And He from all my enemies
Preserve me safely shall.

3 In my distress I called on God,
Cry to my God did I;
He from His temple heard my voice,
To His ears came my cry.

4 I therefore will to Thee, O Lord,
In songs my thanks proclaim;
And I among the heathen will
Sing praises to Thy name.

560

FAR from Thy sacred courts my tears
Have been my food by night and day,
While constantly, with bitter sneers,
"Where is thy God?" the scoffers say.

CHO.—As pants the hart for water brooks,
So pants my soul, O God, for Thee:
For Thee it thirsts, to Thee it looks,
And longs the living God to see.

2 These things I'll call to mind, and cry,
When I shall tread the sacred way
To Zion, praising God on high,
With throngs who keep the holy day.

3 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
And what should so disquiet thee?
Still hope in God, and Him extol,
Whose face brings saving health to me.

561

FROM the depths do I invoke Thee,
O Jehovah, give an ear;
To my voice be Thou attentive,
And my supplications hear.

CHO.—I am waiting, I am waiting,
And my hope is in His word;
I am waiting, ever waiting,
Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.

2 Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgressions,
Who before Thee, Lord, shall stand?
But with Thee there is forgiveness,
That Thy name may fear command.

3 Israel, hope thou in Jehovah,
Mercies great are found with Him;
He, abounding in redemption,
Israel will from sin redeem.

562

O PRAISE our Lord, where rich in grace
His presence fills His holy place;
Praise Him in yon celestial arch,
||: Where holds His power its glorious march.:||

CHO.—O praise Him, O praise Him for all His deeds of
fame;
O praise Him, O praise Him, O praise His mighty
name;
Let all that breathe with glad accord
Lift up their voice, and praise the Lord.

2 O praise Him for His deeds of fame,
O praise the greatness of His name;
O praise Him with the trumpet's sound,
||: With harp and psaltery answering round.:||

3 O praise Him with the notes of joy,
And every harp in praise employ;
On cymbals loud, Jehovah praise,
||: On cymbals high His glory raise.:||

563

TO Thee I lift my soul, O Lord;
My God, I trust in Thee;
O let me never be ashamed,
Nor foes exult o'er me.

CHO.—Remember me, remember me,
O Lord, remember me;
In mercy for Thy goodness' sake,
O Lord, remember me.

2 O Lord, let none be put to shame,
Upon Thee who attend;
But make all those to be ashamed,
Who causelessly offend.

3 Thy ways, Lord, show; teach me Thy paths;
Lead me in truth, teach me;
For of my safety Thou art God;
All day I wait on Thee.

4 Let not the errors of my youth,
Nor sins remembered be;
In mercy, for Thy goodness' sake,
O Lord, remember me.

564

DOWN in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the flowers are blooming and the sweet
waters flow;

Everywhere He leads me I would follow, follow on.
Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.

CHO.—Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus!
Anywhere, everywhere, I would follow on!
Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus!
Everywhere He leads me I would follow on!

2 Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the storms are sweeping and the dark waters flow;
With His hand to lead me I will never, never fear,
Dangers cannot fright me if my Lord is near.

3 Down in the valley, or upon the mountain steep,
Close beside my Saviour would my soul ever keep;
He will lead me safely, in the path that He has trod,
Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

565

JESUS knows thy sorrow,
Knows thine every care;
Knows thy deep contrition,
Hears thy feeblest prayer;
Do not fear to trust Him—
Tell Him all thy grief;
Cast on Him thy burden,
He will bring relief.

2 Trust the heart of Jesus,
Thou art precious there;
Surely He would shield thee
From the tempter's snare;

Safely He would lead thee
By His own sweet way,
Out into the glory
Of a brighter day.

- 3 Jesus knows thy conflict,
Hears thy burdened sigh;
When thy heart is wounded,
Hears thy plaintive cry;
He thy soul will strengthen,
Overcome thy fears;
He will send thee comfort,
Wipe away thy tears.

566

GATHER them in! for yet there is room
At the feast that the King has spread;
Oh, gather them in!—let His house be filled,
And the hungry and poor be fed.

CHO.—Out in the highway, out in the byway,
Out in the dark paths of sin,
Go forth, go forth, with a loving heart,
And gather the wanderers in!

- 2 Gather them in! for yet there is room;
But our hearts—how they throb with pain,
To think of the many who slight the call
That may never be heard again!

- 3 Gather them in! for yet there is room;
'Tis a message from God above;
Oh, gather them into the fold of grace,
And the arms of the Saviour's love!

567

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
||: Join in a song with sweet accord, ||
||: And thus surround the throne. ||

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion
The beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
||: But children of the heavenly King, :||
||: May speak their joys abroad. :||
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
||: Before we reach the heavenly fields, :||
||: Or walk the golden streets. :||
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
||: We're marching through Immanuel's ground, :||
||: To fairer worlds on high. :||

568

HAVE you any room for Jesus,
He who bore your load of sin;
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner will you let Him in?

CHO.—Room for Jesus, King of glory!
Hasten now His word obey!
Swing the heart's door widely open,
Bid Him enter while you may.

2 Room for pleasure, room for business,
But for Christ the crucified;
Not a place that He can enter,
In the heart for which He died?

3 Have you any room for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
O to-day is time accepted,
To-morrow you may call in vain.

4 Room and time now give to Jesus,
Soon will pass God's day of grace;
Soon thy heart left cold and silent,
And thy Saviour's pleading cease.

569

“ALMOST persuaded,” Now to believe;
“Almost persuaded,” Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
“Go, Spirit, go Thy way,

Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

- 2 "Almost persuaded," Come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," Turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
O wanderer come.

- 3 "Almost persuaded," Harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," Doom comes at last!
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost—but lost!"

570

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far-off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
||: Away from the tender Shepherd's care.:||

- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me,
And, although the road be rough and steep,
||: I go to the desert to find my sheep." :||

- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro'
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard the cry—
||: Sick and helpless, and ready to die.:||

- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back,"
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
||: They are pierced to-night by many a thorn." :||

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
 And the angels echoed around the throne.
 ||: "Rejoice for the Lord brings back His own!" :||

571

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord!
 Thy mighty arm make bare;
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
 And make Thy people hear.

CHO.—Revive! revive!
 And give refreshing showers;
 The glory shall be all Thine own;
 The blessing shall be ours.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
 Disturb this sleep of death;
 Quicken the smouldering embers now
 By Thine Almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
 Create soul-thirst for Thee;
 And hungering for bread of life,
 Oh, may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
 Exalt Thy precious name,
 And by the Holy Ghost, our love
 For Thee and Thine inflame.

572

IAM Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
 And it told Thy love to me;
 But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 And be closer drawn to Thee.

CHO.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
 To the cross where Thou hast died;
 Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
 To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
 By the power of grace divine;

Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

3 O, the pure delight of a single hour,
That before Thy Throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

573

WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

CHO.—It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
“Even so”—it is well with my soul.

574

O SAFE to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
Thou blest “Rock of Ages,” I’m hiding in Thee.

CHO.—Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,
Thou blest “Rock of Ages,”
I’m hiding in Thee.

- 2 In the calm of the moontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.
- 3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe;
How often when trials, like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

575

OH, where are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin;
With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the "harvest home."

CHO.—Where are the reapers! oh, who will come
And share in the glory of the "harvest home?"
Oh, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

- 2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all;
The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall;
Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
But gather from all for the home on high.
- 3 The fields all are ripening, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide:
But reapers are few and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
- 4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

576

TO the work! to the work! we are servants of God,
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;
With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

CHO.—||: Toiling on, toiling on, :||
Let us hope, let us watch,
And labor till the Master comes.

- 2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed,
To the fountain of Life let the weary be led;
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings, "*Salvation is free!*"
- 3 To the work! to the work! there is labor for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus, "*Salvation is free!*"
- 4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord,
And a robe and a crown shall our labor reward;
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
And we shout with the ransomed "*Salvation is free!*"

577

I WILL sing of my Redeemer,
And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

CHO.—Sing, oh, sing, of my Redeemer!
With His blood He purchased me,
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt, and made me free.

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell;
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with Him to be.

578

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by;

If a smile we can renew,
 As our journey we pursue,
 Oh, the good we all may do,
 While the days are going by

CHO.—||: Going by, going by, :||
 Oh, the good we all may do,
 While the days are going by.

2 There's no time for idle scorning,
 While the days are going by;
 Let your face be like the morning,
 While the days are going by;
 Oh, the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes;
 Help your fallen brother rise,
 While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us
 While the days are going by;
 One by one we leave behind us,
 While the days are going by;
 But the seeds of good we sow,
 Both in shade and shine will grow,
 And will keep our hearts aglow,
 While the days are going by.

579

SING them over again to me,
 Wonderful words of Life,
 Let me more of their beauty see,
 Wonderful words of Life.
 Words of life and beauty,
 Teach me faith and duty;
 ||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of Life. :||

2 Christ, the blessed One gives to all
 Wonderful words of Life,
 Sinner, list to the loving call,
 Wonderful words of Life.
 All so freely given,
 Wooing us to heaven.
 ||: Beautiful words, wonderful words
 Wonderful words of Life. :||

- 3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
 Wonderful words of Life,
 Offer pardon and peace to all,
 Wonderful words of Life.
 Jesus, only Saviour,
 Sanctify forever.
 ||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of Life :||

580

BEHOLD, what love, what boundless love,
 The Father hath bestowed
 On sinners lost, that we should be
 Now called the sons of God!

CHO.—Behold, what manner of love!
 What manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us,
 That we—that we should be called,
 Should be called the sons of God.

- 2 No longer far from Him, but now
 By “precious blood” made nigh;
 Accepted in the “Well-belov’d,”
 Near to God’s heart we lie.
- 3 What we in glory soon shall be,
 It doth not yet appear;
 But when our precious Lord we see,
 We shall His image bear.
- 4 With such a blessed hope in view,
 We would more holy be,
 More like our risen, glorious Lord,
 Whose face we soon shall see.

581

SIMPLY trusting every day,
 Trusting through a stormy way;
 Even when my faith is small,
 Trusting Jesus that is all.

CHO.—Trusting as the moments fly,
 Trusting as the days go by:
 Trusting Him whate’er befall,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 3 Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 4 Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
-

582

YIELD not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through,

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;

He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

583

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

584

I'VE found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;
And 'round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
Forever and forever.

- 2 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
 He bled, He died to save me;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own self He gave me.
 Nought that I have my own I call,
 I hold it for the Giver:
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His forever.
- 3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
 All power to Him is given;
 To guard me on my onward course,
 And bring me safe to heaven.
 Th'eternal glories gleam afar,
 To nerve my faint endeavor;
 So now to watch, to work, to war,
 And then to rest forever.
- 4 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
 So kind, and true, and tender,
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
 So mighty a Defender!
 From Him, who loves me now so well,
 What power my soul can sever?
 Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell?
 No; I am His forever.

585

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
 Hear my humble cry;
 While on others Thou art smiling,
 Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
 While on others Thou art calling,
 Do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
 Find a sweet relief;
 Kneeling there in deep contrition,
 Help my unbelief:
- 3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
 Would I seek Thy face;
 Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
 Save me by Thy grace.

- 4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

586

MY Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine!
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

- 2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

587

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

- 2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.
- 3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way;
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

- 4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

588

I HEAR the Saviour say—
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

- 3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

- 4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

- 5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

589

I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour tho' earth-friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
But oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too.

CHO.—For you I am praying,
||: For you I am praying,:||
I'm praying for you.

- 2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
- 3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friends, could I see you receiving one too!
- 4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!
- 5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

590

SOUL of mine, in earthly temple,
Why not here content abide?
Why art thou forever pleading?
Why art thou not satisfied?

CHO.—||: I shall be satisfied,
I shall be satisfied,
When I awake in His likeness.:||

- 2 Soul of mine, my heart is clinging
To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
Ah, why dost thou thus reprove me?
Why art thou not satisfied?

- 3 Soul of mine, must I surrender,
See myself as crucified;
Turn from all of earth's ambition,
That thou may'st be satisfied.

- 4 Soul of mine, continue pleading:
Sin rebuke, and folly chide;
I accept the cross of Jesus,
That thou may'st be satisfied.

591

SAVIOUR! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

592

RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it:
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

593

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REF.—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love.
In a brighter, brighter world above.

594

MORE holiness give me,
 More strivings within;
 More patience in suffering,
 More sorrow for sin;
 More faith in my Saviour,
 More sense of His care;
 More joy in His service,
 More purpose in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me,
 More trust in the Lord;
 More pride in His glory,
 More hope in His word;
 More tears for His sorrows,
 More pain at His grief;
 More meekness in trial,
 More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,
 More strength to o'ercome;
 More freedom from earth-stains,
 More longings for home;
 More fit for the kingdom,
 More used would I be;
 More blessed and holy,
 More, Saviour, *like Thee*.

595

I HEAR Thy welcome voice
 That calls me, Lord, to Thee;
 For cleansing in Thy precious blood
 That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming Lord!
 Coming now to Thee!
 Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
 That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
 Thou dost my strength assure;
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
 Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

596

TIS the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly
bend,
And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour and Friend;
If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share,
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

CHO.—Blessed hour of prayer, blessed hour of prayer;
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

2 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws
near,
With a tender compassion His children to hear;
When He tells us we may cast at His feet every care,
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried
To the Saviour who loves them their sorrow confide:
With a sympathizing heart He removes every care;
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

4 At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him we believe
That the blessings we're needing we'll surely receive,
In the fulness of this trust we shall lose every care;
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

597

I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need Thee, oh! I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour;
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

598

JESUS, keep me near the Cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHO.—In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the Bright and Morning Star
Shed its beams around me.

- 3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.
- 4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

599

THOU my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

REF.—||: Close to Thee, close to Thee; ||
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

- 2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

REF.—||: Close to Thee, close to Thee; ||
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

- 3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

REF.—||: Close to Thee, close to Thee; ||
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

600

I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

- 2 My Father's house of light,—
 My glory-circled throne
 I left, for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone;
 I left, I left it all for thee;
 Hast thou left aught for Me?
- 3 I suffered much for thee,
 More than my tongue can tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell;
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
 What hast thou borne for Me?
- 4 And I have brought to thee.
 Down from My home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and My love;
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
 What hast thou brought to Me?

601

THERE is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall;
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.

CHO.—Oh dearly, dearly has He loved,
 And we must love Him too;
 And trust in His redeeming blood,
 And try His works to do.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
 What pains He had to bear;
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough,
 To pay the price of sin;
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven and let us in.

602

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
 I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
 I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

REF.—Love, rest and home!
 Sweet, sweet home!
 Lord, tarry not,
 Lord tarry not, but come.

- 2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
 I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
 Beyond the shining and the shading,
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
 I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
- 3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
 I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
 I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
- 4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
 I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
 Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
 Beyond the ever and the never,
 I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

603

OH, the clanging bells of Time!
 Night and day they never cease;
 We are wearied with their chime,
 For they do not bring us peace;
 And we hush our breath to hear,
 And we strain our eyes to see
 If thy shores are drawing near,—
 Eternity! Eternity!

- 2 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
 How their changes rise and fall,
 But in undertone sublime,
 Sounding clearly through them all,

Is a voice that must be heard,
 As our moments onward flee,
 And it speaketh, aye, one word,—
 Eternity! Eternity!

3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
 To their voices, loud and low,
 In a long, unresting line
 We are marching to and fro;
 And we yearn for sight or sound,
 Of the life that is to be,
 For thy breath doth wrap us round,—
 Eternity! Eternity!

4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
 Soon their notes will all be dumb,
 And in joy and peace sublime,
 We shall feel the silence come;
 And our souls their thirst will slake,
 And our eyes the King will see,
 When thy glorious morn shall break,—
 Eternity! Eternity!

604

WE shall meet beyond the river,
 By and by, by and by;
 And the darkness shall be over,
 By and by, by and by;
 With the toilsome journey done,
 And the glorious battle won,
 We shall shine forth as the sun,
 By and by, by and by.

2 We shall strike the harps of glory,
 By and by, by and by;
 We shall sing redemption's story
 By and by, by and by;
 And the strains for evermore
 Shall resound in sweetness o'er
 Yonder everlasting shore,
 By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
 By and by, by and by;

Who a crown of life will give us,
 By and by, by and by;
 And the angels who fulfil
 All the mandates of His will
 Shall attend, and love us still,
 By and by, by and by.

- 4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
 By and by, by and by;
 And with sweetest rapture knowing,
 By and by, by and by;
 All the blest ones, who have gone
 To the land of life and song,—
 We with shoutings shall rejoin,
 By and by, by and by.

605

CHRIST is coming! let creation
 From her groans and travail cease
 Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore and faith increase:

CHO.—||: Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
 Come, Thou blessed Prince of peace

- 2 Earth can now but tell the story
 Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
 She shall yet behold Thy glory,
 When Thou comest back to reign.
- 3 Though once cradled in a manger,
 Oft no pillow but the sod;
 Here an alien and a stranger,
 Mocked of men, disowned of God
- 4 Long Thy exiles have been pining,
 Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
 But, in heavenly vesture shining,
 Soon they shall Thy glory see.
- 5 With that "blesséd hope" before us,
 Let no harp remain unstrung;
 Let the mighty ransomed chorus
 Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

606

JOY to the World! the Lord is come;
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love.

607

I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
 For the langed-for hame-bringin', an' my Faither's
 welcome smiles
 An' I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see
 The gowden gates o' heav'n an' my ain countrie.
 The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh an' gay.
 The birdies warble blithely, for my Faither made them sae:
 But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,
 When I hear the angels singin' in my ain countrie.

2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day,
 the King
 To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
 Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' owre, we shall see
 The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
 My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
 But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair:
 For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry
 my e'e,
 When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place,
 I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
 It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
 In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
 I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
 For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like
 me,
 An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.

- 4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come
 again,
 He'll keep His tryst wi' me,—at what oor I dinna ken;
 But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
 To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie:
 Sae I'm watchin' aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
 For the soun'in' o' His futfa' this side the gowden gate;
 God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
 That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

608

I'VE reached the land of corn and wine,
 And all its riches freely mine;
 Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
 For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
 As on thy highest mount I stand,
 I look away across the sea,
 *Where mansions are prepared for me,
 And view the shining glory shore,
 My heaven, my home for evermore.

- 2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,
 And sweet communion here have we;
 He gently leads me with His hand,
 For this is heaven's border-land.
- 3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
 Is borne from ever vernal trees,
 And flowers that never fading grow
 Where streams of life forever flow.
- 4 The zephyrs seem to float to me,
 Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
 As angels, with the white-robed throng,
 Join in the sweet redemption song.

609

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
 Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;
 Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
 We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHO.—||: Bringing in the sheaves,
 Bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come rejoicing,
 Bringing in the sheaves.:||

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
 By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
 We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- 3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
 We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

610

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God His wrath forbear?
 ||: Me, the chief of sinners, spare?:||

- 2 I have long withstood His grace;
 Long provoked Him to His face;
 Would not hearken to His calls,
 ||: Grieved Him by a thousand falls.:||
- 3 Now, incline me to repent;
 Let me now my sins lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 ||: Look, believe, and sin no more.:||

611

OUR Lord is now rejected,
 And by the world disowned,
 By the *many* still neglected,
 And by the *few* enthroned,
 But soon He'll come in glory,
 The hour is drawing nigh,
 For the crowning day is coming by and by.

CHO.—Oh, the crowning day is coming,
 Is coming by and by,
 When our Lord shall come in "power,"
 And "glory" from on high.
 Oh, the glorious sight will gladden,
 Each waiting, watchful eye,
 In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

2 The heavens shall glow with splendor,
 But brighter far than they
 The saints shall shine in glory,
 As Christ shall them array,
 The beauty of the Saviour,
 Shall dazzle every eye,
 In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

3 Our pain shall then be over,
 We'll sin and sigh no more,
 Behind us all of sorrow,
 And naught but joy before.
 A joy in our Redeemer,
 As we to Him are nigh,
 In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

4 Let all that look for, hasten
 The coming joyful day,
 By earnest consecration,
 To walk the narrow way.
 By gathering in the lost ones,
 For whom our Lord did die,
 For the crowning day that's coming by and by.

612

OH, tender and sweet was the Master's voice
 As He lovingly called to me,
 "Come over the line, it is only a step—
 I am waiting, My child, for thee."

REF.—"Over the line," hear the sweet refrain,
 Angels are chanting the heavenly strain:
 "Over the line,"—Why should I remain
 With a step between me and Jesus.

- 2 But my sins are many, my faith is small,
Lo! the answer came quick and clear;
"Thou needest not trust in thyself at all,
Step over the line, I am here."
- 3 But the flesh is weak, I tearfully said,
And the way I cannot see;
I fear if I try I may sadly fail,
And thus may dishonor Thee.
- 4 Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go back,
Press forward I surely must;
I will place my hand in His wounded palm,
Step over the line, and *trust*.
- REF.—"Over the line," hear the sweet refrain,
Angels are chanting the heavenly strain:
"Over the line,"—*I will not remain*,
I'll cross it and go to Jesus.

613

- H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,—
||: To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? :||
- 2 Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
||: Upheld by My gracious omnipotent hand. :||
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
||: And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress. :||
- 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to His foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
||: I'll never—no never—no never forsake!" :||

614

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. AMEN, AMEN.

615

- S**TAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
“Ye that are men, now serve Him,”
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

616

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion.
Prepared for Zion's war.

- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim — "The Lord is come!"

617

- SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while He sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear;
 Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice,
 For while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

618

“WHOSOEVER heareth,” shout, shout the sound!
 Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
 Spread the joyful news wherever man is found:
 “Whosoever will, may come.”

CHO.—“Whosoever will, whosoever will,”
 Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
 ’Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer home:
 “Whosoever will, may come.”

- 2 “Whosoever cometh need not delay,
 Now the door is open, enter while you may;
 Jesus is the true, the only Living Way:
 “Whosoever will, may come.”

- 3 “Whosoever will,” the promise secure,
 “Whosoever will,” forever must endure;
 “Whosoever will,” ’tis life for evermore:
 “Whosoever will, may come.”

619

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious;
 See the “Man of sorrows” now;
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to Him shall bow.

REF.—||: Crown Him, crown Him, angels crown Him,
 Crown the Saviour “King of kings.” :||

- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings.

- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
- 4 Hark! the bursts of acclamation!
Hark! these loud triumphant chords;
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh, what joy the sight affords.

620

JESUS Christ is passing by,
Sinner, lift to Him thine eye;
As the precious moments flee,
Cry, "be merciful to me!"

- 2 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
"What wilt thou then have of Me?"
Rise, and tell Him all thy need;
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.
- 3 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me;
Let it penetrate my soul,
All my heart and life control."
- 4 Oh, how sweet the touch of power
Comes,—and is salvation's hour;
Jesus gives from guilt release,
"Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

621

I KNOW not the hour when my Lord will come
To take me away to His own dear home;
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

CHO.—And that will be glory for me,
Oh, that will be glory for me;
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

- 2 I know not the song that the angels sing,
I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring;
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
And that will be music for me.

CHO.—And that will be music for me,
 Oh, that will be music for me;
 But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King
 And that will be music for me.

3 I know not the form of my mansion fair,
 I know not the name that I then shall bear;
 But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
 And that will be heaven for me.

CHO.—And that will be heaven for me,
 Oh, that will be heaven for me;
 But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
 And that will be heaven for me.

622

RING the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
 For a soul returning from the wild;
 See! the Father meets him out upon the way,
 Welcoming His weary, wandering child.

CHO.—Glory! glory! how the angels sing;
 Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring;
 'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
 Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
 For the wanderer now is reconciled;
 Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
 And is born anew a ransomed child.

3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day,
 Angels, swell the glad triumphant strain!
 Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!
 For a precious soul is born again.

623

GOD loved the world of sinners lost
 And ruined by the fall;
 Salvation full, at highest cost,
 He offers free to all.

CHO.—Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!
 The love of God to me;
 It brought my Saviour from above,
 To die on Calvary.

- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.
- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.
- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.

624

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun-
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head:
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
 - 3 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
 - 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns
The prisoner leaps to loose His chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
 - 5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

625

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine;
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

626

THE whole world was lost in the darkness of sin,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
Like sunshine at noonday His glory shone in,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

CHO.—Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee;
Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me,
Once I was blind but now I can see:
The Light of the world is Jesus.

2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

3 Ye dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
Go, wash, at His bidding, and light will arise.
The Light of the world is Jesus.

4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,
The Light of that world is Jesus;
The Lamb is the light in the City of Gold,
The Light of that world is Jesus.

627

COME home! come home!
You are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild;

O prodigal child!
Come home! oh, come home!

CHO.—Come home! Come, oh come home!

2 Come home! come home!
For we watch and we wait,
And we stand at the gate,
While the shadows are piled;
O prodigal child!
Come home! oh come home!

3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there;
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

628

NOT now, my child,—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billow's foam;
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then, the sunshine of thy Father's Home!

2 Not now; for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now; for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing;
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

529

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—“Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.”

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

630

TO-DAY the Saviour calls;
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

CHO.—||: Come home, come home,
The Saviour calls, come home.:||

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

631

WHERE is my wandering boy to-night—
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?

CHO.—||: O where is my boy to-night? :||
My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows;
O where is my boy to-night?

2 Once he was pure as morning dew,
As he knelt at His mother's knee;
No face was so bright, no heart more true,
And none was so sweet as he.

3 O could I see you now, my boy,
As fair as in olden time,
When prattle and smile made home a joy
And life was a merry chime!

4 Go for my wandering boy to-night;
Go, search for him where you will;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.

632

IT passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine!
My Jesus! Saviour! yet this soul of mine
Would of that love, in all its depth and length,
Its height, and breadth, and everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

- 2 It passeth telling! that dear love of Thine!
My Jesus! Saviour! yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.
- 3 It passeth praises! that dear love of Thine!
My Jesus! Saviour! yet this heart of mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,
Right home to God.
- 4 But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fulness of that love whilst here below;
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring;
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.
- 5 I am an empty vessel! scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought;
Yet, I may come, and come again to Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
“Thou lovest me.”
- 6 Oh, fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above;
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee!
- 7 And when my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,
When at the lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.

633

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home;
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

634

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known:
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief;
 ||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer! :||

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 ||: I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :||

- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 May I thy consolation share,
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home and take my flight;
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 ||: And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :||

635

THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One,
 There is life at this moment for thee;
 Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
 Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

REF.—Look! look! look and live!
 There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
 There is life at this moment for thee.

- 2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
 If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
 Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
 If His dying thy debt has not paid?
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance, and prayers,
 But the *blood*, that atones for the soul;
 On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
 Thy weight of iniquities roll.
- 4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
 There remaineth no more to be done;
 That once in the end of the world He appeared,
 And completed the work He begun.
- 4 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
 The life everlasting He gives;
 And know with assurance thou never canst die,
 Since Jesus thy righteousness, lives.

636

COME to the Saviour, make no delay;
 Here in His word He's shown us the way;
 Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
 Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHO.—Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
 When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
 And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
 In our eternal home.

- 2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice,
 Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
 And let us freely make Him our choice;
 Do not delay, but come.

- 3 Think once again, He's with us to-day;
 Heed now His blest commands, and obey;
 Hear now His accents tenderly say,
 "Will you, my children, come?"

637

HE leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,
 O words with heavenly comfort fraught;
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
 By His own hand He leadeth me;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine,
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

638

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
 To make up His jewels,
 All His jewels, precious jewels,
 His loved and His own.

CHO.—Like the stars of the morning,
 His bright crown adorning,
 They shall shine in their beauty,
 Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
 The gems for His kingdom;
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
 His loved and His own.

- 3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
-

639

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me—
- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling; oh, call me—
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me—
- 6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me—
-

640

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,—
“Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?”

Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

- 4 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.
- 3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.
- 4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.
- 5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.
- 6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.

Take the task He gives yon, gladly,
 Let His work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly when He calleth,
 "Here am I; send me, send me!"

C41

NOTHING but leaves! The Spirit grieves
 O'er years of wasted life;
 O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
 O'er vows and promises unkept,
 And reap from years of strife—
 Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

2 Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves
 Of life's fair ripening grain:
 We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—
 Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—
 Then reap, with toil and pain,
 Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves
 No veil to hide the past:
 And as we trace our weary way,
 And count each lost and misspent day,
 We sadly find at last—
 Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
 And bring but withered leaves?
 Ah, who shall, at the Saviour's feet,
 Before the awful judgment-seat,
 Lay down, for golden sheaves,
 Nothing but leaves? Nothing but leaves?

C42

YET there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall
 of song,
 With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
 The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
 Pass in! pass in! and be the Bridegroom's guest:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
 Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
 The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
 That cup of everlasting love is free:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
 The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 8 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
 Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
 No room, no room;—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

643

DO you see the Hebrew captive kneeling,
 At morning, noon and night, to pray?
 In his chamber he remembers Zion,
 Though in exile far away.

CHO.—Are your windows open toward Jerusalem,
 Though as captives here a "little while" we stay?
 For the coming of the King in His glory,
 Are you watching day by day?

2 Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,
 Nor shrink the lion's den to share;
 For the God of Daniel will deliver,
 He will send His angel there.

3 Children of the living God, take courage,
 Your great deliverance sweetly sing;
 Set your faces toward the hill of Zion,
 Thence to hail your coming King!

644

SOON shall we see the glorious morning,
Saints arise! Saints arise!
Sinners, attend the notes of warning;
Saints arise! Saints arise!
The resurrection day draws near,
The King of Saints shall soon appear,
And high His royal standard rear;
Saints arise! Saints arise!

2 Hear ye the trump of God resounding,
Saints arise! Saints arise!
Through all the vaults of death rebounding;
Saints arise! Saints arise!
To meet the Bridegroom, haste, prepare!
Put on your bridal garments fair.
And hail your Saviour in the air;
Saints arise! Saints arise!

3 The Saints who sleep, with joy awaken,
All arise! all arise!
Their beds of death are quick forsaken,
All arise! all arise!
Not one of all the faithful few
Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
But starts with bliss his Lord to view;
All arise! all arise!

4 Fast by the throne of God behold them
Crowned at last! crowned at last!
See in His arms the Saviour folds them,
Crowned at last! crowned at last!
With wreaths of glory round their head,
No tears of sorrow now are shed,
To joy's full fountain all are led,
Crowned at last! crowned at last!

645

“MAN of Sorrows,” what a name
For the Son of God, who came,
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood;
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 3 Guilty, vile and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
"Full atonement!" can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry,
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing;
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

646

- H**O! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?
- 2 Thrast in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain,
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again;
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?
- 3 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.

Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

647

FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine!
Break, every tender tie;
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night;
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light;
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

648

KNOCKING, knocking, who is there?
 Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
 Never such was seen before;
 Ah! my soul, for such a wonder
 Wilt thou not undo the door?

- 2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
 Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
 But the door is hard to open,
 For the weeds and ivy-vine,
 With their dark and clinging tendrils,
 Ever round the hinges twine.
- 3 Knocking, knocking,— what! still there?
 Waiting, waiting, grand and fair!
 Yes, the piercé hand still knocketh,
 And beneath the crownéd hair
 Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
 Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

649

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast"

- 2 I came to Jesus as I was—
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in Him a resting place,
 And He has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water—thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- 5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

650

REPEAT the story o'er and o'er,
Of *grace* so full and free;
I love to hear it more and more,
Since grace has rescued me.

CHO.—||: The half was never told, :||
Of *grace* divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

2 Of *peace* I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest,
Until the sweet-voiced angel came
To soothe my weary breast.

CHO.—||: The half was never told, :||
Of *peace* divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

3 My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real *joy* in life I know,
But in His service sweet.

CHO.—||: The half was never told, :||
Of *joy* divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

4 And oh, what rapture will it be,
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of His *love*!

CHO.—||: The half was never told, :||
Of *love* divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

651

IT may be at morn, when the day is awaking,
When sunlight thro' darkness and shadow is breaking,
That Jesus will come in the fullness of glory,
To receive from the world "His own."

CHO.—O Lord Jesus, how long? how long
 Ere we shout the glad song?
 Christ returneth; Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Amen, Hallelujah! Amen.

- 2 It may be at midday, it may be at twilight,
 It may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight
 Will burst into light in the blaze of His glory,
 When Jesus receives "His own."
- 3 While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending,
 With glorified saints and the angels attending,
 With grace on His brow, like a halo of glory,
 Will Jesus receive "His own."
- 4 Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go without dying,
 No sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying,
 Caught up through the clouds with our Lord into glory,
 When Jesus receives "His own."

652

STANDING by a purpose true,
 Heeding God's command,
 Honor them, the faithful few!
 All hail to Daniel's Band!

CHO.—Dare to be a Daniel,
 Dare to stand alone!
 Dare to have a purpose firm!
 Dare to make it known!

- 2 Many mighty men are lost,
 Daring not to stand,
 Who for God had been a host,
 By joining Daniel's Band.
- 3 Many giants, great and tall,
 Stalking through the land,
 Headlong to the earth would fall,
 If met by Daniel's Band.
- 4 Hold the gospel banner high!
 On to victory grand!
 Satan and his hosts defy,
 And shout for Daniel's Band.

653

ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

654

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHO.—On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

- 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in Him be found;
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

655

THERE'S a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,
When by sorrows pressed down,
I long for my crown
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

- 2 There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by and by;
There with friends hand in hand,
I shall walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high.

- 3 There's a beautiful land on high;
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way
To the realms of day
In that beautiful land on high?

- 4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
And methinks I now see
Them waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.

- 5 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-bye;"
Where the righteous will sing,
And their chorus will ring,
In that beautiful land on high.

656

O H! do not let the Word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

CHO.—Why not to-night? Why not to-night?
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long deluded sight;
This is the time! Oh, then be wise!
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

3 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live!
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

4 Our blesséd Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun!
Thou would'st be saved—*Why not to-night?*

657

SHE only touched the hem of His garment
As to His side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around Him,
And straightway she was whole.

CHO.—Oh, touch the hem of His garment!
And thou, too, shalt be free;
His saving power this very hour
Shall give new life to thee.

2 She came in fear and trembling before Him,
She knew her Lord had come;
She felt that from Him virtue had healed her,
The mighty deed was done.

3 He turned with "Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole;"
And peace that passeth all understanding
With gladness filled her soul.

658

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am tru-ting, Lord, in Thee,
Blesséd Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
“I will cleanse you from all sin.”
- 3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.
- 4 In the promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.
- 5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

659

WHEN Jesus comes to reward His servants,
Whether it be noon or night,
Faithful to Him will He find us watching,
With our lamps all trimmed and bright!

REF.—Oh, can we say we are ready, brother?—
Ready for the soul's bright home?
Say, will He find you and me still watching,
Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

- 2 If at the dawn of the early morning,
He shall call us one by one,
When to the Lord we restore our talents,
Will He answer thee—“Well done!”
- 3 Have we been true to the trust He left us?
Do we seek to do our best?
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
We shall have a glorious rest.
- 4 Blesséd are those whom the Lord finds watching,
In His glory they shall share;
If He shall come at the dawn or midnight
Will He find us watching there?

660

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare.
Blesséd Jesus, Blesséd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blesséd Jesus, Blesséd Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blesséd Jesus, Blesséd Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

661

COME, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate! light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life: see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

662

SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the no nday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHO.—Sown in the darkness, 'or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

663

TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

2 Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always—only—for my King.

3 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

4 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

664

O word of words the sweetest,
O words, in which there lie
All promise, all fulfillment,
And end of mystery;
Lamenting or rejoicing,
With doubt or terror nigh,
I hear the "Come!" of Jesus,
And to His cross I fly.

REF.—Come, oh, come to me,
Come, oh, come to me,
Weary, heavy-laden,
Come, oh, come to me.

2 O soul! why shouldst thou wander
From such a loving Friend?
Cling closer, closer to Him,
Stay with Him to the end;
Alas! I am so helpless,
So very full of sin,
For I am ever wandering,
And coming back again.

3 O, each time draw me nearer,
That soon the "Come" may be,
Naught but a gentle whisper.
To one, close, close to Thee;
Then, over sea and mountain,
Far from, or near my home,
I'll take Thy hand and follow,
At that sweet whisper "Come!"

665

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHO.—For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our Kings says — "Come!" — and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!

666

I AM now a child of God,
For I'm washed in Jesus' blood;
I am watching and I'm longing while I wait.
Soon on wings of love I'll fly,
To my home beyond the sky,
To my welcome, as I'm sweeping through the gate.

REF. — In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Washed from every stain I am;
Robed in whiteness, clad in brightness,
I am sweeping through the gate.

2 Oh! the blessed Lord of light,
He upholds me by His might;
And His arms enfold, and comfort while I wait.
I am leaning on His breast,
Oh! the sweetness of His rest,
Hallelujah, I am sweeping through the gate.

3 I am sweeping through the gate
Where the blessed for me wait;
Where the weary workers rest for evermore;
Where the strife of earth is done,
And the crown of life is won;
Oh, the glory of that city just before!

4 Burst are all my prison bars;
And I soar beyond the stars,
To my Father's house, the bright and blest estate.
Lo! the morn eternal breaks,
And the song immortal wakes,
Robed in whiteness I am sweeping through the gate.

667

WOULD we be joyful in the Lord?
Then count the riches o'er,
Revealed to faith within His word,
And note the boundless store.

CHO.—There is pardon, peace, and power,
And purity, and Paradise;
With all of these in Christ for me,
Let joyful songs of praise to Him arise!

2 For every sin, by grace divine
A *pardon* free bestowed;
And with the pardon *peace* is mine,
The peace in Jesus' blood.

3 Of grace to break the power of sin,
He gives a full supply,
The Holy Ghost, the heart within,
From sin doth *purify*.

4 The *power* to win a soul to God,
The Spirit, too, imparts;
And He, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Dwells *now* in all our hearts.

5 These blessings we by faith receive,
By simple childlike trust;
In Christ, 'tis God's delight to *give*;
He promised, and He must.

668

COME souls that are longing for pleasure,
Our Saviour has pleasures to give;
Come find in His love the rare treasure,
That makes every true pleasure live.

CHO.—Come *now* saith the Lord, let us reason,
Come *now* and your purpose declare;
Is it pleasures of sin for a season,
Or pleasures the glorified share?

2 The pleasures of sin are deceiving,
They've nothing for yesterday's pain,
But hope of to-morrow receiving,
And then, its—*To-morrow—again*.

- 3 The pleasures of sin are all fleeting,
They vanish with life's passing morn;
Like dew-drops the morning sun greeting,
They glisten and then they are gone.
- 4 Then all who are longing for pleasure,
Ye weary and all who are worn;
Come find in the Lord a sure treasure,
That from you shall never be torn.
- 5 Of Jesus, thy choice be now making,
Redeemer, and Saviour, and Lord;
And soon in the glory awaking,
You'll share in the Saint's blest reward.

669

SHALL we gather at the river;
Where bright angel-feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river;
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
- 4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease:
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.

870

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you.
 Full of pity, love and power:
 He is able,
 He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,—
 Every grace that brings you nigh,—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream:
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him:
 'Tis He gives you,—
 'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry 'till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 Not the righteous,—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

671

GOD is love; His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens,
 God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Time and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But His mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom His brightness streameth,
 God is wisdom, God is love.

- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere His glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

672

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends Thy word:
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

673

IN the Christian's home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest;
 There my Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfil my soul's request.

CHO.—There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you.
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand,
 For my stay shall not be transient,
 In that holy, happy land.

- 3 Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glory!
 Shout your triumph as you go;
 Zion's gate will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through.

674

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near;
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

675

COME every joyful heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert,
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

- 2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave He rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode
And reigns on high the Saviour God.
- 4 From thence He'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

676

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw Thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

677

A WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

678

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet I will fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

679

- M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 3 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 4 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine.

680

- A**MAZING grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear.
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

681

- COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

682

- JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

- 5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

683

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make My paths your choice,
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

- 2 Thou who, homeless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain,
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

- 4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

684

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,—
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

- 5 Now God invites; how blest the day:
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.
-

685

- FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
-

686

- ONCE I was dead in sin,
And hope within me died;
But now I'm dead to sin —
With Jesus crucified.
- CHO.—And can it be that “He loved me,
And gave Himself for me?”
- 2 Oh height I cannot reach,
Oh depth I cannot sound,
Oh love, O boundless love,
In my Redeemer found!
- 3 O cold, ungrateful heart
That can from Jesus turn,
When living fires of love
Should on His altar burn.
- 4 I live—and yet, not I,
But Christ that lives in me;
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free.

687

- O Holy Spirit, come,
And Jesus love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.
- 2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.
- 2 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

688

- I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

689

- NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
While hanging on th'accurséd tree,
And knows here guilt was there.

690

HOW solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
“*Ye must be born again!*”

- 2 “*Ye must be born again!*”
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
’Tis *life* poor sinners need.
- 3 “*Ye must be born again!*”
And life in *Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
’Tis He *alone* can save.
- 4 “*Ye must be born again!*”
Or never enter heaven;
’Tis only blood-washed ones are there,
The ransomed and forgiven.

691

LORD, bless and pity us,
Shine on us with Thy face:
That th’earth Thy way, and nations all
May know Thy saving grace.

- 2 Let people praise Thee, Lord!
Let people all Thee praise!
Oh, let the nations all be glad,
In songs their voices raise!

- 3 Thou'lt justly people judge,
On earth rule nations all;
Let people praise Thee, Lord! let them
Praise Thee, both great and small!
- 4 The earth her fruit shall yield,
Our God shall blessing send;
God shall us bless: men shall Him fear
Unto earth's utmost end.

692

- A** WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His risen power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God—
In Christ, th'eternal King.
- 4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

693

- W**HILE shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—

- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed;
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
- 6 "All glory to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

694

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb;
To Thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

695

SPIRIT of truth, O let me know
The love of Christ to me;
Its conquering, quickening power bestow,
To set me wholly free.

- 2 I long to know its depth and height,
To scan its breadth and length;
Drink in its ocean of delight,
And triumph in its strength.
- 3 It is Thine office to reveal
My Saviour's wondrous love,
Oh, deepen on my heart Thy seal,
And bless me from above.

- 4 Thy quickening power to me impart,
And be my constant Guide;
With richer gladness fill my heart;
Be Jesus glorified.

696

O MY soul, bless thou Jehovah,
All within me, bless His name;
Bless Jehovah, and forget not
All His mercies to proclaim.

- 2 Who forgives all thy transgressions,
Thy diseases all who heals
Who redeems thee from destruction,
Who with thee so kindly deals.
- 3 Who with tender mercies crowns thee,
Who with good things fills thy mouth,
So that even like the eagle
Thou hast been restored to youth.
- 4 In His righteousness, Jehovah
Will deliver those distressed;
He will execute just judgment
In the cause of all oppressed.

697

JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

- 2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
- 3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall:
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.
- 4 Jesus only, when adoring,
Saints their crowns before Him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

698

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

699

WE are waiting by the river,
We are watching by the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

- 2 Though the mist hangs o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.
- 3 And the bright celestial city,—
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.
- 4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them
When we too, have crossed the tide.
- 5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

700

SAVIOUR! visit Thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance;—
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour.
'To revive Thy work afresh.

701

JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

- 2 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
- 4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

702

JESUS wept! those tears are over
But His heart is still the same,
Kinsman, Friend and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany.

- 2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany.
- 3 Jesus wept! and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tears;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here:
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.
- 4 Jesus wept! those tears of sorrow
Are a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow.
He the same doth ever prove,
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany.

703

- I** WAITED for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me He did incline
My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.
- 4 O blesséd is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

704

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain,
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

705

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 8 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing 'Treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

706

SAVE, Jesus, save:
Thy blessing now we crave;
For every anxious sinner here,
Oh, let Thy mercy now appear,
Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.

2 Save, Jesus, save!
Thy banner o'er us wave,
Of love eternal and divine;
Oh, Lord, let each one here be Thine,
Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.

3 Save, Jesus, save!
Thou conqueror o'er the grave,
Give every fettered soul release,
And to the troubled, whisper "Peace."
Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.

4 Save, Jesus, save!
And Thou alone shalt have
The glory of the work divine,
Yea, endless praises shall be Thine!
Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.

707

FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe.

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
And when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

708

AH, this heart is void and chill,
 'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
 For my Father's mansion, still
 Earnestly I'm longing.

REF.—Looking home, looking home,
 T'ward the heavenly mansion,
 Jesus hath prepared for me,
 In His Father's kingdom.

2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
 Heavenly pleasures bringing;
 Night will be exchanged for morn
 Sighs give place to singing.

3 Oh, to be at home, and gain,
 All for which we're sighing,
 From all earthly want and pain
 To be swiftly flying.—

4 Blesséd home! oh, blesséd home!
 There no more to sever;
 Soon we'll meet around the throne
 Praising God forever.

709

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were an offering far too small:
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

710

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

711

FAITH is a living power from heaven
Which grasps the promise God has given;
Securely fixed on Christ alone,
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown.

- 2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need,
To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
Strong in His grace it joys to share
His cross, in hope His crown to wear.
- 3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.
- 4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers Thy favor grant,
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

712

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

713

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

714

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage is run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

715

COME, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

716

SOUND, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from His lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;

They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their Friend appear,
He will be nigh.

- 3 Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

717

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into Thy native skies,
Assume Thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

- 2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain!

- 3 Enter, incarnate God!—
No feet but Thine, have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour triumphant—go,
And take Thy crown!

- 4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years!
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

- 5 And then was heard afar
 Star answering to star—
 “Lo! these have come
 Followers of Him who gave
 His life their lives to save;
 And now their palms they wave,
 Brought safely home.”
-

718

MY faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine;
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away,
 O, let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.

- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 Oh may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be
 A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my Guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll—
 Blest Saviour! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 Oh, bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul.
-

719

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly.
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

720

COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now,
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

- 2 He will save you, He will save you, etc.
- 3 He is able, He is able, etc.
- 4 He is willing, He is willing, etc.
- 5 He is waiting, He is waiting, etc.
- 6 He will hear you, He will hear you, etc.
- 7 He will cleanse you, He will cleanse you, etc.
- 8 He'll renew you, He'll renew you, etc.
- 9 He'll forgive you, He'll forgive you, etc.
- 10 If you'll trust Him, if you'll trust Him, etc.
- 11 He will save you, He will save you, etc.

721

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;

Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

722

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you—Why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why:
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live!
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—Why:
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love;
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners! why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

723

SUFF'RING Saviour, with thorn-crown,
Bruis'd and bleeding, sinking down;
Heavy-laden, weary-worn,
Fainting, dying, crushed and torn—
All for me, yes, all for me.

- 2 Jesus, Saviour, pure and mild,
Let me ever be Thy child;
So unworthy though I be,
Thou did'st suffer this for me—
All for me, yes, all for me.
- 3 Fain would I to Thee be brought,
Blesséd Lord forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give Thy wandering child a place;
Oh, bless me, yes, even me.

724

JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!

- 2 Jesus from His throne on high,
Came into this world to die;
That I might from sin be free,
Bled and died upon the tree.
- 3 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide!
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
- 4 Jesus, take this heart of mine;
Make it pure, and wholly Thine:
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for Thee.

725

G LORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

- 2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name—
Ye who have felt His blood,
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
“Worthy the Lamb!”
- 3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name—
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
“Worthy the Lamb!”
- 4 Soon must we change our place
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name;
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And, through all ages sing,
“Worthy the Lamb!”

726

MY God I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life, and where joy, and true comfort abound.

ОГО.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinner are free.

4 And though here below
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.

5 And this I shall find
For such is His mind,
"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

727

(See Number 721.)

728

STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved.

3 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

729

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

730

FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus! —the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

731

ASK ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

- 2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

- 5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
-

732

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us, O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness,

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful, Ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found.

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, May we ever
R ighn with Christ in endless day!
-

733

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

REF.—Lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

734

- B**Y faith I view my Saviour dying,
On the tree, On the tree;
To every nation He is crying,
Look to Me! Look to Me!
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear:
Hark, hark what precious words I hear,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, Pity me?
And did He snatch my soul from ruin,
Can it be, Can it be?
O, yes! He did salvation bring;
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
- 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes:
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, Unto me;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

- 4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
 And this shall be my theme when dying,
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
 And when the vale of death I've passed,
 When lodged above the stormy blast,
 I'll sing, while endless ages last.
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

735

- O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free;—
 A heart that always feels Thy blood,
 So freely shed for me:—
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within:—
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

736

- WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
 To His gracious promise flee,
 Laying hold upon His word
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case,
 Seem peculiar still to Thee,
 God has promised needful grace
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief
 In succession thou may'st see,
 This is still thy sweet relief
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

- 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure —
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
-

737

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
-

738

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

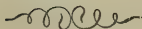
- 2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

739

THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee!
The Lord make his face shine upon thee,
And be gracious unto thee:
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee,
And give thee peace. AMEN.



INDEX.

A	NO.	NO.
A guilty soul, by Pharisees of..	385	Be present at our table, Lord.. 3
A little while! and He shall...	254	Be ye strong in the Lord..... 357
A long time I wandered.....	46	Beautiful morning!..... 247
A mighty fortress is our God..	414	Beautiful valley of Eden..... 138
A ruler once came to Jesus.....	127	Behold a Fountain deep and... 273
Abide with me! fast falls the..	317	Behold a Stranger at the door.. 450
Afflictions, tho' they seem.....	326	Behold how plain the truth is.. 522
After the toil and trouble.....	446	Behold, what love, what..... 580
Ah, my heart.....	25	Beneath the cross of Jesus..... 32
Ah, this heart is void and chill	708	Beneath the glorious throne... 415
Alas! and did my Saviour.....	79, 305	Beside the well at noon-time... 178
All glory to Jesus be given.....	109	Beyond the light of setting.... 530
All hail the power.....	334, 729	Beyond the smiling and the... 602
All my doubts I give to Jesus..	63	Blessed assurance, Jesus..... 304
All people that on earth do....	1	Blessed be the Fountain of.... 361
All-seeing, gracious Lord.....	216	Blessed hope that in Jesus is.. 135
All the way my Saviour.....	42	Blessed Saviour, ever nearer... 475
Almost persuaded.....	569	Blest be the tie that binds... 712
Along the River of Time.....	264	Blest Jesus, grant us strength. 519
Amazing grace! how sweet.....	680	Brightly beams our Father's... 45
Am I a soldier of the Cross.....	494	Brightly gleams our banner.... 186
Are you coming Home, ye.....	184	Brother, art thou worn and... 219
Are you ready, are you ready..	290	By faith I view my Saviour.... 734
Arise, my soul, arise.....	653	
Art thou weary, art thou.....	107	
Ask ye what great thing I know	731	
As I wandered 'round the.....	344	
As lives the flower within the..	471	
At even, ere the sun was set....	504	
At the feast of Belshazzar.....	379	
At the feet of Jesus.....	75	
Awake and sing the song.....	692	
Awake, my soul, stretch every..	677	
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays..	407	
Awake, my soul! to sound His..	301	

	NO.		NO.
He dies! He dies! the lowly....	350	I hear the words of Jesus.....	222
He holds the key of all.....	399	I hear Thy welcome voice.....	595
He is coming, the "Man of Sor- 285		I know I love Thee better.....	294
He leadeth me! oh, blessed....	637	I know not the hour, when my. 621	
He lives and loves, our Saviour 552		I know not what awaits me....	181
Helpless I come to Jesus' blood 210		I know not why God's.....	272
Hide me, O my Saviour.....	440	I know that my Redeemer.....	253, 298
Ho! my comrades, see the.....	11	I left it all with Jesus.....	53
Ho, reapers in the whiten'd....	550	I looked to Jesus in my sin.....	333
Ho! reapers of life's harvest....	646	I love to tell the Story.....	30
Hold Thou my hand; so.....	356	I love to think of the heavenly..	71
Holy Ghost, with light divine....	430	I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	6-8
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God....	118	I must walk thro' the valley....	341
Holy, holy, holy is the Lord....	467	I need Thee every hour.....	597
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide.....	31	I saw a way-worn traveler.....	225
Holy Spirit, Teacher Thou.....	443	I stood outside the gate.....	85
Home at last on heavenly.....	99	I think when I read that sweet 201	
Hope on, hope on, O.....	418	I waited for the Lord my.....	703
How do I know my sins.....	439	I wait for Thee, O Lord!.....	498
How firm a foundation, ye.....	613	I was once far away from the... 382	
How oft our souls are lifted up. 499		I will lift up mine eyes (Chant). 539	
How solemn are the words.....	690	I will praise the Lord my.....	460
How sweet, my Saviour, to.....	327	I will sing of my Redeemer....	577
How sweet, O Lord, Thy word. 520		I will sing the wondrous.....	406
How sweet the joy that fills....	422	I will sing you a song of that... 15	
How sweet the name of Jesus....	705	I'll Thee exalt, my God, O King 556	
How sweet the word of Christ.. 163		I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a.....	105
I		If never the gaze of the sun....	133
I am coming to the cross.....	658	In my Father's house there is. 154	
I am far frae my hame.....	607	In some way or other, the Lord 7	
I am not skilled to understand. 510		In the Christian's home in.....	673
I am now a child of God.....	666	In the cross of Christ I.....	698
I am so glad that our Father in. 18		In the harvest-field there is... 328	
I am Thine, O Lord.....	572	In the heavenly pastures fair.. 483	
I am trusting Thee, Lord.....	166, 445	In the hour when guilt assails.. 469	
I am waiting for the Master....	487	In the land of strangers.....	337
I am waiting for the morning... 232		In the secret of His presence... 363	
I believed in God's wonderful... 288		In the shadow of His wings....	306
I belong to Jesus.....	464	In the silent midnight watches. 93	
I bring my sins to Thee.....	73	In Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages... 230	
I bring to Thee, O Master!....	512	In Thy great loving kindness.. 558	
I cannot tell how precious.....	137	In times of sorrow, God is near 493	
I cried to God, I cried.....	557	In Zion's Rock abiding.....	84
I do not ask for earthly store... 457		Is Jesus able to redeem?.....	131
I feel like singing all the time.. 156		Is thy cruse of comfort failing. 515	
I gave My life for thee.....	600	It's a bonnie, bonnie war!... 258	
I have a Saviour, He's pleading 589		It is finished; what a Gospel!.. 452	
I have entered the valley of....	104	It may be at morn, when the... 651	
I have heard of a land far away 143		It passeth knowledge, that.....	632
I have heard of a Saviour's....	74	I've found a Friend; oh, such... 584	
I have read of a beautiful city.. 183		I've found a friend in Jesus....	367
I heard the voice of Jesus.....	649	I've found a joy in sorrow.....	70
I hear the Saviour say.....	588	I've found the pearl of greatest 176	
		I've learned to sing a glad new. 417	
		I've reached the land of corn.. 608	

	NO.		NO.
J			
Jerusalem, my happy home	380	Lord Jesus, I long to be	82
Jesus, and shall it ever be	704	Lord, my trust I repose in Thee	242
Jesus bids us shine with a	386	Lo! the day of God is breaking	69
Jesus Christ is passing by	620	Low in the grave He lay	323
Jesus, gracious One, calleth	122		
Jesus hail! enthroned in glory	701	M	
Jesus, I come to Thee for light	424	Majestic sweetness sits	679
Jesus, I my cross have taken	263	Man of Sorrows! what a name	645
Jesus, I will trust Thee	202	Master, the tempest is raging	261
Jesus is coming! sing the	234	Meet me there! Oh, meet	289
Jesus is tenderly calling thee	308	Mine! what rays of glory	157
Jesus, keep me near the cross	598	More holiness give me	594
Jesus knows thy sorrow	565	More love to Thee, O Christ	61
Jesus, Lover of my soul	721, 727	More of Jesus, more of	490
Jesus loves me, and I know I	18	Must I go and empty-handed	174
Jesus loves me, this I know	724	Must Jesus bear the cross	112
Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I	226, 335	My country, 'tis of thee	738
Jesus, my Saviour, to	280	My days are gliding swiftly by	665
Jesus of Nazareth! O what	463	My faith looks up to Thee	718
Jesus only, when the morning	697	My Father is rich in houses	302
Jesus saves! O blessed story	421	My God and Father while I	229
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!	366	My God, I have found	726
Jesus shall reign	64, 624	My heart, that was heavy and	58
Jesus, the very thought	368	My heavenly home is bright	484
Jesus! Thou Refuge of the soul	492	My hope is built on nothing	654
Jesus, Thy name I love	307	My Jesus, as Thou wilt	372
Jesus wept! those tears are	702	My Jesus I love Thee	586
Joy to the world	126, 606	My latest sun is sinking fast	97
Just as I am, without one	682	My life flows on in endless	244
		My Saviour's praises I will sing	268
K		My sin is great, my strength is	175
Knocking, knocking, who	648	My song shall be of Jesus	65
		My soul at last a rest hath	420
L		My soul, be on thy guard	676
Laborers of Christ, arise	374	My soul is happy all day long	223
Lead, kindly Light, amid	454		
Lead to the shadow of the	423	N	
Let us gather up the sunbeams	86	Nearer, my God, to Thee	719
Let us sing of the love of the	311	Nearer the cross! my heart	320
Lift up, lift up thy voice with	103	Neither do I condemn thee	551
Light after darkness	193	Never shone a light so fair	432
Light in the darkness, sailor	51	No works of law have we to	239
Like wandering sheep o'er	369	Not all the blood of beasts	689
Long in darkness we have	121	Not far from the Kingdom	299
Look away to Jesus	80	Not my own, but saved by	203
Look unto Me, and be ye	238, 343	Not now, but in the coming	533
Look up! look up! ye weary	476	Not now my child	628
Look, ye saints, the sight is	619	Not saved are we by trying	461
Lord, at Thy mercy-seat	516	Not what these hands have	243
Lord, bless and pity us	691	Nothing but leaves, the	641
Lord, dismiss us with Thy	732	Nothing either great or small	159
Lord, I care not for riches	209	Now just a word for Jesus	77
Lord, I hear of showers of	639	Now the day is over	362

O	NO.	O	NO.
O, bliss of the purified.....	34	O wand'ring souls, why longer	435
O brethren, rise and sing.....	433	O wand'ring souls, why will ..	325
O brother, life's journey.....	312	O weary pilgrim, lift your head	351
O cease, my wand'ring soul....	376	O, what are you going to do....	106
O child of God, wait patiently... 275		O what a Saviour, that He	132
O Christ, in Thee my soul hath	196	O what shall I do to be	117, 262
O Christ, what burdens bowed	39	O what will you do with Jesus?	373
O Christian traveler, fear no....	390	O where are the reapers	575
O come to the merciful Saviour	509	O who is this that cometh.	322
O come to the Saviour	465	O wonderful, wonderful Word..	345
O, come to the Saviour, believe.	55	O wonderful words of the.....	276
O crown of rejoicing	91	O wondrous Name, by	310
O daughter, take good heed.....	542	O word of words the sweetest..	664
O day of rest and gladness	531	O worship the King	442
O, do not let the Word depart..	656	Once again the Gospel message	245
O for a faith that will not	707	Once I was dead in sin	686
O for a heart to praise my God .	735	Once more, my soul, thy	257
O for a thousand tongues to....	730	Once more we come, God's	227
O, for the peace that floweth as	76	On Calvary's brow my Saviour	355
O God, our help in ages.....	313	On Jordan's stormy banks	179
O golden day, O day of God	405	On that bright and golden.....	338
O happy day, that fix'd my	543	On the Resurrection morning... 358	
O hear my cry, be gracious	339	One day the Shepherd passed ..	434
O hear the joyful message.....	548	One more day's work.....	26
O Holy Spirit, come	687	One offer of salvation	52
O how happy are we	134	One sweetly solemn thought... 102	
O I am so happy in Jesus	147	One there is above all others..	27
O I left all with Jesus.....	206	Only a beam of sunshine	300
O I love to talk with Jesus.....	496	Only a little while	221
O land of rest, for thee I sigh..	180	Only a step to Jesus.	66
O land of the blessed! thy.	319	Only an Armour Bearer.....	50
O list to the voice of the.....	287	Only trusting in my Saviour... 153	
O list to the watchman crying	547	Only waiting till the shadows.. 256	
O Lord, my soul rejoiceth in ..	507	Onward, Christian soldiers ..87, 365	
O my soul, bless thou Jehovah	696	Onward! upward!.....	60
O praise our Lord, where rich ..	562	Onward, upward, homeward! ..	269
O praise the Lord with heart... 318		Our lamps are trimmed and... 81	
O precious word that Jesus	295	Our life is like a stormy sea... 347	
O safe to the Rock that is.....	574	Our Lord is now rejected.....	611
O Saviour, precious Saviour 211, 529		Our Master has taken His.....	161
O soul in the far-away country. 197		Our Saviour will descend again 426	
O soul, tossed on the billows ..	270	Our way is often rugged	218
O, spirit, o'erwhelmed by thy ..	88	Out of my bondage, sorrow and 281	
O, tender and sweet was the... 612		Out on the desert, seeking	513
O tender beseechings of Jesus.. 505		Out on the mountain, sad and.. 456	
O thank the Lord, the Lord	553	Over the ocean wave	172
O, the bitter pain and sorrow ..	149		
O the clanging bells of Timol ..	603		
O, think of the home over there	54		
O thou my soul, bless God the ..	555		
O to be nothing, nothing....	48		
O, to be over yonder	40, 266		
O to have no Christ, no.....	348		
O troubled heart, there is a	330		
O, turn ye, O, turn ye.....	111		

P

Pass along the invitation.....	489
Praise God, from whom all	2
Pass me not, O gentle	585
Praise Him! Praise Him!.....	271
Praise, my soul, the King.....	468
Praise the Saviour, ye who.....	291

	NO.		NO.
Praise ye the Lord, for it is....	205	Sing unto the Lord, O ye.....	497
Pray, brethren, pray.....	501	Sinners Jesus will receive.....	331
Preach the gospel, sound it.....	444	Sinners, turn, why will ye die.....	722
Precious promise Go ! hath.....	36	Sin no more, thy soul is free.....	447
Precious Saviour, may I live.....	255	Sitting by the gateway of a.....	389
Press on, press on, O.....	540	Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and.....	526
Q		Softly and tenderly Jesus.....	324
		So let our lips and lives express.....	625
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart. 466		Some day, we say, and turn.....	403
R		Some one will enter the pearly.....	309
		Sometimes a light surprises.....	617
Redeemed! redeemed!.....	259	Sometimes I catch sweet.....	397
Rejoice and be glad.....	19	Songs of gladness, never sad.....	303
Rejoice in the Lord, O let His.....	278	Sons of God, beloved in Jesus.....	359
Rejoice, rejoice, believer.....	352	Soon shall we see the glorious.....	644
Rejoice! ye saints, again.....	431	Soon will come the setting sun.....	473
Rejoice with me, for now I'm.....	164	Soul of mine, in earthly temple.....	590
Repeat the story o'er and o'er.....	650	Souls of men, why will ye.....	336
Rescue the perishing.....	592	Sound, sound the truth abroad.....	716
Return, return, O wanderer.....	478	Sound the alarm! let the.....	246
Revive thy work, O Lord.....	571	Sound the high praises.....	169
Ride on! ride on in majesty.....	425	Sowing in the morning.....	609
Ring the bells of heaven.....	622	Sowing the seed by the day.....	662
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise.....	717	Speed away, speed away.....	544
Rise up, and hasten.....	200	Spirit of truth, O let me know.....	695
Rock of Ages.....	21	Standing by a purpose true.....	652
S		Stand up! stand up for Jesus.....	615
		Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay.....	728
Sad and weary, lone and dreary.....	224	Stretch forth Thy hand.....	532
Safe home, safe home in port.....	354	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour.....	674
Safe in the arms of Jesus.....	6	Sweet hour of prayer.....	634
Safe upon the heavenly shore.....	482	Suffering Saviour, with thorn.....	723
Salvation, O the joyful sound.....	694	T	
Save, Jesus, save!.....	706		
Saviour, again to Thy dear.....	412	Take my life and let it be.....	124, 663
Saviour, breathe an evening.....	168	Take the name of Jesus with.....	47
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray.....	477	Take Thou my hand, and lead.....	486
Saviour, like a Shepherd.....	660	Take time to be holy.....	448
Saviour, more than life to.....	533	Tell it out among the.....	192
Saviour, Thy dying love.....	591	Tell me the Old, Old Story.....	28
Saviour, visit Thy plantation.....	700	Tempted and tried, oh! the.....	136
Say, is your lamp burning, my.....	217	Tenderly the Shepherd.....	89
Say, where is thy refuge, poor.....	185	Ten thousand times ten.....	155
Search me, O Lord, and try.....	480	The blood has always precious.....	208
Shall we gather at the river.....	669	The call of God is sounding.....	538
Shall we meet beyond the.....	108	The cross it standeth fast.....	400
She only touched the hem.....	657	The gospel bells are ringing.....	125
Shine on, O star of beauty.....	292	The gospel of Thy grace.....	190
Should the death-angel knock.....	213	The gospel trumpet's sounding.....	148
Simply trusting every day.....	581	The Great Physician now is.....	629
Sing them over again to me.....	579	The living God, who by His.....	528
		The Lord bless thee and keep.....	739
		The Lord keep watch.....	523
		The Lord is coming by and.....	449

	NO.		NO.
The Lord's my Shepherd.....	678	To-day the Saviour calls.....	636
The Lord's our Rock, in Him..	321	To Him who for our sins was ..	251
The love that Jesus had for me	215	To the hall of the feast came...	44
The mistakes of my life	100	To the work! to the work	576
The morning light is breaking..	616	To Thee I lift my soul, O Lord	563
The prize is set before us	165	Trav'ling to the better land	237, 458
The sands of time are.....	67, 252	Troubled heart, thy God is	506
The Spirit and the bride say ..	409	True-hearted, whole-hearted ..	518
The Spirit, oh, sinner.....	29	Trusting in the Lord thy God..	214
The way is dark, my Father ..	188	Trust on, trust on, believer	212
The whole world was lost in....	626	Turn thee, O lost one, care.....	479
The word of God is given.....	250	'Twill not be long our journey..	243
Thou wilt I love, O Lord	559		
There are lonely hearts to	578		
There is a calm beyond life's....	383		
There is a fountain filled	733		
There is a gate that stands ajar	12	Wait, my soul, upon the Lord..	736
There is a green hill far.....	601	Wand'ring afar from the dwell-	8
There is a land of pure, 16, 146,	470	Watchman, tell me	95
There is a land which lies afar	349	We are children of a King	235
There is a name I love	360	We are coming home to Jesus..	503
There is a paradise of rest.....	453	We are waiting by the river....	699
There is a stream, whose	384	Weary gleaner in the field	296
There is joy among the angels	171	Weary gleaner, whence comest	24
There is life for a look	635	We bow our knees unto the....	395
There is love, true love	240	We have felt the love of	472
There is no name so sweet on ..	346	We have heard the joyful.....	224
There's a beautiful land on	655	We lift our songs to Thee.....	297
There's a land that is fairer ..	110	We praise Thee and bless Thee	228
There's a royal banner given....	381	We praise Thee, O God!.....	20
There's a Stranger at the door..	332	We praise Thee, we bless.....	451
There's a wilderness in	541	We shall meet beyond the river	604
There shall be showers	315	We shall reach the summer- ..	371
There were ninety and nine....	570	We shall sleep, but not	94
They dreamed not of danger ..	115	We speak of the land of the ..	160
They're gathering homeward ..	220	We thank Thee, Lord, for this..	4
Thine, Jesus, Thine	120	We would see Jesus—for	500
Thine, most gracious Lord	62	We're going home, no more to..	17
This is the day of toil	170	We're marching to Canaan.....	78
This loving Saviour	10	We're saved by the blood.....	140
Thou didst leave Thy throne....	98	We've journeyed many a day..	123
Thou, my everlasting portion....	599	Well, wife, I've found the model	408
Though your sins be as scarlet	549	What a friend we have in Jesus	583
Thou art coming, O my Saviour	152	What can wash away my stain? 195	
Through the valley of the	113	What! lay my sins on Jesus? ..	38
Throw out the Life-Line	441	What means this eager, anxious	9
Till He come! O let the	265, 364	What tho' clouds are hovering..	141
'Tis a goodly pleasant land.	114	What various hindrances we... 710	
'Tis a true and faithful saying	427	When God the way of life	455
'Tis known on earth, in heaven	249	When He cometh, when He... 638	
'Tis midnight; and on Olive's ..	474	When I shall wake in that fair..	425
'Tis only a little way on to my	459	When I survey the wond-	491, 709
'Tis the blessed hour of	596	When Jesus comes to reward... 659	
'Tis the hallowed hour of	521	When morning gilds the skies ..	537
'Tis the promise of God, full	5	When morning lights the	554
		When my final farewell to the..	116

W

	NO.		NO.
When peace, like a river.....	573	Whom have I, Lord, in heaven.	142
When the King in His beauty	231	Whosoever heareth, shout.....	618
When the Lord from heaven ..	198	Why do you linger, why	419
When the mists have rolled....	411	Why do you wait, dear	130
When the storms of life are	119	With harps and with viols ..	33
When we gather at last over... 316		With His dear and loving care.	204
When we get home from our ..	182	Work, for the night is coming..	14
When we reach our Father's. .	173	Work, for time is flying	535
Where is my wandering b y ..	631	Would you lose your load of... 145	
Wherever we may go, by night	286	Would we be joyful in the.....	667
While foes are strong and.	92		
While Jesus whispers to you	410		
While life prolongs its precious	684		
While shepherds watched	693		
While Thou, O my God, art... 495			
While we pray and while we... 428			
Who came down from heaven.. 283			
Who is on the Lord's side..... 236			
Whoever receiveth the. 387			

Y

Yes, we'll meet again in.....	437
Yet there is room!	642
Yield not to temptation	582
You're starting, my boy, on ...	401
Young men in Christ the Lord	502

